

The Tragedy of Hamlet

Parallel Texts from

Quarto 2, printed 1604 from the Griggs Facsimile
published in 1880 and

1st Folio printed in 1623 from the Lee Facsimile
published in 1902 and the Methuen Facsimile
published in 1910.

Introduction

This is a rough and ready parallel text edition of Hamlet using the texts from Second Quarto and the First Folio. Bankside had a parallel edition of a reconstruction of the “lost” Ur-Hamlet and the Second Quarto. Wilhelm Vietor published a parallel text edition with the First Quarto and the Second Quarto combined with the First Folio on the facing page. Bernice Kliman, Bernice and Paul Bertram edited “The three-text Hamlet : Parallel Texts of the First and Second Quartos and First Folio, where the Second Quarto and the First Folio are not on facing pages.

So not having an parallel text edition I liked I made my own. This is a non-commercial publication for educational purposes only.

Michael Connors, April 2022

Bibliographical Note. The First Folio text is taken from the 1902 Facsimile (edited by Sidney Lee) and the 1910 Methuen Facsimile. The Second Quarto text is taken from the 1880 Furnivall Facsimile of the Second Quarto dated 1604.

The scans from the 1902 Lee Facsimile were found at the archive.org site:
https://archive.org/details/shakespearescome00shak_1. There is no notice of copyright. The Boston Public Library scanned this copy. Hamlet appears from p. 760 to p. 790 (Lee's pagination).

The scans from the 1910 Methuen Facsimile were found at the archive.org site:
https://archive.org/details/mrwilliamshakesp00shak_3/page/n1/mode/1up. The Boston Public Library scanned this copy. There is no notice of copyright. The Methuen facsimile does not give a through pagination.

E. K. Chambers in William Shakespeare A Study of Facts and Problems gives the following information in Volume 1. p. 409: [F1. 1623.] [Catalogue] The Tragedy of Hamlet [Tragedies, pp. 152-6, 257-80, sign. nn 4v-qqv. Headtitle] The Tragedie of Hamlet, Prince of Denmarke. [Running-title] The Tragedie of Hamlet. [Acts and sec. marked to ii. 2.].

The scans of the Second Quarto of Hamlet were found at the archive.org site:
<https://archive.org/details/cu31924020325969>. Columbia University scanned this copy. There is no notice of copyright. This facsimile was published in 1880 as the second facsimile published in a long running series "Shakespeare-Quarto Facsimiles." This edition has editorial pagination.

E. K. Chambers in William Shakespeare A Study of Facts and Problems gives the following information in Volume 1. p. 408: [Q2. 1604.] The Tragicall Historie of Hamlet, Prince of Denmarke. By William Shakespeare. Newly imprinted and enlarged to almost as much againe as it was, according to the true and perfect Coppie. [Nicholas Ling's device (McKerrow 301)] At London, Printed by J(ames) R(oberts) for N(icholas) L(ing) and are to be sold at his shoppe vnder Saint Dunstons Church in Fleet-street. I604. [Head-title, under ornament with royal arms, and Running-title] The Tragedie of Hamlet Prince of Denmarke. [In some copies the t.p. is dated 1605.]

Thomas Marc Parrott of Princeton University in 1934 wrote a short article about errors and omissions in this Facsimile. See Modern Language Notes [June 1934 Issue]1934-06: Volume 49, Issue 6. pp 376-379 This is available at the archive.org site:
https://archive.org/details/sim_mln_1934-06_49_6/page/376/mode/1up

T H E
Tragicall Historie of
H A M L E T,
Prince of Denmarke.

By William Shakespeare.

Newly imprinted and enlarged to almost as much
again as it was, according to the true and perfect
Coppie.



AT LONDON,
Printed by I. R. for N. L. and are to be sold at his
shoppe vnder Saint Dunstons Church in
Fleestreet. 1604.



THE TRAGEDIE OF

HAMLET, Prince of Denmarke.

Actus Primus. Scœna Prima.

Enter Barnardo and Francisco two Centinels.

Barnardo.



Ho's there?

Fran. Nay answer me: Stand & vnfold
your selfe.

Bar. Long liue the King.

Fran. Barnardo?

Bar. He.

Fran. You come most carefully vpon your houre.

Bar. 'Tis now strook twelue, get thee to bed *Francisco.*

Fran. For this releefe much thanks: 'Tis bitter cold,
And I am sicke at heart.

Barn. Haue you had quiet Guard?

Fran. Not a Mouse stirring.

Barn. Well, goodnight. If you do meet *Horatio* and
Marcellus, the Riuals of my Watch, bid them make hast.

Enter Horatio and Marcellus.

Fran. I thinke I heare them. Stand: who's there?

Hor. Friends to this ground.

Mar. And Leige-men to the Dane.

Fran. Giue you good night.

Mar. O farwel honest Soldier, who hath relieu'd you?

Fra. *Barnardo* ha's my place: giue you goodnight.

Exit Fran.

Mar. Holla *Barnardo.*

Bar. Say, what is *Horatio* there?

Hor. A pcece of him.

Bar. Welcome *Horatio*, welcome good *Marcellus.*

Mar. What, ha's this thing appear'd againe to night.

Bar. I haue scene nothing.

Mar. *Horatio* saies, 'tis but our Fantasie,
And will not let beleefe take hold of him
Touching this dreaded sight, twice scene of vs,
Therefore I haue intreated him along
With vs, to watch the minutes of this Night,
That if againe this Apparition come,
He may approue our eyes, and speake to it.

Hor. Tush, tush, 'twill not appeare.

Bar. Sit downe a-while,

And let vs once againe assaile your eares,
That are so fortified against our Story,
What we two Nights haue scene.

Hor. Well, sit we downe,

And let vs heare *Barnardo* speake of this.

Barn. Last night of all,

When yond same Starre that's Westward from the Pole
Had made his course t'illumine that part of Heauen

Where now it burnes, *Marcellus* and my selfe,
The Bell then beating one.

Mar. Peace, breake thee of: *Enter the Ghost.*
Looke where it comes againe.

Barn. In the same figure, like the King that's dead.

Mar. Thou art a Scholler; speake to it *Horatio.*

Barn. Lookes it not like the King? Marke it *Horatio.*

Hor. Most like: It hatrowes me with fear & wonder

Barn. It would be spoke too.

Mar. Question it *Horatio.*

Hor. What art thou that vsurp'st this time of night,
Together with that Faire and Warlike forme
In which the Maiesty of buried Denmarke
Did sometimes march: By Heauen I charge thee speake.

Mar. It is offended.

Barn. See, it stalkes away.

Hor. Stay: speake; speake: I Charge thee, speake.

Exit the Ghost.

Mar. 'Tis gone, and will not answer.

Barn. How now *Horatio*? You tremble & look pale:
Is not this something more then Fantasie?
What thinke you on't?

Hor. Before my God, I might not this beleue
Without the sensible and true auouch
Of mine owne eyes.

Mar. Is it not like the King?

Hor. As thou art to thy selfe,
Such was the very Armour he had on,
When th'Ambitious Norway combatted:
So frown'd he once, when in an angry parle
He smot the fledged Polliax on the Ice.
'Tis strange.

Mar. Thus twice before, and iust at this dead houre,
With Martiall stalke, hath he gone by our Watch.

Hor. In what particular thought to work, I know not:
But in the grosse and scope of my Opinion,
This boates some strange eruption to our State.

Mar. Good now sit downe, & tell me he that knowes
Why this same strict and most obseruant Watch,
So nightly toyles the subiect of the Land,
And why such dayly Cast of Brazon Cannon
And Fortraigne Mart for Implements of warre:
Why such impresse of Ship-wrights, whose fore Taske
Do's not diuide the Sunday from the weeke,
What might be toward, that this sweaty hast
Doth make the Night ioynt-Labourer with the day:
Who is't that can informe me?

Hor. That can I,

Ac



The Tragedie of
H A M L E T
Prince of Denmarke.

Enter Barnardo, and Francisco, two Centinels.

Act I.Sc.i

Bar. **VV** Hise there?
Fran. Nay answere me. Stand and vnfolde your selfe.
Bar. Long liue the King,
Fran. *Barnardo.*

Bar. Hee.

Fran. You come most carefully vpon your houre,
Bar. Tis now strooke twelfe, get thee to bed *Francisco,*

Fran. For this reliefe much thanks, tis bitter cold,
 And I am sick at hart.

Bar. Haue you had quiet guard?

Fran. Not a mouse stirring.

Bar. Well, good night:

If you doe meete *Horatio* and *Marcellus*,
 The riuals of my watch, bid them make hast.

Enter Horatio, and Marcellus.

Fran. I thinke I heare them, stand ho, who is there?

Hora. Friends to this ground.

Mar. And Leedgemen to the Dane,

Fran. Giue you good night.

Mar. O, farwell honest souldiers, who hath relieu'd you?

Fran. *Barnardo* hath my place; giue you good night.

Exit Fran.
Mar.

B.

1

4

8

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13

14

15

16. 17

17. 18

Enter Barnardo and Francisco two Centinels.

Barnardo.

Ho's there?

Fran. Nay answer me: Stand & vnfold
your selfe.

Bar. Long liue the King.

Fran. Barnardo?

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Fran. You come most carefully vpon your houre.

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Barn. Well, goodnight. If you do meet *Horatio* and
Marcellus, the Riuals of my Watch, bid them make hast.

Enter Horatio and Marcellus.

Fran. I thinke I heare them. Stand: who's there?

Hor. Friends to this ground.

Mar. And Leige-men to the Dane.

Fran. Giue you good night.

Mar. O farwel honest Soldier, who hath relieu'd you?

Fra. *Barnardo* ha's my place: giue you goodnight.

Exit Fran.

The Tragedie of Hamlet

18

Mar. Holla, *Barnardo*.

Bar. Say, what is *Horatio* there?

Hora. A peece of him.

20

Bar. Welcome *Horatio*, welcome good *Marcellus*,

Hora. What, ha's this thing appeard againe to night?

Bar. I haue seene nothing.

24

Mar. *Horatio* saies tis but our fantasie,

And will not let beliefe take holde of him,

Touching this dreaded sight twice seene of vs,

Therefore I haue intreated him along,

With vs to watch the minuts of this night,

28

That if againe this apparition come,

He may approoue our eyes and speake to it.

Hora. Tush, tush, twill not appeare.

30

Bar. Sit downe a while,

And let vs once againe assaile your eares,

32

That are so fortified against our story,

What we haue two nights seene.

Hora. Well, sit we downe,

And let vs heare *Barnardo* speake of this.

36

Bar. Last night of all,

When yond same starre thats weastward from the pole,

Had made his course rillume that part of heauen

Where now it burnes, *Marcellus* and my selfe

The bell then beating one.

Enter Ghost.

40

Mar. Peace, breake thee of, looke where it comes againe.

Bar. In the same figure like the King thats dead.

Mar. Thou art a scholler, speake to it *Horatio*.

Bar. Lookes a not like the King? marke it *Horatio*.

44

Hora. Most like, it horrorwes me with feare and wonder.

Bar. It would be spoke to.

Mar. Speake to it *Horatio*.

Hora. What art thou that vsurp'st this time of night,

Together with that faire and warlike forme,

48

In which the Maiestie of buried Denmarke

Did sometimes march, by heauen I charge thee speake.

Mar. It is offended.

50

Bar. See it staukes away.

Mar. Holla *Barnardo*.

Bar. Say, what is *Horatio* there?

Hor. A peece of him.

Bar. Welcome *Horatio*, welcome good *Marcellus*.

Mar. What, ha's this thing appear'd againe to night.

Bar. I haue scene nothing.

Mar. *Horatio* saies, 'tis but our Fantasie,
And will not let beleeve take hold of him
Touching this dreaded sight, twice scene of vs,
Therefore I haue intreated him along
With vs, to watch the minutes of this Night,
That if againe this Apparition come,
He may approue our eyes, and speake to it.

Hor. Tush, tush, 'twill not appeare.

Bar. Sit downe a-while,
And let vs once againe assaile your cares,
That are so fortified against our Story,
What we two Nights haue scene.

Hor. Well, sit we downe,
And let vs heare *Barnardo* speake of this.

Barn. Last night of all,
When yond same Starre that's Westward from the Pole
Where now it burnes, *Marcellus* and my selfe,
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Hor. Most like: It harrowes me with fear & wonder.

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Mar. Question it *Horatio*.

Hor. What art thou that vsurp'st this time of night,
Together with that Faire and Warlike forme
In which the Maiesty of buried Denmarke
Did sometimes march: By Heauen I charge thee speake.

Mar. It is offended.

Barn. See, it stalkes away.

Prince of Denmarke.

Hora. Stay, speake, speake, I charge thee speake. *Exit Ghost.*

Mar. Tis gone and will not answere.

Bar. How now *Horatio*, you tremble and looke pale,
Is not this something more then phantasie?
What thinke you-ont?

Hora. Before my God I might not this belieue,
Without the sencible and true auouch
Of mine owne eies.

Mar. Is it not like the King?

Hora. As thou art to thy selfe.
Such was the very Armor he had on,
When he the ambitious *Normay* combated,
So frownd he once, when in an angry parle
He smot the sleaded pollax on the ice.
Tis strange.

Mar. Thus twice before, and iump at this dead houre,
With martiall stauke hath he gone by our watch.

Hora. In what perticular thought, to worke I know not,
But in the grosse and scope of mine opinion,
This bodes some strange eruption to our state.

Mar. Good now sit downe, and tell me he that knowes,
Why this same strikt and most obseruant watch
So nightly toiles the subiect of the land,
And with such dayly cost of brazon Cannon
And forraine marte, for implements of warre,
Why such impresse of ship-writes, whose sore taske
Does not deuide the Sunday from the weeke,
What might be toward that this sweaty hast
Dorh make the night ioynt labourer with the day,
Who ist that can informe mee?

Hora. That can I.

At least the whisper goes so ; our last King,
Whose image euen but now appear'd to vs,
Was as you knowe by *Fortinbrasse* of *Normay*,
Thereto prickt on by a most emulate pride
Dar'd to the combat ; in which our valiant *Hamlet*,
(For so this side of our knowne world esteemd him)
Did slay this *Fortinbrasse*, who by a seald compact
Well ratified by lawe and heraldy

Hor. Stay: speake; speake: I Charge thee, speake.

Exit the Ghost.

Mar. 'Tis gone, and will not answer.

Barn. How now *Horatio*? You tremble & look pale:
Is not this something more then Fantasie?

What thinke you on't?

Hor. Before my God, I might not this beleue
Without the sensible and true auouch
Of mine owne eyes.

Mar. Is it not like the King?

Hor. As thou art to thy selfe,
Such was the very Armour he had on,
When th'Ambitious Norway combatted:
So frown'd he once, when in an angry parle
He smot the fledded Pollex on the Ice.

'Tis strange.

Mar. Thus twice before, and iust at this dead houre,
With Martiall stalks, hath he gone by our Watch.

Hor. In what particular thought to work, I know not:
But in the grosse and scope of my Opinion,
This boades some strange erruption to our State.

Mar. Good now sit downe, & tell me he that knowes
Why this same strict and most obseruant Watch,
So nightly toyles the subiect of the Land,
And why such dayly Cast of Brazon Cannon
And Forraigne Mart for Implements of warre:
Why such impresse of Ship-wrights, whose fore Taske
Do's not diuide the Sunday from the weeke,
What might be toward, that this sweaty hast
Doth make the Night ioynt-Labourer with the day:
Who is't that can informe me?

Hor. That can I,

At

At least the whisper goes so: Our last King,
Whose Image euen but now appear'd to vs,
Was (as you know) by *Fortinbras* of Norway,
(Thereto prick'd on by a most emulate Pride)
Dar'd to the Combate. In which, our Valiant *Hamlet*,
(For so this side of our knowne world esteem'd him)
Did slay this *Fortinbras*: who by a Seal'd Compact,
Well ratified by Law, and Heraldic,

The Tragedie of Hamlet

88 † Did forfait (with his life) all these his lands
 Which he flood seiz'd of, to the conquerour.
 90 Against the which a moitie competent
 † Was gaged by our King, which had returne
 To the inheritance of *Fortinbrasse*,
 † Had he bin vanquisher ; as by the same comart,
 94 And carriage of the article desseigne,
 His fell to Hamlet ; now Sir, young *Fortinbrasse*
 Of vnimprooued mettle, hot and full,
 Hath in the skirts of *Norway* heere and there
 98 Sharkt vp a list of lawelesse resolute
 For foode and diet to some enterprife
 100 That hath a stomacke in't, which is no other
 † As it doth well appeare vnto our state
 But to recouer of vs by strong hand
 † And tearmes compulsory, those foresaid lands
 104 So by his father lost ; and this I take it,
 Is the maine motiue of our preparations
 The source of this our watch, and the chiefe head
 Of this post hast and Romadge in the land.
 108 * *Bar.* I thinke it be no other, but enso ;
 * Well may it sort that this portentous figure
 110 * Comes armed through our watch so like the King
 * That was and is the question of these warres.
 112 * *Hora.* A moth it is to trouble the mindes eye :
 * In the most high and palmy state of Rome,
 * A little ere the mightiest *Iulius* fell
 * The graues stood tennatlesse, and the sheeted dead
 116 * Did squeake and gibber in the Roman streets
 * As starres with traines of fier, and dewes of blood
 * Disasters in the sunne ; and the moist starre,
 * Vpon whose influence *Neptunes* Empier stands,
 118 * Was sicke almost to doome day with eclipse.
 * And euen the like precurse of feare euent
 * As harbindgers preceeding still the fates
 * And prologue to the *Omen* comming on
 124 * Haue heauen and earth together demonstrated
 * Vnto our Climates and countrymen.

Enter Ghost.

Did forfeite (with his life) all those his Lands
Which he stood seiz'd on, to the Conqueror :
Against the which, a Moity competent
Was gaged by our King : which had return'd
To the Inheritance of *Fortinbras*,
Had he bin Vanquisher, as by the same Cou'nant
And carriage of the Article designe,
His fell to *Hamlet*. Now sir, young *Fortinbras*,
Of vnimproued Mettle, hot and full,
Hath in the skirts of Norway, heere and there,
Shark'd vp a List of Landlesse Resolutes,
For Foode and Diet, to some Enterprize
That hath a stomacke in't : which is no other
(And it doth well appeare vnto our State)
But to recouer of vs by strong hand
And termes Compulsatiue, those foresaid Lands
Soby his Father lost : and this (I take it)
Is the maine Motiue of our Preparations,
The Sourie of this our Watch, and the cheefe head
Of this post-halt, and Romage in the Land.

Enter Ghost againe.

“Ber. I thinke it be no other...” to “Vnto our Climatures and
countrymen.” Lines 108-124 omitted in the Folio.

Prince of Denmarke.

But soft, behold, loe where it comes againe
 Ile crosse it though it blast mee : stay illusion,
 If thou hast any sound or vse of voyce,
 Speake to me, if there be any good thing to be done
 That may to thee doe ease, and grace to mee,
 Speake to me.

*It spreads
 his armes.*

126

(mar*)

130

If thou art priuie to thy countries fate
 Which happily foreknowing may auoyd
 Ospeake :

134

Or if thou hast vphoorded in thy life
 Extorted treasure in the wombe of earth
 For which they say your spirits oft walke in death.
 Speake of it, stay and speake, stop it *Marcellus*.

*The cocke
 crows.*

138

(mar*)

140+

Mar. Shall I strike it with my partizan?

Hor. Doe if it will not stand.

Bar. Tis heere.

Hor. Tis heere.

Mar. Tis gone.

142

We doe it wrong being so Maiestically
 To offer it the shoue of violence,
 For it is as the ayre, invulnerable,
 And our vaine blowes malicious mockery.

146

Bar. It was about to speake when the cock crewe.

Hor. And then it started like a guilty thing,
 Vpon a fearefull summons ; I haue heard,
 The Cock that is the trumpeter to the morne,
 Doth with his lofty and shrill sounding throat
 Awake the God of day, and at his warning
 Whether in sea or fire, in earth or ayre
 Th'extrauagant and erring spirit hies
 To his confine, and of the truth heerein
 This present obiekt made probation.

150+

154

Mar. It faded on the crowing of the Cock.
 Some say that euer gainst that season comes
 Wherein our Saviours birth is celebrated
 This bird of dawning singeth all night long,
 And then they say no spirit dare sturre abraode
 The nights are wholesome, then no plannets strike,
 No fairy takes, nor witch hath power to charme

158

160

+

163

But soft, behold: Lo, where it comes againe :
He crosse it, though it blast me. Stay Illusion :
If thou hast any sound, or vse of Voyce,
Speake to me. If there be any good thing to be done,
That may to thee do ease, and grace to me; speak to me.
If thou art priuy to thy Countries Fate
(Which happily foreknowing may auoyd) Oh speake.
Or, if thou hast vp-hoorded in thy life
Extorted Treasure in the wombe of Earth,
(For which, they say, you Spirits oft walke in death)
Speake of it. Stay, and speake. Stop it *Marcellus*.

Mar. Shall I strike at it with my Partizan ?

Hor. Do, if it will not stand.

Barn. 'Tis heere.

Hor. 'Tis heere.

Mar. 'Tis gone.

Exit Ghost.

We do it wrong, being so Maiesticall
To offer it the shew of Violence,
For it is as the Ayre, invulnerable,
And our vaine blowes, malicious Mockery.

Barn. It was about to speake, when the Cocke crew.

Hor. And then it started, like a guilty thing
Vpon a fearfull Summons. I haue heard,
The Cocke that is the Trumpet to the day,
Doth with his lofty and shrill-sounding Throate
Awake the God of Day: and at his warning,
Whether in Sea, or Fire, in Earth, or Ayre,
Th'extrauagant, and erring Spirit, hies
To his Confinè. And of the truth heerein,
This present Object made probation.

Mar. It faded on the crowing of the Cocke.
Some sayes, that euer 'gainst that Season comes
Wherein our Sauours Birth is celebrated,
The Bird of Dawning singeth all night long:
And then (they say) no Spirit can walke abroad,
The nights are wholsome, then no Planets strike,
No Faery talkes, nor Witch hath power to Charme:

I.i.

The Tragedie of Hamlet

So hallowed, and so gracious is that time.

Hora. So haue I heard and doe in part belieue it,

But looke the morne in russet mantle clad

Walkes ore the dewe of yon high Eastward hill

Breake we our watch vp and by my aduise

Let vs impart what we haue seene to night

Vnto young *Hamlet*, for vppon my life

This spirit dumb to vs, will speake to him :

Doe you consent we shall acquaint him with it

As needfull in our loues, fitting our duty.

Mar. Lets doo't I pray, and I this morning knowe

Where we shall find him most conuenient.

Exeunt.

Flori(b. Enter *Claudius*, King of *Denmarke*, *Gertradt* be *Queene*,

Counsaile : as *Polonius*, and his Sonne *Laertes*,

Hamlet, *Cum Alijs.*

Claud. Though yet of *Hamlet* our deare brothers death

The memorie be greene, and that it vs befitted

To beare our harts in griefe, and our whole Kingdome,

To be contracted in one browe of woe

Yet so farre hath discretion fought with nature,

That we with wisest sorrowe thinke on him

Together with remembrance of our selues :

Therefore our sometime Sister, now our *Queene*

Th'imperiall ioyntresse to this warlike state

Haue we as twere with a defeated ioy

With an auspicious, and a dropping eye,

With mirth in funerall, and with dirge in marriage,

In equall scale waighing delight and dole

Taken to wife : nor haue we heerein bard

Your better wifdomes, which haue freely gone

With this affaire along (for all our thanks)

Now followes that you knowe young *Fortinbrasse*,

Holding a weake supposall of our worth

Or thinking by our late deare brothers death

Our state to be disioynt, and out of frame

Coleagued with this dreame of his aduantage

He hath not faild to pestur vs with message

So hallow'd, and so gracious is the time.

Hor. So haue I heard, and do in part beleeue it.
But looke, the Morne in Russet mantle clad,
Walkes o're the dew of yon high Easterne Hill,
Breake we our Watch vp, and by my aduice
Let vs impart what we haue seene to night
Vnto yong *Hamlet*. For vpon my life,
This Spirit dumbe to vs, will speake to him:
Do you consent we shall acquaint him with it,
As needfull in our Loues, fitting our Duty?

Mar. Let do't I pray, and I this morning know
Where we shall finde him most conueniently. *Exeunt*

Scena Secunda.

*Enter Claudius King of Denmarke, Gertrude the Queene,
Hamlet, Polonius, Laertes, and his Sister O-
phelia, Lords Attendant.*

King. Though yet of *Hamlet* our deere Brothers death
The memory be Greene: and that it vs befitted
To Seare our hearts in Greefe, and our whole Kingdome
To be contracted in one brow of woe:
Yet so farre hath Discretion fought with Nature,
That we with wisest sorrow thinke on him,
Together with remembrance of our selues.
Therefore our sometimes Sister, now our Queen,
Th' Imperiall Ioyntresse of this warlike State,
Haue we, as 'twere, with a defeated Ioy,
With one Auspicious, and one Dropping eye,
With mirth in Funerall, and with Dirge in Marriage,
In equall Scale weighing Delight and Dole
Taken to Wife; nor haue we heerein barr'd
Your better Wisedomes, which haue freely gone
With this affaire along, for all our Thankes.
Now followes, that you know young *Fortinbras*,
Holding a weake supposall of our worth;
Or thinking by our late deere Brothers death,
Our State to be disioynt, and out of Frame,
Colleagued with the dreame of his Aduantage;
He hath not sayl'd to pester vs with Message,
Importing the surrender of those Lands

Prince of Denmarke.

Importing the surrender of those lands
 Lost by his father, with all bands of lawe
 To our most valiant brother, so much for him :
 Now for our selfe, and for this time of meeting,
 Thus much the busines is, we haue heere writ
 To *Norway* Vncle of young *Fortenbrasse*
 Who impotent and bedred scarcely heares
 Of this his Nephewes purpose; to suppress
 His further gate heerein, in that the leuies,
 The lists, and full proportions are all made
 Out of his subiect, and we heere dispatch
 You good *Cornelius*, and you *Valtemand*,
 For bearers of this greeting to old *Norway*,
 Giuing to you no further personall power
 To busines with the King, more then the scope
 Of these delated articles allowe :
 Farwell, and let your hast commend your dutie.

Cor. Vo. In that, and all things will we shoue our dutie.

King. We doubt it nothing, hartely farwell.

And now *Laertes* whats the newes with you ?
 You told vs of some sute, what ist *Laertes* ?
 You cannot speake of reason to the Dane
 And lose your voyce; what wold'st thou begge *Laertes* ?
 That shall not be my offer, not thy asking,
 The head is not more natue to the hart
 The hand more instrumentall to the mouth
 Then is the throne of Denmarke to thy father,
 What would'st thou haue *Laertes* ?

Laer. My dread Lord,

Your leaue and fauour to returne to Fraunce,
 From whence, though willingly I came to Denmarke,
 To shoue my dutie in your Coronation;
 Yet now I must confesse, that duty done
 My thoughts and wishes bend againe toward Fraunce
 And bowe them to your gracious leaue and pardon.

King. Haue you your fathers leaue, what saies *Polonius* ?

Pol. Hath my Lord wrong from me my slowe leaue
 By labourfome petition, and at last
 Vpon his will I seald my hard consent,

Importing the surrender of those Lands
Lost by his Father : with all Bonds of Law
To our most valiant Brother, So much for him.

Enter Voltemand and Cornelius.

Now for our selfe, and for this time of meeting
Thus much the businesse is. We haue heere writ
To Norway, Vncle of young *Fortinbras*,
Who Impotent and Bedrid, scarcely heares
Of this his Nephewes purpose, to suppress
His further gate heerein. In that the Leuiers,
The Lifts, and full proportions are all made
Out of his subiect : and we heere dispatch
You good *Cornelius*, and you *Voltemand*,
For bearing of this greeting to old Norway,
Giuing to you no further personall power
To businesse with the King, more then the scope
Of these dilated Articles allow :

Farewell and let your hast commend your duty.

Vol. In that, and all things, will we shew our duty.

King. We doubt it nothing, heartily farewell.

Exit Voltemand and Cornelius.

And now *Laertes*, what's the newes with you ?

You told vs of some suite. What is't *Laertes* ?
You cannot speake of Reason to the Dane,
And loose your voyce. What would'st thou beg *Laertes*,
That shall not be my Offer, not thy Asking ?
The Head is not more Native to the Heart,
The Hand more Instrumentall to the Mouth,
Then is the Throne of Denmarke to thy Father.
What would'st thou haue *Laertes* ?

Laer. Dread my Lord,
Your leaue and fauour to returne to France, :
From whence, though willingly I came to Denmarke
To shew my duty in your Coronation,
Yet now I must confesse, that duty done,
My thoughts and wishes bend againe towards France,
And bow them to your gracious leaue and pardon.

King. Haue you your Fathers leaue ?
What sayes *Polonius* ?

Pol. He hath my Lord :
I do beseech you giue him leaue to go.

I. II.

The Tragedie of Hamlet

I doe beseech you giue him leaue to goe.

King. Take thy faire houre *Lacryes*, time be thine
And thy best graces spend it at thy will :

But now my Cofin *Hamlet*, and my sonne.

Ham. A little more then kin, and lesse then kind.

King. How is it that the clowdes still hang on you.

Ham. Not so much my Lord, I am too much in the sonne.

Queene. Good *Hamlet* cast thy nighted colour off
And let thine eye looke like a friend on *Denmarke*,

Do not for euer with thy vailed lids
Seeke for thy noble Father in the dust,
Thou know'st tis common all that liues must die,
Pasing through nature to eternitie.

Ham. I Maddam, it is common.

Quee. If it be
VVhy seemes it so perticuler with thee.

Ham. Seemes Maddam, nay it is, I know not seemes,
Tis not alone my incky cloake coold mother
Nor customary suites of solembe blacke
Nor windie fuspuration of forst breath
No, nor the fruitfull riuier in the eye,
Nor the deiefted hauior of the visage
Together with all formes, moodes, chapes of grieve
That can deuote me truely, these indeede seeme,
For they are actions that a man might play
But I haue that within which passes shoue
These but the trappings and the suites of woe.

King. Tis sweete and commendable in your nature *Hamlet*,
To giue these mourning duties to your father
But you must knowe your father lost a father,
That father lost, lost his, and the suruiuer bound
In filliall obligation for some tearme
To doe obsequious sorrowe, but to perseuer
In obstinate condolement, is a course
Of impious stubbornnes, tis vnmanly grieve,
It shoues a will most incorrect to heauen
A hart vnfortified, or minde impatient
An vnderstanding simple and vn schoold
For what we knowe must be, and is as common

I do beseech you giue him leaue to go.

King. Take thy faire houre *Laertes*, time be thine,
And thy best graces spend it at thy will :
But now my Cofin *Hamlet*, and my Sonne ?

Ham. A little more then kin, and leffe then kinde.

King. How is it that the Clouds still hang on you ?

Ham. Not so my Lord, I am too much i'th'Sun.

Queen. Good *Hamlet* cast thy nightlv colour off,
And let thine eye looke like a Friend on Denmarke.

Do not for euer with thy veyled lids

Seeke for thy Noble Father in the dust ;

Thou know'st 'tis common, all that liues must dye,
Passing through Nature, to Eternity.

Ham. I Madam, it is common.

Queen. If it be ;

Why seemes it so particular with thee.

Ham. Seemes Madam? Nay, it is : I know not Seemes:

'Tis not alone my Inky Cloake (good Mother)

Nor Customary suites of solemne Blacke,

Nor windy suspiration of forc'd breath,

No, nor the fruitfull Riuer in the Eye,

Nor the delected hauiour of the Visage,

Together with all Formes, Moods, shewes of Griefe,

That can denote me truly. These indeed Seeme ;

For they are actions that a man might play :

But I haue that Within, which passeth show ;

These, but the Trappings, and the Suites of woe.

King. 'Tis sweet and commendable

In your Nature *Hamlet*,

To giue these mourning duties to your Father :

But you must know, your Father lost a Father,

That Father lost, lost his, and the Suruiuer bound

In filiall Obligation, for some terme

To do obsequious Sorrow. But to perseuer

In obdurate Condolement, is a course

Of impious stubbornnesse. 'Tis vnmanly griefe,

It shewes a will most incorrect to Heaven,

A Heart vnfortified, a Minde impatient,

An Vnderstanding simple, and vnchool'd :

For, what we know must be, and is as common

Prince of Denmarke.

As any the most vulgar thing to sence,
 Why should we in our peuisli opposition
 Take it to hart, fie, tis a fault to heauen,
 A fault against the dead, a fault to nature,
 To reason most absurd, whose common theame
 Is death of fathers, and who still hath cryed
 From the first course, till he that died to day
 This must be so : we pray you throw to earth
 This vnpreuailing woe, and thinke of vs
 As of a father, for let the world take note
 You are the most imediate to our throne,
 And with no lesse nobilitie of loue
 Then that which dearest father beares his sonne,
 Doe I impart toward you for your intent
 In going back to schoole in *Wittenberg*.
 It is most retrogard to our desire,
 And we beseech you bend you to remaine
 Heere in the cheare and comfort of our eye,
 Our chiefest courtier, cosin, and our sonne.

Quee. Let not thy mother loose her prayers *Hamlet*,
 I pray thee stay with vs, goe not to *Wittenberg*.

Ham. I shall in all my best obey you Madam.

King. Why tis a louing and a faire reply,
 Be as our selfe in Denmarke, Madam come,
 This gentle and vnforc'd accord of *Hamlet*
 Sits smiling to my hart, in grace whereof,
 No iocund health that Denmarke drinckes to day,
 But the great Cannon to the cloudes shall tell.
 And the Kings rowle the heauen shall brute againe,
 Respeaking earthly thunder; come away. *Flourish.*

Ham. O that this too too sallied flesh would melt,
 Thaw and resoluē it selfe into a dewe,
 Or that the euerlasting had not fixt
 His cannon gainst seale slaughter, ô God, God,
 How wary, stale, flat, and vnprofitable
 Seeme to me all the vses of this world?
 Fie on't, ah fie, tis an vnweeded garden
 That growes to feede, things rancke and grosse in nature,
 Possesse it meereely that it should come thus

C

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137 †

As any the most vulgar thing to sence,
Why should we in our peeuish Opposition
Take it to heart? Fye, 'tis a fault to Heauen,
A fault against the Dead, a fault to Nature,
To Reason most absurd, whose common Theme
Is death of Fathers, and who still hath cried,
From the first Coarse, till he that dyed to day,
This must be so. We pray you throw to earth

This vnpreuayling woe, and thinke of vs
As of a Father; For let the world take note,
You are the most immediate to our Throne,
And with no lesse Nobility of Loue,
Then that which deereſt Father beares his Sonne,
Do I impart towards you. For your intent
In going backe to Schoole in Wittenberg,
It is most retrograde to our desire:
And we beseech you, bend you to remaine
Heere in the cheere and comfort of our eye,
Our cheefest Courtier Cousin, and our Sonne.

24. Let not thy Mother lose her Prayers *Hamlet*:
I pray thee stay with vs, go not to Wittenberg.

Ham. I shall in all my best
Obey you Madam.

King. Why 'tis a louing, and a faire Reply,
Be as our selfe in Denmarke. Madam come,
This gentle and vnforc'd accord of *Hamlet*
Sits smiling to my heart; in grace whereof,
No second health that Denmarke drinckes to day,
But the great Cannon to the Clouds shall tell,
And the Kings Rouse, the Heauens shall bruite againe,
Respeaking earthly Thunder. Come away. *Exeunt*

Manet Hamlet.

Ham. Oh that this too too solid Flesh, would melt,
Thaw, and resolue it selfe into a Dew:
Or that the Everlasting had not fixt
His Cannon 'gainst Selfe-slaughter. O God, O God!
How weary, stale, flat, and vnprofitable
Seemes to me all the vses of this world?
Fie on't? Oh fie, fie, 'tis an vnweeded Garden
That growes to Seed: Things rank, and grosse in Nature
Possesse it meerely. That it should come to this:

I. II.

The Tragedie of Hamlet

138 But two months dead, nay not so much, not two,
 So excellent a King, that was to this
 140 Hiperion to a satire, so louing to my mother,
 Thar he might not betecme the winds of heauen
 Visite her face too roughly, heauen and earth
 Must I remember, why she should hang on him
 144 As if increase of appetite had growne
 By what it fed on, and yet within a month,
 Let me not thinke on't; frailty thy name is woman
 A little month or ere those shooes were old
 148 With which she followed my poore fathers bodie
 Like *Noë* all teares, why she
 † O God, a beast that wants discourse of reason
 † Would haue mourn'd longer, married with my Vncle,
 150 My farbers brother, but no more like my father
 Then I to *Hercules*, within a month,
 154 Ere yet the salt of most vnrighteous teares,
 † Had left the flushing in her gauled eyes
 She married, ô most wicked speedes, to post
 With such dexterie to iocelshous sheets,
 158 It is not, nor it cannot come to good,
 But breake my harr, for I must hold my tongue.

Enter Horatio, Marcellus, and Bernardo.

160-1 *Hora.* Haile to your Lordship.
Ham. I am glad to see you well; *Horatio*, or I do forget my selfe.
Hora. The same my Lord, and your poore seruant euer.
 164 *Ham.* Sir my good friend, Ile change that name with you,
 And what make you from *Wittenberg* *Horatio*?
Marcellus.
Mar. My good Lord.
Ham. I am very glad to see you, (good euen sir)
 168 But what in faith make you from *Wittenberg*?
Hora. A truant disposition good my Lord.
 170 *Ham.* I would not heare your enimie say so,
 † Nor shall you doe my care that violence
 To make it truster of your owne report
 Against your selfe, I knowe you are no truant,
 174 But what is your affaire in *Elsonome*?
 Weele teach you for to drinke ere you depart.

But two months dead : Nay, not so much; not two,
So excellent a King, that was to this
Hieron to a Satyre : so louing to my Mother,
That he might not beteeue the windes of heauen
Visit her face too roughly. Heauen and Earth
Must I remember : why she would hang on him,
As if encrease of Appetite had growne
By what it fed on ; and yet within a month ?
Let me not thinke on't : Frailty, thy name is woman.
A little Month, or ere those shoues were old,
With which she followed my poore Fathers body
Like *Niobe*, all teares. Why she, euen she.
(O Heauen ! A beast that wants discourse of Reason
Would haue mourn'd longer) married with mine Vnkle,
My Fathers Brother : but no more like my Father,
Then I to *Hercules*. Within a Moneth ?
Ere yet the salt of most vnrighteous Teares
Had left the flushing of her gauled eyes,
She married. O most wicked speed, to post
With such dexterity to Incestuous sheets :
It is not, nor it cannot come to good.
But breake my heart, for I must hold my tongue.

Enter Horatio, Barnard, and Marcellus.

Hor. Haile to your Lordship.

Ham. I am glad to see you well :

Horatio, or I do forget my selfe.

Hor. The same my Lord,
And your poore Seruant euer.

Ham. Sir my good friend,
Ile change that name with you :
And what make you from Wittenberg *Horatio* ?

Mar-

Marcellus.

Mar. My good Lord.

Ham. I am very glad to see you: good euen Sir.
But what in faith make you from *Wittenberge* ?

Hor. A truant disposition, good my Lord.

Ham. I would not haue your Enemy say so;
Nor shall you doe mine eare that violence;
To make it truste of your owne report
Against your selfe. I know you are no Truant :
But what is your affaire in *Elfenor* ?
Wee'l teach you to drinke deepe, ere you depart.

Prince of Denmarke.

Hora. My Lord, I came to see your fathers funerall.

176

Ham. I pre thee doe not mocke me fellowe student,
I thinke it was to my mothers wedding.

†

Hora. Indeepe my Lord it followed hard vppon.

Ham. Thrift, thrift, *Horatio*, the funerall bak't meates
Did coldly furnish forth the marriage tables,
Would I had met my dearest foe in heauen

180

Or euer I had seene that day *Horatio*,
My father, me thinks I see my father.

184

Hora. Where my Lord?

Ham. In my mindes eye *Horatio*.

Hora. I saw him once, a was a goodly King.

Ham. A was a man take him for all in all

188

I shall not looke vppon his like againe.

Hora. My Lord I thinke I saw him yesternight.

Ham. saw, who?

190

Hora. My Lord the King your father.

Ham. The King my father?

Hora. Season your admiration for a while

With an attent eare till I may deliuer

Vppon the witnes of these gentlemen

194

This maruile to you.

Ham. For Gods loue let me heare?

†

Hora. Two nights together had these gentlemen

Marcellus, and *Barnardo*, on their warch

In the dead wast and middle of the night

198

Beene thus incountred, a figure like your father

Armed at poynt, exactly *Caparea*

200

Appeares before them, and with solemne march,

Goes slowe and stately by them; thrice he walkt

By their opprest and feare surprised eyes

Within his tronchions length, whil'st they distil'd

204

Almost to gelly, with the act of feare

Stand dumbe and speake not to him; this to me

In dreadfull secrecie impart they did,

And I with them the third night kept the watch,

208

Whereas they had deliuered both in time

Forme of the thing, each word made true and good,

The Apparition comes: I knewe your father,

211

Hor. My Lord, I came to see your Fathers Funerall.

Ham. I pray thee doe not mock me (fellow Student)
I thinke it was to see my Mothers Wedding.

Hor. Indeed my Lord, it followed hard vpon.

Ham. Thrift thrift *Horatio*: the Funerall Bakt-meats
Did coldly furnish forth the Marriage Tables;
Would I had met my dearest foe in heauen,
Ere I had euer scene that day *Horatio*.
My father, me thinkes I see my father.

Hor. Oh where my Lord?

Ham. In my minds eye (*Horatio*)

Hor. I saw him once; he was a goodly King.

Ham. He was a man, take him for all in all:

I shall not look vpon his like againe.

Hor. My Lord, I thinke I saw him yesternight.

Ham. Saw? Who?

Hor. My Lord, the King your Father.

Ham. The King my Father?

Hor. Season your admiration for a while

With an attent eare; till I may deliuer
Vpon the witnesse of these Gentlemen,
This maruell to you.

Ham. For Heauens loue let me heare.

Hor. Two nights together, had these Gentlemen
(*Marcellus* and *Barnardo*) on their Watch
In the dead wast and middle of the night
Beene thus encountred. A figure like your Father,
Arm'd at all points exactly, *Cap a Pe*,
Appeares before them, and with sollemne march
Goes slow and stately: By them thrice he walkt,
By their opprest and feare-surprized eyes,
Within his Truncheons length; whilst they bestil'd
Almost to Ielly with the Act of feare,
Stand dumbe and speake not to him. This to me
In dreadfull secrecie impart they did,
And I with them the third Night kept the Watch,
Whereas they had deliuer'd both in time,
Forme of the thing; each word made true and good,
The Apparition comes. I knew your Father:

I.II.

The Tragedie of Hamlet

These hands are not more like.

212

Ham. But where was this?

†

Mar. My Lord vpon the platforme where we watch

Ham. Did you not speake to it?

214

Hora. My Lord I did,

But answere made it none, yet once methought

It lifted vp it head, and did addresse

It selfe to motion like as it would speake :

218

But euen then the morning Cock crewe loude,

And at the sound it shrunk in haist away

And vanisht from our sight.

220

Ham. Tis very strange.

Hora. As I doe liue my honor'd Lord tis true

And we did thinke it writ downe in our dutie

To let you knowe of it.

† 224

Ham. Indeepe Sirs but this troubles me,

Hold you the watch to night?

All. We doe my Lord.

Ham. Arm'd say you?

All. Arm'd my Lord.

Ham. From top to toe?

228

All. My Lord from head to foote.

Ham. Then sawe you not his face

Hora. O yes my Lord, he wore his beauer vp.

230

Ham. What look't he frowningly?

Hora. A countenance more in sorrow then in anger.

Ham. Pale, or red?

Hora. Nay very pale.

234

Ham. And fixt his eyes vpon you?

Hora. Most constantly.

Ham. I would I had beene there.

Hora. It would haue much a maz'd you.

†

Ham. Very like, stayd it long?

238

Hora. While one with moderate haist might tell a hundreth.

Both. Longer, longer.

Hora. Not when I saw't.

240

Ham. His beard was grisl'd, no.

Hora. It was as I haue seene it in his life

242

A sable siluer'd.

These hands are not more like.

Ham. But where was this?

Mar. My Lord vpon the platforme where we watcht.

Ham. Did you not speake to it?

Hor. My Lord, I did;

But answere made it none: yet once me thought

It lifted vp it head, and did addresse

It selfe to motion, like as it would speake:

But euen then, the Morning Cocke crew lowd;

And at the sound it shrunke in hast away,

And vanisht from our sight.

Ham. Tis very strange.

Hor. As I doe liue my honourd Lord 'tis true;

And we did thinke it writ downe in our duty

To let you know of it.

Ham. Indeed, indeed Sirs; but this troubles me.

Hold you the watch to Night?

Both. We doe my Lord.

Ham. Arm'd, say you?

Both. Arm'd, my Lord.

Ham. From top to toe?

Both. My Lord, from head to foote.

Ham. Then saw you not his face?

Hor. O yes, my Lord, he wore his Beauer vp.

Ham. What, lookt he frowningly?

Hor. A countenance more in sorrow then in anger.

Ham. Pale, or red?

Hor. Nay very pale.

Ham. And fixt his eyes vpon you?

Hor. Most constantly.

Ham. I would I had beene there.

Hor. It would haue much amaz'd you.

Ham. Very like, very like: staid it long? (dred.

Hor. While one with moderate hast might tell a hun-

All. Longer, longer.

Hor. Not when I saw't.

Ham. His Beard was grisly? no.

Hor. It was, as I haue seene it in his life,

A Sable Siluer'd.

(gainc.

Prince of Denmarke.

Ham. I will watch to night
Perchance twill walke againe.

Hor. I warn't it will.

Ham. If it assume my noble fathers person,
Ile speake to it though hell it selfe should gape
And bid me hold my peace; I pray you all
If you haue hetherto conceald this sight
Let it be tenable in your silence still,
And what someuer els shall hap to night,
Giue it an vnderstanding but no tongue,
I will requite your loues, so farre you well:
Vppon the platforme twixt a leauen and twelue
Ile visite you.

All. Our dutie to your honor. *Exeunt.*

Ham. Your loues, as mine to you, farwell.
My fathers spirit (in armes) all is not well,
I doubt some foule play, would the night were come,
Till then sit still my foule, soode deedes will rise
Though all the earth ore-whelme them to mens eyes. *Exit.*

Enter Laertes, and Opheliabís Sister.

Laer. My necessaries are inbarckt, farwell,
And sister, as the winds giue benefit
And conuay, in assístant doe not sleepe
But let me heere from you.

Oph. Doe you doubt that?

Laer. For *Hamlet*, and the trifling of his fauour,
Hold it a fashion, and a toy in blood
A Violet in the youth of primy nature,
Forward, not permanent, sweete, not lasting,
The perfume and suppliance of a minute
No more.

Oph. No more but so.

Laer. Thinke it no more.

For nature creffant does not growe alone
In thewes and bulkes, but as this temple waxes
The inward seruice of the minde and soule
Growes wide withall, perhapes he loues you now,
And now no soyle nor cautell doth besmurch
The vertue of his will, but you must feare,

242

†

244

248

250

254 †

258

I. III.

†

†

8

†

10

12 †

16 †

A Sable Siluer'd.

(gaine.

Ham. Ile watch to Night; perchance 'twill wake a

Hor. I warrant you it will.

Ham. If it assume my noble Fathers person,
Ile speake to it, though Hell it selte should gape
And bid me hold my peace. I pray you all,
If you haue hitherto conceald this sight;
Let it bee treble in your silence still:
And whatsoeuer els shall hap to night,
Giue it an vnderstanding but no tongue;
I will requite your loues; so, fare ye well:
Vpon the Platforme twixt eleuen and twelue,
Ile visiue you.

All. Our duty to your Honour. *Exeunt.*

Ham. Your loue, as mine to you: farewell.
My Fathers Spirit in Armes? All is not well:
I doubt some foule play: would the Night were come;
Till then sit still my soule; foule deeds will rise,
Though all the earth orewhelm them to mens' eyes. *Exit.*

Scena Tertia.

Enter Laertes and Ophelia.

Laer. My necessaries are imbark't; Farewell:
And Sister, as the Winds giue Benefit,
And Conuoy is assistant; doe not sleepe,
But let me heare from you.

Ophel. Doe you doubt that?

Laer. For *Hamlet*, and the trifling of his fauours,
Hold it a fashion and a toy in Bloud;
A Violet in the youth of Primy Nature;
Froward, not permanent; sweeter not lasting
The suppliance of a minute? No more.

Ophel. No more but so.

Laer. Think it no more:
For nature cresstant does not grow alone,
In thewes and Bulke: but as his Temple waxes,
The inward seruice of the Minde and Soule
Growes wide withall. Perhaps he loues you now,
And now no soyle nor cautell doth besmerch
The vertue of his feare: but you must feare

His

The Tragedie of Hamlet

17 His greatnes wayd, his will is not his owne,
 He may not as vnalewed persons doe,
 20 Carue for himselfe, for on his choise depends
 * The safety and health of this whole state,
 And therefore must his choise be circumscrib'd
 Vnto the voyce and yeelding of that body
 24 Whereof he is the head, then if he saies he loues you,
 It fits your wisdom so farre to belieue it
 * As he in his particuler act and place
 May giue his saying deede, which is no further
 28 Then the maine voyce of Denmarke goes withall.
 Then way what losse your honor may sustaine
 30 If with too credent eare you list his songs
 Or loose your hart, or your chaste treasure open
 To his vnmaistred importunity.
 Feare it *Ophelia*, feare it my deare sister,
 * 34 And keepe you in the reare of your affection
 Out of the shot and danger of desire,
 "The charest maide is prodigall inough
 If she vnmaske her butie to the Moone
 38 "Vertue it selfe scapes not calumnious strokes
 "The canker gaules the infants of the spring
 40 Too oft before their buttons be disclos'd,
 And in the morne and liquid dewe of youth
 Contagious blastments are most imminent,
 Bewary then, best safety lies in feare,
 44 Youth to it selfe rebels, though non els neare.
Oph. I shall the effect of this good lesson keepe
 As watchman to my hart, but good my brother
 Doe not as some vngracious pastors doe,
 48 Showe me the steep and thorny way to heauen
 * Whiles a puffed, and reckles libertine
 50 Himselfe the primrose path of dalliance treads.
 And reakes not his owne reed.
Enter Polonius.
Lær. O feare me not,
 I stay too long, but heere my father comes
 A double blessing, is a double grace,
 54 Occasion smiles vpon a second leaue.
Pol. Yet heere *Lærtes* a bord a bord for shame,

His greatnesse weigh'd, his will is not his owne;
For hee himselfe is subiect to his Birth:
Hee may not, as vnuallued persons doe,
Carue for himselfe; for, on his choyce depends
The sanctity and health of the weole State.
And therefore must his choyce be circumscrib'd
Vnto the voyce and yeelding of that Body,
Whereof he is the Head. Then if he sayes he loues you,
It fits your wisdoms so farre to beleeeue it;
As he in his peculiar Sect and force
May giue his saying deed: which is no further,
Then the maine voyce of *Denmarke* goes withall,
Then weigh what losse your Honour may sustaine,
If with too credent eare you list his Songs;
Or lose your Heart; or your chaste Treasure open
To his vnmaistred importunity.
Feare it *Ophelia*, feare it my deare Sister,
And keepe within the reare of your Affection;
Out of the shot and danger of Desire.
The chariest Maid is Prodigall enough,
If she vnmaske her beauty to the Moone:
Vertue it selfe scapes not calumnious stroakes,
The Canker Galls, the Infants of the Spring
Too oft before the buttons be disclos'd,
And in the Morne and liquid dew of Youth,
Contagious blastments are most imminent.
Be wary then, best safety lies in feare;
Youth to it selfe rebels, though none else neere.

Ophe. I shall th'effect of this good Lesson keepe,
As watchmen to my heart: but good my Brother
Doe not as some vngracious Pastors doe,
Shew me the steepe and thorny way to Heauen;
Whilst like a puffed and recklesse Libertine
Himselfe, the Primrose path of dalliance treads,
And reaks not his owne reade.

Laer. Oh, feare me not.

Enter Polonius.

I stay too long; but here my Father comes:
A double blessing is a double grace;
Occasion smiles vpon a second leaue.

Polon. Yet heere *Laertes*? Aboord, aboard for shame,

Prince of Denmarke.

The wind sits in the shoulder of your saile,
 And you are stayed for, there my blessing with thee,
 And these few precepts in thy memory
 Looke thou character, giue thy thoughts no tongue,
 Nor any vnproportion'd thought his act,
 Be thou famelier, but by no meanes vulgar,
 Those friends thou hast, and their adoprion tried,
 Grapple them vnto thy soule with hoopes of Steele,
 But doe not dull thy palme with entertainment
 Of each new hatcht vnstedgd courage, beware
 Of entrance to a quarrell, but being in,
 Bear't that th'opposed may beware of thee,
 Giue euery man thy eare, but fewe thy voyce,
 Take each mans censure, but reserve thy iudgement,
 Costly rhy habite as thy purse can by,
 But not exprest in fancy; rich not gaudy,
 For the apparrell oft proclaimes the man
 And they in Fraunce of the best ranck and station,
 Or of a most select and generous, chiefe in that :
 Neither a borrower nor a lender boy,
 For loue oft looses both it selfe, and friend,
 And borrowing dulleth edge of husbandry;
 This aboue all, to thine owne selfe be true
 And it must followe as the night the day
 Thou canst not then be false to any man :
 Farwell, my blessing season this in thee.

Laer. Most humbly doe I take my leaue my Lord.

Pol. The time inuests you goe, your seruants tend.

Laer. Farwell *Ophelia*, and remember well.

What I haue sayd to you.

Ophe. Tis in my memory lockt

And you your selfe shall keepe the key of it.

Laer. Farwell.

Exit Laertes.

Pol. What ist *Ophelia* he hath sayd to you?

Ophe. So please you, something touching the Lord *Hamlet*.

Pol. Marry well bethought

Tis tolde me he hath very oft of late

Giuen priuate time to you, and you your selfe

Haue of your audience beene most free and bountious,

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The winde sits in the shoulder of your saile,
And you are staid for there: my blessing with you;
And these few Precepts in thy memory,
See thou Character. Giue thy thoughts no tongue,
Nor any vnproportion'd thought his Act:
Be thou familiar; but by no meanes vulgar:
The friends thou hast, and their adoption tride,
Grapple them to thy Soule, with hoopes of Steele:
But doe not dull thy palme, with entertainment
Of each vnhatc't, vnfielg'd Comrade. Beware
Of entrance to a quarrell: but being in
Bear't that th'oppos'd may beware of thee.
Giue every man thine eare; but few thy voyce:
Take each mans censure; but reserve thy iudgement:
Costly thy habit as thy purse can buy;
But not exprest in fancie; rich, not gawdie:
For the Apparell oft proclaimes the man.
And they in France of the best ranck and station,
Are of a most select and generous cheff in that.
Neither a borrower, nor a lender be;
For lone oft loses both it selfe and friend:
And borrowing dubs the edge of Husbandry.
This aboue all; to thine owne selfe be true:
And it must follow, as the Night the Day,
Thou canst not then be false to any man.

Farewell: my Blessing season this in thee.

Laer. Most humbly doe I take my leaue, my Lord.

Polon. The time inuites you, goe, your seruants tend.

Laer. Farewell *Ophelia*, and remember well
What I haue said to you.

Ophe. 'Tis in my memory lockt,
And you your selfe shall keepe the key of it.

Laer. Farewell.

Exit Laer.

Polon. What ist *Ophelia* he hath said to you?

Ophe. So please you, somthing touching the *L. Hamlet*.

Polon. Marry, well bethought:

'Tis told me he hath very oft of late

Giuen priuate time to you; and you your selfe

Haue of your audience beene most free and bounteous.

If it be so, as so tis put on me:

The Tragedie of Hamlet

If it be so, as so tis put on me,
 And that in way of caution, I must tell you,
 You doe not vnderstand your selfe so cleerely
 As it behooues my daughter, and your honor,
 What is betweene you giue me vp the truth,
Ophe. He hath my Lord of late made many tenders
 Of his affection to me.

Pol. Affection, puh, you speake like a greene girle
 Vnsifted in such perrilous circumstance,
 Doe you belieue his tenders as you call them ?

Ophe. I doe not knowe my Lord what I should thinke.

Pol. Marry I will teach you, thinke your selfe a babie
 That you haue tane these tenders for true pay
 Which are not sterling, tender your selfe more dearly
 Or (not to crack the winde of the poore phrase
 Wrong it thus) you'll tender me a foole.

Ophe. My Lord he hath importun'd me with loue
 In honorable fashion.

Pol. I, fashion you may call it, go to, go to.

Ophe. And hath giuen countenance to his speech
 My Lord, with almost all the holy vowes of heauen.

Pol. I, springs to catch wood-cockes, I doe knowe
 When the blood burnes, how prodigall the soule
 Lends the tongue vowes, these blazes daughter
 Giuing more light then heate, extinct in both
 Euen in their promise, as it is a making
 You must not take for fire, from this time
 Be something scanter of your maiden presence
 Set your intreatments at a higher rate
 Then a commaund to parle ; for Lord *Hamlet*,
 Belieue so much in him that he is young,
 And with a larger rider may he walke
 Then may be giuen you : in fewe *Ophelia*,
 Doe not belieue his vowes, for they are brokers
 Not of that die which their inuestments shoue
 But meere implorators of vnholly suites
 Breathing like sanctified and pious bonds
 The better to beguide : this is for all,
 I would not in plaine rearmes from this time forth

If it be so, as so tis put on me;

And that in way of caution: I must tell you,
You doe not vnderstand your selfe so cleerely,
As it behoues my Daughter, and your Honour.
What is betweene you, giue me vp the truth?

Ophe. He hath my Lord of late, made many tenders
Of his affection to me.

Polon. Affection, puh. You speake like a greene Girle,
Vnsifted in such perillous Circumstance.

Doe you belecue his tenders, as you call them?

Ophe. I do not know, my Lord, what I should thinke.

Polon. Marry Ile teach you; thinke your selfe a Baby,
That you haue tane his tenders for true pay,
Which are not starling. Tender your selfe more deaily;
Or not to crack the winde of the poore Phrase,
Roaming it thus, you'l tender me a foole.

Ophe. My Lord, he hath importun'd me with loue,
In honourable fashion.

Polon. I, fashion you may call it, go too, go too.

Ophe. And hath giuen countenance to his speech,
My Lord, with all the vowes of Heauen.

Polon. I. Springes to catch Woodcocks. I doe know
When the Bloud burnes, how Prodigall the Soule
Giues the tongue vowes: these blazes, Daughter,
Giuing more light then heate; extinct in both,
Euen in their promise, as it is a making;
You must not take for fire. For this time Daughter,
Be somewhat scantier of your Maiden presence;
Set your entreatments at a higher rate,
Then a command to parley. For Lord *Hamlet*,
Belecue so much in him, that he is young,
And with a larger tether may he walke,
Then may be giuen you. In few, *Ophelia*,
Doe not belecue his vowes; for they are Broakers,
Not of the eye, which their Inuestments show:
But meere implorators of vnholly Sutes,
Breathing like sanctified and pious bonds,
The better to beguile. This is for all:
I would not, in plaine tearmes, from this time forth,

Prince of Denmarke.

Haue you so flaunder any moment leasure
As to giue words or talke with the Lord Hamlet,
Looke too't I charge you, come your wayes.

Oph. I shall obey my Lord. *Exeunt.*

Enter Hamlet, Horatio and Marcellus.

Ham. The ayre bites shroudly, it is very colde.

Hora. It is nipping, and an eager ayre.

Ham. What houre now?

Hora. I thinke it lackes of twelfe.

May. No, it is strooke.

Hora. Indeede; I heard it not, it then drawes neere the season,
Wherein the spirit held his wont to walke *A flourish of trumpets*
What does this meane my Lord? *and 2. peeces goes of.*

Ham. The King doth wake to night and takes his rowse,
Keepes wassell and the swagging vp-spring reeles:
And as he draines his drafts of Rennish downe,
The kettle drumme, and trumpet, thus bray out
The triumph of his pledge.

Hora. Is it a custome?

Ham. I marry ist,

But to my minde, though I am natie heere
And to the manner borne, it is a custome
More honourd in the breach, then the obseruance
This heany headed reueale east and west
Makes vs tradust, and taxed of other nations,
They clip vs drunkards, and with Swinish phraze
Soyle our addition, and indeede it takes
From our archieuements, though perform'd at height
The pith and marrow of our attribute,
So oft it chaunces in particuler men,
That for some vicious mole of nature in them
As in their birth wherein they are not guilty,
(Since nature cannot choose his origin)
By their ore-grow'th of some complexion
Oft breaking downe the pales and forts of reason,
Or by some habit, that too much ore-leanens
The forme of plausiue manners, that these men
Carrying I say the stamp of one defect

Haue you so slander any moment leisure,
As to giue words or talke with the Lord *Hamlet* :
Looke too't, I charge you; come your wayes.

Ophe. I shall obey my Lord. *Exeunt.*

Enter Hamlet, Horatio, Marcellus.

Ham. The Ayre bites shrewdly : is it very cold?

Hor. It is a nipping and an eager ayre.

Ham. What hower now?

Hor. I thinke it lacks of twelue.

Mar. No, it is strooke, (Season,

Hor. Indeed I heard it not: then it drawes neere the
Wherein the Spirit held his wont to walke.

What does this meane my Lord? (rouse,

Ham. The King doth wake to night, and takes his
Keepes wassels and the swaggering vpspring reeles,
And as he dreines his draughts of Rensh downe,
The kettle Drum and Trumpet thus bray out
The triumph of his Pledge.

Horat. Is it a custome?

Ham. I marry ist;
And to my mind, though I am native heere,
And to the manner boine: It is a Custome
More honour'd in the breach, then the obseruance.

Enter Ghost.

“This heavy headed reueale east and west” to “to his own scandle”
are omitted in the Folio.

The Tragedie of Hamlet

* 32 Being Natures livery, or Fortunes starre,
 * His vertues els be they as pure as grace,
 * As infinite as man may vndergoe,
 * Shall in the generall censure take corruption
 * 36 From that particuler fault : the dram of eale
 * Doth all the noble substance of a doubt
 * To his owne scandle.

Enter Ghost.

38 *Hora.* Looke my Lord it comes.

Ham. Angels and Ministers of grace defend vs :
 40 Be thou a spirit of health, or goblin damn'd,
 Bring with thee ayres from heauen, or blasts from hell,
 + Be thy intents wicked, or charitable,
 Thou com'st in such a questionable shape,
 44 That I will speake to thee; Ile call thee *Hamlet*,
 + King, father, royall Dane, ô answere mee,
 Let me not burst in ignorance, but tell
 Why thy canoniz'd bones hearsed in death
 48 Haue burst their cerements? why the Sepulcher,
 Wherein we saw thee quietly interr'd
 50 Hath op't his ponderous and marble iawes,
 To cast thee vp againe? what may this meane
 That thou dead corse, againe in compleat steele
 Reuisites thus the glimfes of the Moone,
 54 Making night hideous, and we fooles of nature
 So horridly to shake our disposition
 + With thoughts beyond the reaches of our soules,
 Say why is this, wherefore, what should we doe?

Beckins.

58 *Hora.* It beckins you to goe away with it
 As if it some impartment did desire
 To you alone.

60 *May.* Looke with what curteous action
 + It waues you to a more remooued ground,
 But doe not goe with it.

62 *Hora.* No, by no meanes.

Ham. It will not speake, then I will followe it.

Hora. Doe not my Lord.

64 *Ham.* Why what should be the feare,
 I doe not set my life at a pinnes fee,

Enter Ghost

Hor. Looke my Lord, it comes.

Ham. Angels and Ministers of Grace defend vs:

Be thou a Spirit of health, or Goblin damnd,
Bring with thee ayres from Heauen, or blais from Hell,
Be thy euent wicked or charitable,
Thou com'st in such a questionable shape
That I will speake to thee. Ile call thee *Hamlet*,
King, Father, Royall Dane: Oh, oh, answer me,
Let me not burl in Ignorance; But tell
Why thy Canoniz'd bones Hearfed in death,
Haue burst their cements, why the Sepulcher
Wherein we saw thee quietly enurn'd,
Hath op'd his ponderous and Marble iawes,
To call thee vp againe? What may this meane?
That thou dead Carse againe in compleat Steele,
Reuisits thus the glimpses of the Moone,
Making Night hideous? And we fooles of Nature,
So horribly to shake our disposition,
With thoughts beyond thee; reaches of our Soules,
Say, why is this? wherefore? what should we doe?
Ghost beckons Hamlet.

Hor. It beckons you to goe away with it,
As if it some impartment did desire
To you alone.

Mar. Looke with what courteous action
It waks you to a more remoued ground:
But doe not goe with it.

Hor. No, by no meanes.

Ham. It will not speake: then will I follow it.

Hor. Doe not my Lord.

Ham. Why, what should be the feare?
I doe not set my life at a pins fee;

Prince of Denmark

And for my soule, what can it doe to that
Being a thing immortall as it selfe;
It waues me forth againe, Ile followe it.

Hora. What if it tempt you toward the flood my
Or to the dreadfull somner of the cleefe
That bettles ore his bafe into the sea,
And there assume some other horrible forme
Which might depriue your soueraigntie of reason,
And draw you into madnes, thinke of it,
The very place puts toyes of desperation
Without more motiue, into euery braine
That lookes so many fadoms to the sea
And heares it rore beneath.

Ham. It waues me still,
Goe on, Ile followe thee.

Mar. You shall not goe my Lord.

Ham. Hold of your hands.

Hora. Be rul'd, you shall not goe.

Ham. My fate cries out
And makes each petty arture in this body
As hardy as the Nemeon Lyons nerue;
Still am I cald, vnhand me Gentlemen
By heauen Ile make a ghost of him that lets me,
I say away, goe on, Ile followe thee.

Exit Ghost and Hamlet.

Hora. He waxes desperate with imagion.

Mar. Lets followe, tis not fit thus to obey him.

Hora. Haue after, to what issue will this come?

Mar. Something is rotten in the state of Denmarke.

Hora. Heauen will direct it.

Mar. Nay lets follow him.

Exeunt.

Enter Ghost, and Hamlet.

Ham. Whether wilt thou leade me, speake, Ile goe no further,

Ghost. Marke me.

Ham. I will.

Ghost. My houre is almost come
When I to sulphrus and tormenting flames
Must render vp my selfe.

Ham. Alas poore Ghost.

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Ghost

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And for my Soule, what can it doe to that?

Being a thing immortall as it selfe:

It waues me forth againe; Ile follow it.

Hor. What if it tempt you toward the Floud my Lord?

Or to the dreadfull Sonnet of the Cliffe,

That beetles o're his base into the Sea,

And there assumes some other horrible forme,

Which might deprive your Soueraignty of Reason,

And draw you into madnesse thinke of it?

Ham. It wasts me still: goe on, Ile follow thee.

Mar. You shall not goe my Lord.

Ham. Hold off your hand.

Hor. Be rul'd, you shall not goe.

Ham. My fate cries out,

And makes each petty Artire in this body,

As hardy as the Nemean Lions nerue:

Still am I cal'd? Vnhand me Gentlemen:

By Heau'n, Ile make a Ghost of him that lets me:

I say away, goe on, Ile follow thee.

Exeunt Ghost & Hamlet.

Hor. He waxes desperate with imagination.

Mar. Let's follow; 'tis not fit thus to obey him.

Hor. Haue after, to what issue will this come?

Mar. Something is rotten in the State of Denmarke.

Hor. Heauen will direct it.

Mar. Nay, let's follow him.

Exeunt.

Enter Ghost and Hamlet.

(ther.

Ham. Where wilt thou lead me? speak; Ile go no fur-

Gho. Marke me

Ham. I will.

Gho. My hower is almost come,

When I to sulphurous and tormenting Flames

Must render vp my selfe.

Ham. Alas poore Ghost.

The Tragedie of Hamlet

5 *Ghost.* Pitty me not, but lend thy serious hearing
To what I shall vnfold.

Ham. Speake, I am bound to heare.

Ghost. So art thou to reuenge, when thou shalt hear

8 *Ham.* What?

Ghost. I am thy fathers spirit,

10 Doomed for a certaine tearme to walke the night,

And for the day confind to fast in fires,

12 Till the foule crimes done in my dayes of nature

Are burnt and purg'd away : but that I am forbid

To tell the secrets of my prison house,

I could a tale vnfolde whose lightest word

16 Would harrow vp thy soule, freeze thy young blood,

Make thy two eyes like stars start from their spheres,

+ Thy knotted and combined locks to part,

And each particuler haire to stand an end,

+20 Like quils vpon the fearefull Porpentine,

But this eternall blazon must not be

+ To eares of flesh and blood, list, list, ô list :

If thou did'st euer thy deare father loue.

24 *Ham.* O God.

Ghost. Reuenge his foule, and most vnnaturall murther.

Ham. Murther.

Ghost. Murther most foule, as in the best it is,

28 But this most foule, strange and vnnaturall.

+ *Ham.* Hast me to know'r, that I with wings as swift

30 As meditation, or the thoughts of loue

May sweepe to my reuenge.

Ghost. I find thee apr,

32 And duller shouldst thou be then the fat weede

That rootes it selfe in ease on *Lethe* wharffe,

Would'st thou not sturre in this ; now *Hamlet* heare,

Tis giuen our, that sleeping in my Orchard,

36 A Serpent stung me, so the whole eare of Denmarke

Is by a forged proceffe of my death

Ranckely abusde : but knowe thou noble Youth,

The Serpent that did sting thy fathers life

Now weares his Crowne.

40-1 *Ham.* O my propheticke soule ! my Vncle :

Gho. Pity me not, but lend thy serious hearing
To what I shall vnfold.

Ham. Speake, I am bound to heare.

Gho. So art thou to reuenge, when thou shalt heare.

Ham. What?

Gho. I am thy Fathers Spirit,
Doom'd for a certaine terme to walke the night;
And for the day confin'd to fast in Fiers,
Till the foule crimes done in my dayes of Nature
Are burnt and purg'd away? But that I am forbid
To tell the secrets of my Prison-House;
I could a Tale vnfold, whose lightest word
Would harrow vp thy soule, freeze thy young blood,
Make thy two eyes like Starres, start from their Spheres,
Thy knotty and combined locks to part,
And each particular haire to stand an end,
Like Quilles vpon the fretfull Porpentine:
But this eternall blasen must not be
To eares of flesh and blood; list *Hamlet*, oh list,
If thou didst euer thy deare Father loue.

Ham. Oh Heauen!

Cho. Reuenge his foule and most vnnaturall Murther.

Ham. Murther?

Ghost. Murther most foule, as in the best it is;
But this most foule, strange, and vnnaturall.

Ham. Ha! hast me to know it,
That with wings as swift
As meditation, or the thoughts of Loue,
May sweepe to my Reuenge.

Ghost. I finde thee apt,
And duller should'st thou be then the fat weede
That rots it selfe in ease, on Lethe Wharfe,
Would'st thou no; stirre in this. Now *Hamlet* heare:
It's giuen out, that sleeping in mine Orchard,
A Serpent stung me: so the whole eare of Denmarke,
Is by a forged proceffe of my death
Rankly abus'd: But know thou Noble youth,
The Serpent that did sting thy Fathers life,
Now weares his Crowne.

Ham. O my Propheticke soule: mine Vncle?

Prince of Denmarke.

Ghost. I that incestuous, that adulterate beast,
 With witchcraft of his wits, with trayterous gifts,
 O wicked wit, and giftes that haue the power
 So to seduce; wonne to his shamefull lust
 The will of my most seeming vertuous Queenes;
 O *Hamlet*, whar falling off was there
 From me whose loue was of that dignitie
 That it went hand in hand, euen with the vowe
 I made to her in marriage, and to decline
 Vppon a wretch whose naturall gifts were poore,
 To those of mine; but vertue as it neuer will be mooued,
 Though lewdnesse court it in a shape of heauen
 So but though to a radiant Angle linckt,
 Will sort it selfe in a celestiall bed
 And pray on garbage.
 But soft, me thinkes I sent the morning ayre,
 Brieue let me be; sleeping within my Orchard,
 My custome alwayes of the afternoone,
 Vpon my secure houre, thy Vncle stole
 With iuyce of cursed Hebona in a viall,
 And in the porches of my eares did poure
 The leproous distilment, whose effect
 Holds such an enmitie with blood of man,
 That swift as quicksiluer it courses through
 The naturall gates and allies of the body,
 And with a sodaine vigour it doth possesse
 And curde like eager droppings into milke,
 The thin and wholsome blood; so did it mine,
 And a most instant tetter barckt about
 Most Lazerlike with vile and lothsome crust
 All my smooth body.
 Thus was I sleeping by a brothers hand,
 Of life, of Crowne, of Queene at once dispatcht,
 Cut off euen in the blossomes of my sinne,
 Vnhuzled, disappointed, vnanueld,
 No reckning made, but sent to my account
 Withall my imperfections on my head,
 O horrible, ô horrible, most horrible.
 If thou hast nature in thee beare it not,

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60+

64

68+

70

+

74

†

78

82

Ghost. I that incestuous, that adulterate Beast
With witchcraft of his wits, hath Traitorous gifts,
Oh wicked Wit, and Gifts, that haue the power
So to seduce? Won so to this shamefull Lust
The will of my most seeming vertuous Queene:
Oh *Hamlet*, what a falling off was there,
From me, whose loue was of that dignity,
That it went hand in hand, euen with the Vow
I made to her in Marriage; and to decline
Vpon a wretch, whose Naturall gifts were poore
To those of mine. But Vertue, as it neuer wil be moued,
Though Lewdnesse court it in a shape of Heauen:
So Lust, though to a radiant Angell link'd,
Will fate it selfe in a Celestiall bed, & prey on Garbage.

O o

But

But soft, me thinks I sent the Mornings Ayre;
Briefe let me be: Sleeping within mine Orchard,
My custome alwayes in the afternoone;
Vpon my secure hower thy Vncle stole
With iuyce of cursed Hebenon in a Violl,
And in the Porches of mine eares did poure
The leaperous Distillment; whose effect
Holds such an enmity with blood of Man,
That swift as Quick-silver, it courses through
The naturall Gates and Alies of the Body;
And with a sodaine vigour it doth possesse
And curd, like Aygre droppings into Milke,
The thin and wholsome blood: so did it mine;
And a most instant Tetter bak'd about,
Most Lazar-like, with vile and loathsome crust,
All my smooth Body.
Thus was I, sleeping, by a Brothers hand,
Of Life, of Crowne, and Queene at once dispatcht;
Cut off euen in the Blossomes of my Sinne,
Vnhouzzled, disappointed, vnaneld,
No reckoning made, but sent to my account
With all my imperfections on my head;
Oh horrible Oh horrible, most horrible:
If thou hast nature in thee heare it not;

I. v.

The Tragedie of Hamlet

82

Let nor the royall bed of Denmarke be
 A couch for luxury and damned incest.
 But howsomeuer thou pursues this act,
 Tain't not thy minde, nor let thy soule contriue
 86 Against thy mother ought, leaue her to heauen,
 And to those thornes that in her bosome lodge
 To prick and sting her, fare thee well at once,
 The Gloworme shewes the matine to be neere
 90 And gines to pale his vneffectuall fire,
 + Adiew, adiew, adiew, remember me.

+

94

+

Ham. O all you host of heauen, ô earth, what els,
 And shall I coupple hell; ô fie, hold, hold my hart,
 And you my sinnowes, growe not instant old,
 But beare me swiftly vp; remember thee,
 I thou poore Ghost whiles memory holds a seate
 In this distracted globe, remember thee,
 98 Yea, from the table of my memory
 Ile wipe away all triuiall fond records,
 100 All sawes of bookes, all formes, all pressuures past
 That youth and obseruation coppied there,
 And thy commandement all alone shall liue,
 Within the booke and volume of my braine
 104 Vnmixt with baser matter, yes by heauen,
 O most pernicious woman.
 O villaine, villaine, smiling damned villaine,
 + My tables, meet it is I set it downe
 108 That one may smile, and smile, and be a villaine,
 At least I am sure it may be so in Denmarke.
 So Vncle, there you are, now to my word,
 It is adew, adew, remember me.
 112 I haue sworn't.

*Enter Horatio, and Marcellus.**Hor.* My Lord, my Lord.*Mar.* Lord Hamlet.

113

Hor. Heauens secure him.*Ham.* So be it.*Mar.* Illo, ho, ho, my Lord.

+ 116

Ham. Hillo, ho, ho, boy come, and come.*Mar.*

Let not the Royall Bed of Denmarke be
A Couch for Luxury and damned Incest.
But howsoeuer thou pursuest this Act,
Taint not thy mind; nor let thy Soule contriue
Against thy Mother ought; leaue her to heauen,
And to those Thornes that in her bosome lodge,
To pricke and sting her. Fare thee well at once;
The Glow-worme shewes the Matine to be neere,
And gins to pale his vneffectuall Fire:

Adue, adue, Hamlet: remember me. Exit.

Ham. Oh all you host of Heauen! Oh Earth what els?
And shall I couple Hell? Oh fie: hold my heart;
And you my sinnewes, grow not instant Old;
But beare me stiffely vp: Remember thee?
I, thou poore Ghost, while memory holds a seate
In this distracted Globe: Remember thee?
Yea, from the Table of my Memory,
He wipe away all triuiall fond Records,
All sawes of Bookes, all formes, all presures past,
That youth and obseruation coppied there;
And thy Commandment all alone shall lue
Within the Booke and Volume of my Braine,
Vnmixt with baser matter; yes, yes, by Heauen:
Oh most pernicious woman!
Oh Villaine, Villaine, smiling damned Villaine!
My Tables, my Tables; meet it is I set it downe,
That one may smile, and smile and be a Villaine;
At least I'm sure it may be so in Denmarke;
So Vnckle there you are: now to my word;
It is; *Adue, Adue, Remember me: I haue sworn't.*

Hor. & Mar. within. My Lord, my Lord,

Enter Horatio and Marcellus.

Mar. Lord *Hamlet.*

Hor. Heauen secure him.

Mar. So be it.

Hor. Illo, ho, ho, my Lord.

Ham. Hillo, ho, ho, boys; come bird, come.

Prince of Denmarke.

Mar. How is't my noble Lord?

Hor. What newes my Lord?

Ham. O, wonderfull.

Hor. Good my Lord tell it.

Ham. No, you will reueale it.

Hor. Not I my Lord by heauen.

Mar. Nor I my Lord.

Ham. How say you then, would hart of man once thinke it,
But you'le be secret.

Booth. I by heauen.

Ham. There's neuer a villaine,

Dwelling in all Denmarke

But hee's an arrant knaue.

Hor. There needes no Ghost my Lord, come from the graue
To tell vs this.

Ham. Why right, you are in the right,
And so without more circumstance at all
I hold it fit that we shake hands and part,
You, as your busines and desire shall poynt you,
For euery man hath busines and desire
Such as it is, and for my owne poore part
I will goe pray.

Hor. These are but wilde and whunling words my Lord.

Ham. I am sorry they offend you hartily,
Yes faith hartily.

Hor. There's no offence my Lord.

Ham. Yes by Saint *Patrick* but there is *Horatio*,
And much offence to, rouching this vision heere,
It is an honest Ghost that let me tell you,
For your desire to knowe what is betweene vs
Oremastrer as you may, and now good friends,
As you are friends, schollers, and souldiers,
Giue me one poore request.

Hor. What is't my Lord, we will.

Ham. Neuer make knowne what you haue seene to night.

Booth. My Lord we will not.

Ham. Nay but swear't.

Hor. In faith my Lord nor I.

Mar. Nor I my Lord in faith.

Ham.

117

118

120

122 †

124

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†

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146

Mar. How ist't my Noble Lord?

Hor. What newes, my Lord?

Ham. Oh wonderfull!

Hor. Good my Lord tell it.

Ham. No you'l reuale it.

Hor. Not I, my Lord, by Heauen.

Mar. Nor I, my Lord. (think it?)

Ham. How say you then, would heart of man once
But you'l be secret?

Both. I, by Heau'n, my Lord.

Ham. There's nere a villaine dwelling in all Denmarke
But hee's an arrant knaue.

Hor. There needs no Ghost my Lord, come from the
Graue, to tell vs this.

Ham. Why right, you are i'th' right;
And so, without more circumstance at all,
I hold it fit that we shake hands, and part:
You, as your busines and desires shall point you:
For euery man ha's businesse and desire,
Such as it is: and for mine owne poore part,
Looke you, Ile goe pray.

Hor. These are but wild and hurling words, my Lord.

Ham. I'm sorry they offend you heartily:
Yes faith heartily.

Hor. There's no offence my Lord.

Ham. Yes, by Saint *Patrick*, but there is my Lord,
And much offence too, touching this Vision heere:
It is an honest Ghost, that let me tell you:
For your desire to know what is betweene vs,
O remaster't as you may. And now good friends,
As you are Friends, Schollers and Soldiers,
Gue me one poore request.

Hor. What is't my Lord? we will.

Ham. Neuer make known what you haue seen to night.

Both. My Lord we will not.

Ham. Nay, but I swear't.

Hor. In faith my Lord, not I.

Mar. Nor I my Lord: in faith.

The Tragedie of Hamlet

Ham. Vppon my sword.

147 *Mar.* We haue sworne my Lord already.

Ham. Indeede vppon my sword, indeed.

Ghost cries vnder the Stage.

Ghost. Swear.

150 *Ham.* Ha, ha, boy, say'st thou so, art thou there trupenny?
Come on, you heare this fellowe in the Sellerige,
Consent to sweare.

Hora. Propose the oath my Lord.

154 *Ham.* Neuer to speake of this that you haue seene
Swear by my sword.

Ghost. Swear.

Ham. *Hic, & vbique*, then weele shift our ground :
Come hether Gentlemen

158 And lay your hands againe vpon my sword,

160 Swear by my sword

159 Neuer to speake of this that you haue heard.

161† *Ghost.* Swear by his sword.

† *Ham.* Well sayd olde Mole, can't worke it'h earth so fast,
A worthy Pioner, once more remouue good friends.

164 *Hora.* O day and night, but this is wondrous strange.

Ham. And therefore as a stranger giue it welcome,
There are more things in heauen and earth *Horatio*
167-8† Then are dream't of in your philosophie, but come
Heere as before, neuer so helpe you mercy,

170 (How strange or odde so mere I beare my selfe,

As I perchance heereafter shall thinke meet,

To put an Anticke disposition on

174† That you at such times seeing me, neuer shall

With armes incombred thus, or this head shake,

Or by pronouncing of some doubtfull phrase,

† As well, well, we knowe, or we could and if we would,

Or if we list to speake, or there be and if they might,

178 Or such ambiguous giuing out, to note)

† That you knowe ought of me, this doe sweare,

180 So grace and mercy at your most neede helpe you.

Ghost. Swear.

Ham. Rest, rest, perturbed spirit : so Gentlemen,

183 Wi thall my loue I doe commend me to you

Ham. Vpon my sword.

Marcell. We haue sworne my Lord already.

Ham. Indeed, vpon my sword Indeed.

Gho. Swear. *Ghost cries vnder the Stage.*

Ham. Ah ha boy, sayest thou so. Art thou there true-penny? Come one you here this fellow in the selleredge Consent to swear.

Hor. Propose the Oath my Lord.

Ham. Neuer to speake of this that you haue seene. Swear by my sword.

Gho. Swear.

Ham. *Hic & ubique?* Then wee'l shift for grownd, Come hither Gentlemen, And lay your hands againe vpon my sword, Neuer to speake of this that you haue heard: Swear by my Sword.

Gho. Swear. (fast?)

Ham. Well said old Mole, can'st worke i'th' ground so A worthy Pioner, once more remoue good friends.

Hor. Oh day and night, but this is wondrous strange.

Ham. And therefore as a stranger giue it welcome. There are more things in Heauen and Earth, *Horatio*, Then are dream't of in our Philosophy. But come, Here as before, neuer so helpe you mercy, How strange or odde so ere I beare my selfe; (As I perchance heereafter shall thinke meet To put an Anticke disposition on:) That you at such time seeing me, neuer shall With Armes encombred thus, or thus, head shake; Or by pronouncing of some doubtfull Phrase; As well, we know, or we could and if we would, Or if we list to speake; or there be and if there might, Or such ambiguous giuing out to note,

That you know ought of me; this not to doe: So grace and mercy at your most-neede helpe you: Swear.

Ghost. Swear.

Ham. Rest, rest perturbed Spirit: so Gentlemen, With all my loue I doe commend me to you;

Prince of Denmarke.

And what so poore a man as *Hamlet* is,
May doe t'expresse his loue and frending to you
God willing shall not lack, let vs goe in together,
And still your fingers on your lips I pray,
The time is out of ioynt, ô curfed spight
That euer I was borne to set it right.
Nay come, lets goe together.

Exeunt.

Enter old Polonius, with his man or two.

Pol. Giue him this money, and these notes *Reynaldo*.

Rey. I will my Lord.

Pol. You shall doe meruiles wisely good *Reynaldo*,
Before you visite him, to make inquire
Of his behauour.

Rey. My Lord, I did intend it.

Pol. Mary well said, very well said; looke you sir,
Enquire me first what Danskers are in Parris,
And how, and who, what meanes, and where they keepe,
What companie, at what expence, and finding
By this encompassment, and drift of question
That they doe know my sonne, come you more neerer
Then your perticuler demaunds will tuch it,
Take you as t'were some distant knowledge of him,
As thus, I know his father, and his friends,
And in part him, doe you marke this *Reynaldo*?

Rey. I, very well my Lord.

Pol. And in part him, but you may say, not well,
But y^t be he I meane, hee's very wilde,
Adicted so and so, and there put on him
What forgeries you please, marry none so ranck
As may dishonour him, take heede of that,
But sir, such wanton, wild, and vsuall slips,
As are companions noted and most knowne
To youth and libertie.

Rey. As gaming my Lord.

Pol. I. or drinking, fencing, swearing,
Quarrelling, drabbing, you may goe so far.

Rey. My Lord, that would dishonour him,

Pol. Fayth as you may season it in the charge.

E

You

185

188

191

II.i.

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14†

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24

+28

With all my loue I doe commend me to you;
And what so poore a man as *Hamlet* is,
May doe t'expresse his loue and friending to you;
God willing shall not lacke: let vs goe in together,
And still your fingers on your lippes I pray,
The time is out of ioynt: Oh cursed spight,
That euer I was borne to set it right.
Nay, come let's goe together. *Exeunt.*

Actus Secundus.

Enter Polonius, and Reynoldo.

Polon. Giue him his money, and these notes *Reynoldo*.

Reynol. I will my Lord.

Polon. You shall doe maruels wisely: good *Reynoldo*,
Before you visite him you make inquiry
Of his behauiour.

Reynol. My Lord, I did intend it.

Polon. Marry, well said;
Very well said. Looke you Sir,
Enquire me first what Danskers are in Paris;
And how, and who: what meane; and where they keepe:
What company, at what expence: and finding
By this encompassement and drift of question,
That they doe know my soune: Come you more neerer
Then your particular demands will touch it,
Take you as 'twere some distant knowledge of him,
And thus I know his father and his friends,
And in part him. Doe you marke this *Reynoldo*?

Reynol. I, very well my Lord.

Polon. And in part him, but you may say not well;
But if t'be hee I meane, hees very wilde;
Addicted so and so; and there put on him
What forgeries you please: marry, none so ranke,
As may dishonour him; take heed of that:
But Sir, such wanton, wild, and vsuall slips,
As are Companions noted and most knowne
To youth and liberty.

Reynol. As gaming my Lord.

Polon. I, or drinking, fencing, swearing,
Quarelling, drabbing. You may goe so farre.

Reynol. My Lord that would dishonour him.

Polon. Faith no, as you may season it in the charge;

The Tragedie of Hamlet

29 You must not put another scandell on him,
That he is open to incontinencie,
That's not my meaning, but breath his faults so quently
32 That they may seeme the taints of libertie,
The flash and out-breake of a fierie mind,
A sauagenes in vnreclaimed blood,
Of generall assault.

Rey. But my good Lord.

36 *Pol.* Wherefore should you doe this?

Rey. I my Lord, I would know that.

Pol. Marry sir, heer's my drift,

†

And I belieue it is a fetch of wit,

You laying these slight fallies on my sonne
As t'were a thing a little soyld with working,

† 40

41-2

Marke you, your partie in conuerse, him you would sound
Hauing euer scene in the prenominat crimes

44

The youth you breath of guiltie, be assur'd

He closes with you in this consequence,

Good sir, (or so,) or friend, or gentleman,

†

According to the phrase, or the addition
Of man and country.

48

Rey. Very good my Lord.

Pol. And then sir doos a this, a doos, what was I about to say?

† 50

By the masse I was about to say something,
Where did I leaue?

Rey. At closes in the consequence.

54

Pol. At closes in the consequence, I marry,

†

He closes thus, I know the gentleman,

I saw him yestherday, or th'other day,

†

Or then, or then, with such or such, and as you say,

† 58

There was a gaming there, or tooke in's rowse,

There falling out at Tennis, or perchance

60

I saw him enter such a house of sale,

Videlizet, a brothell, or so foorth, see you now,

†

Your bait of falshood take this carpe of truth,

64

And thus doe we of wisedome, and of reach,

With windlesse, and with assaies of bias,

By indirections find directions out,

67

So by my former lecture and aduise

You must not put another scandall on him,
That hee is open to Incontinencie;
That's not my meaning: but breath his faults so quaintly,
That they may seeme the taints of liberty;
The flash and out-breake of a fiery minde,
A saugenes in vnreclaim'd bloud of generall assault.

Reynol. But my good Lord.

Polon. Wherefore should you doe this?

Reynol. I my Lord, I would know that.

Polon. Marry Sir, heere's my drift,
And I beleue it is a fetch of warrant:
You laying these slight sulleyes on my Sonne,
As 'twere a thing a little soil'd i'th' working: (sound,
Marke you your party in conuerse; him you would
Hauing euer scene. In the prenominate crimes,

The youth you breath of guilty, be assur'd
He closes with you in this consequence:
Good sir, or so, or friend, or Gentleman,
According to the Phrase and the Addition;
Of man and Country.

Reynol. Very good my Lord.

Polon. And then Sir does he this?

He does: what was I about to say?

I was about to say something: where did I leaue?

Reynol. At closes in the consequence:

At friend, or so, and Gentleman.

Polon. At closes in the consequence, I marry,
He closes with you thus. I know the Gentleman,
I saw him yesterday, or tother day;
Or then or then, with such and such; and as you say,
There was he gaming, there o'retook in's Rouse;
There falling out at Tennis; or perchance,
I saw him enter such a house of saile;
Vile hellet, a Brothell, or so forth. See you now;
Your bait of falshood, takes this Cape of truth;
And thus doe we of wisedome and of reach
With windlessees, and with assaies of Bias,
By indirections finde directions out:
So by my former Lecture and aduice

Prince of Denmarke.

Shall you my sonne; you haue me, haue you not?

Rey. My Lord, I haue.

Pol. God buy ye, far ye well,

Rey. Good my Lord.

Pol. Obserue his inclination in your selfe.

Rey. I shall my Lord.

Pol. And let him ply his musique.

Rey. Well my Lord. *Exit Rey.*

Enter Ophelia.

Pol. Farewell. How now *Ophelia*, whats the matter?

Oph. O my Lord, my Lord, I haue beene so affrighted,

Pol. With what i'th name of God?

Oph. My Lord, as I was sowing in my closset,

Lord Hamlet with his doublet all vnbrac'd,
No hat vpon his head, his stockins fouled,
Vngartred, and downe gyued to his ancle,
Pale as his shirt, his knees knocking each other.

And with a looke so pittious in purport
As if he had been loosed out of hell
To speake of horrors, he comes before me.

Pol. Mad for thy loue?

Oph. My lord I doe not know,
But truly I doe feare it.

Pol. What said he?

Oph. He tooke me by the wrist, and held me hard,
Then goes he to the length of all his arme,
And with his other hand thus ore his brow,
He falls to such perusall of my face
As a would draw it, long stayd he so,
At last, a little shaking of mine arme,
And thrice his head thus wauiing vp and downe,
He raisd a sigh so pitious and profound
As it did seeme to shatter all his bulke,
And end his beeing; that done, he lets me goe,
And with his head ouer his shoulder turn'd
Hee seem'd to find his way without his eyes,
For out adoores he went without theyr helps,
And to the last bended their light on me.

E 2

Pol.

Shall you my Sonne; you haue me, haue you not?

Reynol. My Lord I haue.

Polon. God buy you; fare you well.

Reynol. Good my Lord.

Polon. Obserue his inclination in your selfe.

Reynol. I shall my Lord.

Polon. And let him plye his Musicke.

Reynol. Well, my Lord. *Exit.*

Enter Ophelia.

Polon. Farewell:

How now *Ophelia*, what's the matter?

Ophe. Alas my Lord, I haue beene so affrighted.

Polon. With what, in the name of Heauen?

Ophe. My Lord, as I was sowing in my Chamber,
Lord *Hamlet* with his doublet all vnbrac'd,
No hat vpon his head, his stockings foul'd,
Vngartered, and downe giued to his Anckle,
Pale as his shirt, his knees knocking each other,
And with a looke so pitious in purport,
As if he had been loosed out of hell,
To speake of horrors: he comes before me.

Polon. Mad for thy Loue?

Ophe. My Lord, I doe not know: but truly I do feare it.

Polon. What said he?

Ophe. He tooke me by the wrist, and held me hard;
Then goes he to the length of all his arme;
And with his other hand thus o're his brow,
He falls to such perusall of my face,
As he would draw it. Long staid he so,
At last, a little shaking of mine Arme:
And thrice his head thus wauing vp and downe;
He rais'd a sigh, so pittious and profound,
That it did seeme to shatter all his bulke,
And end his being. That done, he lets me goe,
And with his head ouer his shoulders turn'd,
He seem'd to finde his way without his eyes,
For out adores he went without their helpe;
And to the last, bended their light on me.

II.

The Tragedie of Hamlet

† 101 *Pol.* Come, goe with mee, I will goe seeke the King,
 This is the very extacie of loue,
 Whose violent propertie fordoos it selfe,
 104 And leades the will to desperat vndertakings
 † As oft as any passions vnder heauen
 That dooes afflict our natures: I am sorry,
 What, haue you giuen him any hard words of late?
 108 *Oph.* No my good Lord, but as you did commaund
 I did repell his letters, and denied
 His accessse to me.

110 *Pol.* That hath made him mad.
 † I am sorry, that with better heede and iudgement
 † I had not coted him, I fear'd he did but trifle
 And meant to wrack thee, but bestrow my Ielousie:
 † 114 By heauen it is as proper to our age
 To cast beyond our selues in our opinions,
 As it is common for the younger sort
 To lack discretion; come, goe we to the King,
 118 This must be knowne, which beeing kept close, might moue
 More griefe to hide, then hate to vtter loue,
 Come. *Exeunt.*

II.ii.

*Flourish. Enter King and Queene, Rosencraus and
 Gylidensterne.*

King. Welcome deere *Rosencraus*, and *Gylidensterne*,
 Moreover, that we much did long to see you,
 The need we haue to vse you did prouoke
 4 Our hastie sending, something haue you heard
 † Of *Hamlets* transformation, so call it,
 Sith nor th'exterior, nor the inward man
 Resembles that it was, what it should be,
 8 More then his fathers death, that thus hath put him
 So much from th'vnderstanding of himselfe
 10 I cannot dreame of: I entreate you both
 That beeing of so young dayes brought vp with him,
 † 12 And sith so nabored to his youth and hauior,
 That you voutsafe your rest here in our Court
 Some little time, so by your companies
 15 To draw him on to pleasures, and to gather

Polon. Goe with me, I will goe seeke the King,
 This is the very extasie of Loue,
 Whose violent property foredoes it selfe,
 And leads the will to desperate Vndertakings,
 As oft as any passion vnder Heauen,
 That does afflict our Nature. I am sorrie,
 What haue you giuen him any hard words of late?
Ophs. No my good Lord: but as you did command;
 I did repell his Letters, and deny'de
 His access to me.
Pol. That hath made him mad.
 I am sorrie that with better speed and iudgement
 I had not quoted him. I feare he did but trifle,
 And meant to wracke thee: but beshrew my ieaiousie:
 It seeme it is as proper to our Age,
 To cast beyond our selues in our Opinions,
 As it is common for the yonger sort
 To lacke discretion. Come, go we to the King,
 This must be knowne, & being kept close might moue
 More greefe to hide, then hate to vtter loue. *Exeunt.*

Scena Secunda.

*Enter King, Queene, Rosinocrane, and Guilden-
 sterne Cum alijs.*

King. Welcome deere *Rosinocrane* and *Guildensterne*.
 Moreouer, that we much did long to see you,
 The neede we haue to vse you, did prouoke
 Our hastie sending. Something haue you heard
 Of *Hamlets* transformation: so I call it,
 Since not th'exterior, nor the inward man
 Resembles that it was. What it should bee
 More then his Fathers death, that thus hath put him
 So much from th'vnderstanding of himselfe,
 I cannot deeme of. I intreat you both,
 That being of so young dayes brought vp with him:
 And since so Neighbour'd to his youth, and humour,
 That you vouchsafe your rest heere in our Court
 Some little time: so by your Companies
 To draw him on to pleasures, and to gather

Prince of Denmarke.

So much as from occasion you may gleane,
Whether ought to vs ynknowne afflicts him thus,
That open lyes within our remedie.

Quee. Good gentlemen, he hath much talkt of you,
And sure I am, two men there is not liuing
To whom he more adheres, if it will please you
To shew vs so much gentry and good will,
As to expend your time with vs a while,
For the supply and profit of our hope,
Your visitation shall receiue such thanks
As fits a Kings remembrance.

Ref. Both your Maiesties
Might by the soueraigne power you haue of vs,
Put your dread pleasures more into commaund
Then to entreatie.

Guyd. But we both obey.
And heere giue vp our selues in the full bent,
To lay our seruice freely at your feete
To be commaunded.

King. Thanks *Rosencrans*, and gentle *Guyldensterne*.

Quee. Thanks *Guyldensterne*, and gentle *Rosencrans*.
And I beseech you instantly to visite
My too much changed sonne, goe some of you
And bring these gentlemen where *Hamlet* is.

Guyd. Heauens make our presence and our practices
Pleasant and helpfull to him.

Quee. I Amen.

Exeunt Ros. and Guyld.

Enter Polonius.

Pol. Th'embassadors from *Norway* my good Lord,
Are ioyfully returned.

King. Thou still hast been the father of good newes.

Pol. Haue I my Lord? I assure my good Liege
I hold my dutie as I hold my soule,
Both to my God, and to my gracious King;
And I doe thinke, or els this braine of mine
Hunts not the trayle of policie so sure
As it hath vsd to doe, that I haue found
The very cause of *Hamlets* lunacies

King. O speake of that, that doe I long to heare.

E. 1

Pol

So much as from Occasions you may glean,
That open'd lies within our remedie.

Qr. Good Gentlemen, he hath much talk'd of you,
And sure I am, two men there are not living,
To whom he more adheres. If it will please you
To shew vs so much Gentrie, and good will,
As to expend your time with vs a-while,
For the supply and profit of our Hope,
Your Visitation shall receiue such thanks
As fits a Kings remembrance.

Rosin. Both your Maiesties
Might by the Soueraigne power you haue of vs,
Put your dread pleasures, more into Command
Then to Entreatie.

Gail. We both obey,
And here giue vp our selues, in the full bent,
To lay our Seruices freely at your feete,
To be commanded.

King. Thankes *Rosin* and gentle *Guildensterne*.

Qr. Thankes *Guildensterne* and gentle *Rosin*.
And I beseech you, instantly to visit
My too much changed Sonne.
Go some of ye,

And bring the Gentlemen where *Hamlet* is.

Gail. Heavens make our presence and our praetises
Pleasant and helpfull to him.

Exit.

Queene. Amen.

Enter Polonius.

Pol. Th' Ambassadors from Norwey, my good Lord,
Are ioyfully return'd.

King. Thou still hast bin the Father of good Newes.

Pol. Haue I, my Lord? Assure you, my good Liege,
I hold my dutie, as I hold my Soule,
Both to my God, one to my gracious King:
And I do thinke, or else this braine of mine
Hunts not the traile of Policie, so sure
As I haue vs'd to do: that I haue found
The very cause of *Hamlets* Lunacie.

King. Oh speake of that, that I do long to heare.

II.ii.

The Rageate of Hamier

51 *Pol.* Give first admittance to th'embassadors,

† My newes shall be the fruite to that great feast.

† *King.* Thy selfe doe grace to them, and bring them in.

+ 54 He tells me my deere *Gertrard* he hath found
The head and source of all your sonnes distemper.

† *Quee.* I doubt it is no other but the maine
His fathers death, and our hastie marriage.

Enter Embassadors.

+ 58 *King.* Well, we shall list him, welcome my good friends,
Say *Voltemand*, what from our brother *Norway*?

60 *Vol.* Most faire returne of greetings and desires;

Vpon our first, he sent out to suppressse

His Nephews leuies, which to him appeared

To be a preparation gainst the *Pollacke*,

64 But better lookt into, he truly found

It was against your highnes, whereat greeu'd

That so his sicknes, age, and impotence

Was falsly borne in hand, sends out arrests

68 On *Fortenbrasse*, which he in breefe obeyes,

Receiues rebuke from *Norway*, and in fine,

70 Makes vow before his Vncle neuer more

To giue th'assay of Armes against your Maiestie:

Whereon old *Norway* ouercome with ioy,

† Giues him threescore thousand crownes in anuall fee.

74 And his commision to imploy those souldiers

So leuied (as before) against the *Pollacke*,

With an entreatie heerein further shone,

That it might please you to giue quiet passe

+ 78 Through your dominions for this enterprise

On such regards of safety and allowance

As therein are set downe.

80 *King.* It likes vs well,

And at our more considered time, wee'll read,

Answer, and thinke vpon this busines:

84 Meane time, we thanke you for your well tooke labour,

Goe to your rest, at night wee'll feast together,

Most welcome home. *Exeunt Embassadors.*

+ 85 *Pol.* This busines is well ended.

My

Pol. Give first admittance to th' Ambassadors,
My Newes shall be the Newes to that great Feast.

King. Thy selfe do grace to them, and bring them in.
He tels me my sweet Queene, that he hath found
The head and fource of all your Sonnes distemper.

Qu. I doubt it is no other, but the maine,
His Fathers death, and our o're-hasty Marriage.

Enter Polonius, Voltumand, and Cornelius.

King. Well, we shall sift him. Welcome good Friends:
Say *Voltumand*, what from our Brother Norway?

Volt. Most faire returne of Greetings, and Desires.
Vpon our first, he sent out to suppress
His Nephewes Leuies, which to him appear'd
To be a preparation 'gainst the Poleak:
But better look'd into, he truly found
It was against your Highnesse, whereat grieued,
That to his Sicknesse, Age, and Impotence
Was falsely borne in hand, sends out Arrests
On *Iortinbras*, which he (in breefe) obeyes,
Receiues rebuke from Norway: and in fine,
Makes Vow before his Vnkle, neuer more
To giue th' assay of Armes against your Maiestie.
Whereon old Norway, overcome with ioy,
Gives him three thousand Crownes in Annuall Fee,
And his Commission to imploy those Soldiers
So leuied as before, against the Poleak:
With an intreaty herein farther shewne,
That it might please you to giue quiet passe
Through your Dominions, for his Enterprize,
On such regards of safety and allowance,
As therein are set downe.

King. It likes vs well:
And at our more consider'd time wee'l read,
Answer, and thinke vpon this Businesse.
Meane time we thanke you, for your well-tooke Labour.
Go to your rest, at night wee'l feast together.
Most welcome home,

Exit Ambass.

Pol. This businesse is very well ended.

Prince of Denmarke.

My Liege and Maddam, to expostulate
 What maiestie should be, what dutie is,
 Why day is day, night, night, and time is time,
 Were nothing but to wast night, day, and time,
 Therefore breuitie is the soule of wit,
 And tediousnes the lymmes and outward florishes,
 I will be brieft, your noble sonne is mad :
 Mad call I it, for to define true madnes,
 What ist but to be nothing els but mad,
 But let thar goe.

Quee. More matter with lesse art,

Pol. Maddam, I sweare I vse no art at all,
 That hee's mad tis true, tis true, tis pittie,
 And pittie tis tis true, a foolish figure,
 But farewell it, for I will vse no art,
 Mad let vs graunt him then, and now remaines
 That we find out the cause of this effect,
 Or rather say, the cause of this defect,
 For this effect defectine comes by cause :
 Thus it remaines, and the remainder thus
 Perpend,

I haue a daughter, haue while she is mine,
 Who in her dutie and obedience, marke,
 Hath giuen me this, now gather and surmise,

*To the Celestiall and my soules Idoll, the most beauti-
 fied Ophelia, that's an ill phrase, a vile phrase,
 beautified is a vile phrase, but you shall heare: thus in
 her excellent white bosome, these &c.*

Quee. Came this from Hamlet to her ?

Pol. Good Maddam stay awhile, I will be faithfull,
Doubt thou the starres are fire, Letter.
Doubt that the Sunne doth moue,
Doubt truth to be a lyer,
But neuer doubt I loue.

O deere *Ophelia*, I am ill at these numbers, I haue not art to reckon
 my grones, but that I loue thee best, ô most best belieue it, adew.
 Thine euermore most deere Lady, whilst this machine is to him.

Pol. This in obedience hath my daughter showne me, (*Hamlet.*)
 And more about hath his soliciings

As

My Liege, and Madam, to expostulate
What Maiestie should be, what Dutie is,
Why day is day; night, night; and time is time,
Were nothing but to waste Night, Day and Time.
Therefore, since Breuitie is the Soule of Wit,
And tediousnesse, the limbes and outward flourishes,
I will be breefe. Your Noble Sonne is mad:
Mad call I it; for to define true Madnesse,
What is't, but to be nothing else but mad.
But let that go.

Que. More matter, with lesse Art.

Pol. Madam, I sweare I vse no Art at all:
That he is mad, 'tis true: 'Tis true 'tis pittie,
And pittie it is true: A foolish figure,
But farewell it: for I will vse no Art.

Mad let vs grant him then: and now remains
That we finde out the cause of this effect,
Or rather say, the cause of this defect;
For this effect defectiue, comes by cause,
Thus it remaines, and the remainder thus. Perpend,
I haue a daughter: haue, whil't she is mine,
Who in her Dutie and Obedience, marke,
Hath giuen me this: now gather, and surmise.

The Letter.

*To the Celestiall, and my Soules Idoll, the most beautified O-
phelia.*

That's an ill Phrase, a vilde Phrase, beautified is a vilde
Phrase: but you shall heare these in her excellenc white
bosome, these.

Que. Came this from Hamlet to her.

Pol. Good Madam stay awhile, I will be faithfull.

*Doubt thou, the Starres are fire,
Doubt, that the Sunne doth moue:
Doubt Truth to be a Lie,
But neuer Doubt, I loue.*

*O deere Ophelia, I am ill at these Numbers: I haue not Art to
reckon my grones; but that I loue thee best, oh most Best be-
leene it. Adieu.*

*Thine euermore most deere Lady, whilst this
Machine is to him, Hamlet.*

This in Obedience hath my daughter shew'd me:
And more aboute hath his soliciting,

The Tragedie of Hamlet

As they fell out by time, by meanes, and place,
All giuen to mine eare.

King. But how hath she receiu'd his loue?

Pol. What doe you thinke of me?

King. As of a man faithfull and honorable.

Pol. I would faine proue so, but what might you thinke
When I had seene this hote loue on the wing,
As I perceiu'd it (I must tell you that)

Before my daughter told me, what might you,
Or my deere Maiestie your Queene heere thinke,
If I had playd the Deske, or Table booke,

Or giuen my hart a working mute and dumbe,

Or lookt vppon this loue with idle sight,

What might you thinke? no, I went round to worke,

And my young Mistris thus I did bespeake,

Lord *Hamlet* is a Prince out of thy star,

This must not be: and then I prescripts gaue her

That she should locke her selfe from her resort,

Admit no messengers, receiue no tokens,

Which done, she tooke the fruites of my aduise:

And he repell'd, a short tale to make,

Fell into a sadnes, then into a fast,

Thence to a wath, thence into a weakenes,

Thence to lightnes, and by this declension,

Into the madnes wherein now he raues,

And all we mourne for.

King. Doe you thinke this?

Quee. It may be very like.

Pol. Hath there been such a time, I would faine know that,
That I haue positiuely said, tis so,
When it proou'd otherwise?

King. Not that I know.

Pol. Take this, from this, if this be otherwise;
If circumstances leade me, I will finde
Where truth is hid, though it were hid indeede
Within the Center.

King. How may we try it further?

Pol. You know sometimes he walkes foure houres together
Heere in the Lobby.

As they fell out by Time, by Meanes, and Place,
All given to mine care.

King. But how hath she receiu'd his Loue?

Pol. What do you thinke of me?

King. As of a man, faithfull and Honourable.

Pol. I would faine proue so. But what might you think?

When I had seene this hot loue on the wing,

As I perceiu'd it, I must tell you that

Before my Daughter told me what might you
Or my deere Maistie your Queene heere, think,

If I had playd the Deske or Table-booke,

Or giuen my heart a winking, mute and dumbe,

Or lock'd vpon this Loue, with idle sight,

What might you thinke? No, I went round to worke,

And (my yong Mistress) thus I did bespeake

Lord Hamlet is a Prince out of thy Statte,

This must not be: and then, I Precepts gaue her,

That she should locke her selfe from his Resort,

Admit no Messengers, receiue no Tokens:

Which done, she tooke the Fruites of my Advice,

And he repulsd A short Tale to make,

Tell into a Sadnesse, then into a Fast,

Thence to a Watch, thence into a Wealnesse,

Thence to a Lightnesse, and by this declension

Into the Madnesse whereon now he raues,

And all we waile for.

King. Do you thinke 'tis this?

Pol. It may be very likely.

Pol. Hath there bene such a time, I'de faine know that,

That I haue possitiuely said, 'tis so,

When it prou'd otherwise?

King. Not that I know.

Pol. Take this from this; if this be otherwise,

If Circumstances leade me, I will finde

Where truth is hid, though it were hid indeede

Within the Center.

King. How may we try it further?

Pol. You know sometimes

He walkes foure houres together, heere

In the Lobby.

Prince of Denmarke.

Quee. So he dooes indeede.

Pol. At such a time, Ile loose my daughter to him,
Be you and I behind an Arras then,
Marke the encounter, if he loue her not,
And be not from his reason false thereon
Let me be no assistant for a state
But keepe a farme and carters.

King. We will try it.

Enter Hamlet.

Quee. But looke where sadly the poore wretch comes reading.

Pol. Away, I doe beseech you both away, *Exit King and Queene.*
Ile bord him presently, oh giue me leaue,
How dooes my good Lord *Hamlet*?

Ham. Well, God a mercy.

Pol. Doe you knowe me my Lord?

Ham. Excellent well, you are a Fishmonger.

Pol. Not I my Lord.

Ham. Then I would you were so honest a man.

Pol. Honest my Lord.

Ham. I fir to be honest as this world goes,
Is to be one man pickt out of tenne thousand.

Pol. That's very true my Lord.

Ham. For if the sunne breede maggots in a dead dogge, being a
good kising carrion. Haue you a daughter?

Pol. I haue my Lord.

Ham. Let her not walke i'th Sunne, conception is a blessing,
But as your daughter may conceaue, friend looke to't.

Pol. How say you by that, still harping on my daughter, yet hee
knewe me not at first, a sayd I was a Fishmonger, a is farre gone,
and truly in my youth, I suffred much extremity for loue, very
neere this. Ile speake to him againe. What doe you reade my
Lord.

Ham. Words, words, words.

Pol. What is the matter my Lord.

Ham. Betweene who.

Pol. I meane the matter that you reade my Lord.

Ham. Slaunders sir; for the satericall rogue sayes heere, that old
men haue gray beards, that their faces are wrinckled, their eyes
purging thicke Amber, & plumtree gum, & that they haue a plen-
tiful

+167

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+

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+174

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+
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+190

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+197

+

+200

Qu. So he ha's indeed.

Pol. At such a time Ile loose my Daughter to him,
Be you and I behinde an Arras then,
Marke the encounter : If he loue her not,
And be not from his reason false thereon ;
Let me be no Assistant for a State,
And keepe a Farme and Carters.

King. We will try it.

Enter Hamlet reading on a Booke.

Qu. But looke where sadly the poore wretch
Comes reading.

Pol. Away I do beseech you, both away,
Ile boord him presently. *Exit King & Queen.*

Oh giue me leaue. How does my good Lord Hamlet ?

Ham. Well, God-a-mercy.

Pol. Do you know me, my Lord ?

Ham. Excellent, excellent well : y'are a Fishmonger.

Pol. Not I my Lord.

Ham. Then I would you were so honest a man.

Pol. Honest, my Lord ?

Ham. I sir, to be honest as this world goes, is to bee
one man pick'd out of two thousand.

Pol. That's very true, my Lord.

Ham. For if the Sun breed Magots in a dead dogge,
being a good kissing Carrion——
Haue you a daughter ?

Pol. I haue my Lord.

Ham. Let her not walke i'th' Sunne : Conception is a
blessing, but not as your daughter may conceiue. Friend
looke too't.

Pol. How say you by that ? Still harping on my daugh-
ter: yet he knew me not at first; he said I was a Fishmon-
ger: he is farre gone, farre gone : and truly in my youth,
I suffered much extreamity for lone : very neere this. Ile
speake to him againe. What do you read my Lord ?

Ham. Words, words, words.

Pol. What is the matter, my Lord ?

Ham. Betwene who ?

Pol. I meane the matter you meane, my Lord.

Ham. Slanders Sir : for the Satyricall slaue saies here,
that old men haue gray Beards; that their faces are wrin-
kled ; their eyes purging thicke Amber, or Plum-Tree
Gumme : and that they haue a plentifull locke of Wit,

The Tragedie of Hamlet

202 + tisfull lacke of wit, together with most weake hams, all which sir
 + though I most powerfully and potentlie belieue, yet I hold it not
 206 honestly to haue it thus set downe, for your selfe sir shall growe old
 as I am: iflike a Crab you could goe backward.

Pol. Though this be madnesse, yet there is method in't, will you walke out of the ayre my Lord?

210 *Ham.* Into my graue.

Pol. Indeepe that's out of the ayre; how pregnant sometimes his replies are, a happines that often madnesse hits on, which reason and sanctity could not so prosperously be deliuered of. I will leaue him and my daughter. My Lord, I will take my leaue of you.

218 > *Ham.* You cannot take from mee any thing that I will not more
 + willingly part withall: except my life, except my life, except my life.

Enter Gwyldenstern, and Rosencrans.

222 *Pol.* Fare you well my Lord.

Ham. These tedious old fooles.

+ *Pol.* You goe to seeke the Lord Hamlet, there he is.

Ros. God saue you sir.

Gwyl. My honor'd Lord.

226 *Ros.* My most deere Lord.

+ *Ham.* My extant good friends, how doost thou *Gwyldenstern*?

230 *A Rosencrans,* good lads how doe you both?

Ros. As the indifferent children of the earth.

Gwyl. Happy, in that we are not euer happy on Fortunes lap.
 We are not the very button.

234 *Ham.* Nor the soles of her shooe.

Ros. Neither my Lord.

Ham. Then you liue about her wast, or in the middle of her fa-

238 *Gwyl.* Faith her priuates we. (uors.

Ham. In the secret parts of Fortune, oh most true, she is a strumpet,
 What newes?

Ros. None my Lord, but the worlds growne honest.

243 *Ham.* Then is Doomes day neere, but your newes is not true;
 277-8 But in the beaten way of friendship, what make you at *Elfonoure*?

Ros. To visit you my Lord, no other occasion.

280 + *Ham.* Begger that I am, I am euer poore in thankes, but I thanke
 you, and sure deare friends, my thankes are too deare a halfpenny:
 were you not sent for? is it your owne inclining? is it a free visitati-
 on? come, come, deale iustly with me, come, come, nay speake.

+ *Gwyl.* What should we say my Lord?

280

Gumme : and that they haue a plentifull Locke of Wit, together with weake Hammes. All which Sir, though I most powerfully, and potently beleue ; yet I holde it not Honestic to haue it thus set downe : For you your selfe Sir, should be old as I am, if like a Crab you could go backward.

Pol. Though this be madnesse,
Yet there is Method in't : will you walke
Out of the ayre my Lord?

Ham. Into my Graue?

Pol. Indeed that is out o'th' Ayre :
How pregnant (sometimes) his Replies are?
A happinesse,
That often Madnesse hits on,
Which Reason and Sanitie could not
So prosperously be deliuer'd of.
I will leaue him,
And sodainely contriue the meanes of meeting
Betwene him, and my daughter.
My Honourable Lord, I will most humbly
Take my leaue of you.

Ham. You cannot Sir take from me any thing, that I will more willingly part withall, except my life, my life.

Polon. Fare you well my Lord.

Ham. These tedious old fooles.

Polon. You goe to seeke my Lord Hamlet ; there hee is.

Enter Rosincran and Guildenstjerne.

Rosin. God saue you Sir.

Guild. Mine honour'd Lord?

Rosin. My most deare Lord?

Ham. My excellent good friends ? How do'st thou
Guildenstjerne? Oh, *Rosincran* ; good Lads : How doe ye both?

Rosin. As the indifferent Children of the earth.

Guild. Happy, in that we are not ouer-happy : on Fortunes Cap, we are not the very Button.

Ham. Nor the Soales of her Shoo?

Rosin. Neither my Lord.

Ham. Then you liue about her waste, or in the middle of her fauour?

Guil. Faith, her priuates, we.

Ham. In the secret parts of Fortune ? Oh, most true : she is a Strumpet. What of the newes?

Rosin. None my Lord ; but that the World's growne honest.

Ham. Then is Doomesday neere : But your newes is not true. Let me question more in particular : what haue you my good friends, deserued at the hands of Fortune, that she sends you to Prison hither?

Prince of Denmarke.

Ham. Any thing but to'ch purpose : you were sent for, and there is a kind of confession in your lookes, which your modesties haue not craft enough to cullour, I know the good King and Queene haue sent for you.

Ref. To what end my Lord?

Ham. That you must teach me : but let me coniure you, by the rights of our fellowship, by the consonancie of our youth, by the obligation of our euer preserued loue; and by what more deare a better proposer can charge you withall; bee euen and direct with me whether you were sent for or no.

Ref. What say you.

Ham. Nay then I haue an eye of you : if you loue me hold not of.

Guy. My Lord we were sent for.

Ham. I will tell you why, so shall my anticipation preuent your discouery, and your secrecie to the King & Queene moult no feather, I haue of late, but wherefore I knowe nor, lost all my mirth, forgon all custome of exercises: and indeede it goes so heauily with my disposition, that this goodly frame the earth, seemes to mee a sterill promontorie, this most excellent Canopic the ayre, looke you, this braue orchanging firmament, this maiestlicall roose fretted with golden fire, why it appeareth nothing to me but a foule and pestilent congregation of vapoures. What peece of worke is a man, how noble in reason, how infinit in faculties, in forme and moouing, how expresse and admirable in action, how like an Angell in apprehension, how like a God : the beautie of the world; the paragon of Animales; and yet to me, what is this Quintessence of dust : man delights not me, nor women neither, though by your similling, you seeme to say so.

Ref. My Lord, there was no such stuffe in my thoughts.

Ham. Why did yee laugh then, when I sayd man delights not me.

Ref. To thinke my Lord if you delight not in man, what Lenton entertainment the players shall receaue from you, we coted them on the way, and hether are they comming to offer you seruice.

Ham. He that playes the King shal be welcome, his Maieslie shal haue tribute on me, the aduenterous Knight shal vse his foyle and target, the Louer shall not sigh gratis, the humorus Man shall end his part in peace, and the Lady shall say her minde freely : or the black verse shall hault for't. What players are they?

Ref. Euen those you were wont to take such delight in, the Tragedians of the Citry.

287-

+

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297+

300

303

+

308+

312

+

315

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323

320-7

332

335

337

342

Guil. Prison, my Lord?

Ham. Denmark's a Prison.

Rosin. Then is the World one.

Ham. A goodly one, in which there are many Confines, Wards, and Dungeons; *Denmarke* being one o'th' worst.

Rosin. We thinke not so my Lord.

Ham. Why then 'tis none to you; for there is nothing either good or bad, but thinking makes it so: to me it is a prison.

Rosin. Why then your Ambition makes it one: 'tis too narrow for your minde.

Ham. O God, I could be bounded in a nutshell, and count my selfe a King of infinite space; were it not that I haue bad dreames.

Guil. Which dreames indeed are Ambition: for the very substance of the Ambitious, is meere the shadow of a Dreame.

Ham. A dreame it selfe is but a shadow.

Rosin. Truly, and I hold Ambition of so ayry and light a quality, that it is but a shadowes shadow.

Ham. Then are our Beggers bodies; and our Monarchs and out-stretcht Heroes the Beggers Shadowes: shall wee to th' Court: for, by my fey I cannot reason?

Both. Wee'll wait vpon you.

Ham. No such matter. I will not fort. you with the rest of my seruants: for to speake to you like an honest man: I am most dreadfully attended; but in the beaten way of friendship, What make you at *Elsonower*?

Rosin. To visit you my Lord, no other occasion.

Ham. Begger that I am, I am euen poore in thanks; but I thanke you: and sure deare friends my thanks are too deare a halfe peny; were you not sent for? Is it your owne inclining? Is it a free visitation? Come,

The Tragedie of Hamlet

343 *Ham.* How chanches it they trauaile & their residence both in reputation, and profit was better both wayes.

347 *Ref.* I thinke their inhibition, comes by the meanes of the late innouasion.

Ham. Doe they hold the same estimation they did when I was in the Citty; are they so followed.

+351 *Ref.* No indeede are they not.

+380 *Ham.* It is not very strange, for my Vncle is King of Denmarke, and those that would make mouths at him while my father liued, giue twenty, fortie, fifty, a hundred duckets a peece, for his Picture in litle, s'bloud there is somthing in this more then naturall, if Philosophie could find it out. *A Florish.*

Guy. There are the players.

387 *Ham.* Gentlemen you are welcome to *Elisouore*, your hands come then, th'appurtenance of welcome is fashion and ceremonie; let mee comply with you in this garb: let me extent to the players, which I tell you must shoue fairely outwards, should more appearelike entertainment then yours? you are welcome: but my Vncle-father, and Aunt-mother, are deceaued.

394 *Guy.* In what my deare Lord.

Ham. I am but mad North North west; when the wind is Southerly, I knowe a Hanke, from a hand saw.

Enter Polonius.

398 *Pol.* Well be with you Gentlemen.

Ham. Harke you *Gnyldensterne*, and you to, at each eare a hearer, that great baby you see there is not yet out of his swadling clouts.

+402 *Ref.* Happily he is the second time come to them, for they say an old man is twice a child.

405 *Ham.* I will prophecy, he comes to tell me of the players, mark it, You say right sir, a Monday morning, t'was then indeede.

+ *Pol.* My Lord I haue newes to tell you.

+ *Ham.* My Lord I haue newes to tel you: when *Rossius* was an Actor in Rome.

Pol. The Actors are come hether my Lord.

Ham. Buz, buz.

Pol. Vppon my honor.

414 *Ham.* Then came each Actor on his Affe.

+416-184 *Pol.* The best actors in the world, either for Tragedie, Comedy, History, Pastorall, Pastorall Comickall, Historicall Pastorall, scene indeuidible.

Ham. How chances it they trauaile? their residence both in reputation and profit was better both wayes.

Rosin. I thinke their Inhibition comes by the meanes of the late Innouation?

Ham. Doe they hold the same estimation they did when I was in the City? Are they so follow'd?

Rosin. No indeed, they are not.

From "How comes it..." to "Hercules & his load too" are omitted in the 2nd Quarto.

Ham. How comes it? doe they grow rusty?

Rosin. Nay, their indeauour keepes in the wonted pace; But there is Sir an ayrie of Children, little Yases, that crye out on the top of question; and are most tyrannically clap't for't: these are now the fashi-

fashion; and so be-ratled the common Stages (so they call them) that many wearing Rapiers, are affraide of Goose-quills, and dare scarce come thicher.

Ham. What are they Children? Who maintains 'em? How are they escoted? Will they pursue the Quality no longer then they can sing? Will they not say after wards if they should grow themselves to common Players (as it is like most if their meanes are no better) their Writers do them wrong, to make them exclaim against their owne Succession.

Rosin. Faich there ha's bene much to do on both sides: and the Nation holds it no sinne, to tarre them to Controuersie. There was for a while, no mony bid for argument, vnlesse the Poet and the Player went to Cusses in the Question.

Ham. Is't possible?

Guild. Oh there ha's beene much throwing about of Braines.

Ham. Do the Boyes carry it away?

Rosin. I that they do my Lord. *Hercules & his load too.*

Rosin. I that they do my Lord, *Hercules* & his load too.

Ham. It is not strange: for mine *Vnckle* is King of Denmarke, and those that would make mowes at him while my Father liued; giue twenty, forty, an hundred Ducates apeece, for his picture in Little. There is something in this more then Naturall, if Philosophie could finde it out.

Flourish for the Players.

Guil. There are the Players.

Ham. Gentlemen, you are welcom to *Elfsomere*: your hands, come: The appurtenance of Welcome, is Fashion and Ceremony. Let me comply with you in the Garbe, lest my extent to the Players (which I tell you must shew fairely outward) should more appeare like entertainment then yours. You are welcome: but my *Vnckle* Father, and Aunt Mother are deceiu'd.

Guil. In what my deere Lord?

Ham. I am but mad North, North-West: when the Winde is Southerly, I know a Hawke from a Handsaw.

Enter Polonius.

Pol. Well be with you Gentlemen.

Ham. Hearke you *Guildensterne*, and you too: at each eare a hearer: that great Baby you see there, is not yet out of his swathing clouts.

Rosin. Happily he's the second time come to them: for they say, an old man is twice a childe.

Ham. I will Prophecie. Hee comes to tell me of the Players. Mark it, you say right Sir: for a Monday morning 'twas so indeed.

Pol. My Lord, I haue Newes to tell you.

Ham. My Lord, I haue Newes to tell you.

When *Rossius* an Actor in Rome—

Pol. The Actors are come hither my Lord.

Ham. Buzze, buzze.

Pol. Vpon mine Honor.*

Ham. Then can each Actor on his Ass —

Polon. The best Actors in the world, either for Tragedie, Comedie, Historie, Pastorall: Pastorall-Comickall-Historicall-Pastorall: Tragickall-Historicall: Tragickall-Comickall-Historicall-Pastorall: Scene indiuible, or Po-

Prince of Denmarke.

indeuidible, or Poem vnlimited, *Seneca* cannot be too heauy, nor *Plautus* too light for the lawe of writ, and the liberty: these are the only men.

Ham. O *Ieptha* Iudge of Israell, what a treasure had'st thou?

Pol. What a treasure had he my Lord?

Ham. Why one faire daughter and no more, the which he loued pasing well.

Pol. Still on my daughter.

Ham. Am I not i'th right old *Ieptha*?

Pol. If you call me *Ieptha* my Lord, I haue a daughter that I loue

Ham. Nay that followes not. (pasing well.)

Pol. What followes then my Lord?

Ham. Why as by lot God wot, and then you knowe it came to passe, as most like it was; the first rowe of the pious chanson will shoue you more, for looke where my abridgment comes.

Enter the Players.

Ham. You are welcomemaisters, welcome all, I am glad to see thee well, welcome good friends, oh old friend, why thy face is valant since I saw thee last, com'st thou to beard me in Denmark? what my young Lady and mistris, by lady your Ladishippe is nerer to heauen, then when I saw you last by the altitude of a chopine, pray God your voyce like a peece of vncurrant gold; bee not crackt within the ring: maisters you are all welcome, wee le ento't like friendly Fankners, fly at any thing we see, wee le haue a speech strait, come giue vs a tast of your quality, come a passionate speech.

Player. What speech my good Lord?

Ham. I heard thee speake me a speech once, but it was neuer acted, or if it was, not aboue once, for the play I remember pleas'd not the million, t'was cauiary to the generall, but it was as I receaued it & others, whose iudgements in such matters cried in the top of mine, an excellent play, well digested in the scenes, set downe with as much modestie as cunning. I remember one sayd there were no fallers in the lines, to make the matter sauory, nor no matter in the phrase that might indite the author of affection, but cald it an honest method, as wholesome as sweete, & by very much, more handsome then fine: one speech in't I chiefly loued, t'was *Aeneas* talke to *Dido*, & there about of it especially when he speakes of *Priams* slaughter, if it liue in your memory begin at this line, let me see, let me see, the rugged *Pirbus* like Th'ircanian

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Historicall-Pastorall : Tragicall-Historicall : Tragicall-Comicall-Historicall-Pastorall : Scene indiuible, or Poem vnlimited. *Seneca* cannot be too heavy, nor *Plautus* too light, for the law of Writ, and the Liberty. These are the onely men

Ham. O *Iephia* Iudge of *Israell*, what a Treasure had'st thou?

Pol. What a Treasure had he, my Lord?

Ham. Why one faire Daughter, and no more, The which he loued passing well.

Pol. Still on my Daughter.

Ham. Am I not i'th'right old *Iephia*?

Polon. If you call me *Iephia* my Lord, I haue a daughter that I loue passing well.

Ham. Nay that followes not.

Polon. What followes then, my Lord?

Ham. Why, As by lot, God wor: and then you know, It came to passe, as most like it was: The first rowe of the *Pons Chausen* will shew you more. For looke where my Abridgements come.

Enter foure or fine Players.

Y're welcome Masters, welcome all. I am glad to see thee well: Welcome good Friends. O my olde Friend? Thy face is valiant since I saw thee last: Com'st thou to beard me in *Denmarke*? What, my yong Lady and Mistress? Byrlady your Ladiship is neerer Heauen then when I saw you last, by the altitude of a Choppine. Pray God your voice like a peece of vncurrent Gold be not crack'd within the ring. Masters, you are all welcome: wee'l e'ne to't like French Faulconers, flie at any thing we see: wee'l haue a Speech straight. Come giue vs a taile of your quality: come, a passionate speech.

1. Play. What speech, my Lord?

Ham. I heard thee speak me a speech once, but it was neuer Acted: or if it was, not aboue once, for the Play. I remember pleas'd not the Million, 'twas *Camarié* to the Generall: but it was (as I receiu'd it, and others, whose iudgement in such matters, cried in the top of mine) an excellent Play; well digested in the Scenes, set downe with as much modestie, as cunning. I remember one said, there was no Sallets in the lines, to make the matter fauoury; nor no matter in the phrase, that might indite the Author of affectation, but cal'd it an honest method. One cheefe Speech in it, I cheefely lou'd, 'twas *Aeneas* Tale to *Eido*, and thereabout of it especially, where he speaks of *Priams* slaughter. If it liue in your memory, begin at

The Tragedie of Hamlet

- 473 beast, tis not so, it beginnes with *Pirrhbus*, the rugged *Pirrhbus*, he whose
 sable Armes,
 476 Black as his purpose did the night resemble,
 When he lay couched in th'omynous horse,
 Hath now this dread and black complexion smeard,
 With heraldy more dismall head to foote,
 Now is he totall Gules horridly trickt
 480 With blood of fathers, mothers, daughters, sonnes,
 Bak'd and empast with the parching streetes
 That lend a tirranus and a damned light
 To their Lords murther, rosted in wrath and fire,
 484 And thus ore-cised with coagulate gore,
 With eyes like Carbunkles, the helshish *Phirrhbus*
 Old grandsire *Priam* seekes; so proceede you.
 Pol. Foregod my Lord well spoken, with good accent and good
 490 *Play.* Anon he finds him, (discretion,
 Striking too short at Greekes, his anticke sword
 Rebellious to his arme, lies where it fals,
 Repugnant to commaund; vnequall matcht,
 494 *Pirrhbus* at *Priam* driues, in rage strikes wide,
 But with the whiffe and winde of his fell sword,
 Th'vnnerved father fals :
 Seeming to feele this blowe, with flaming top
 498 Stoopest to his base; and with a huddious crash
 Takes prisoner *Pirrhbus* care, for loe his sword
 500 Which was declining on the milkie head
 Of reuerent *Priam*, seem'd i'th ayre to stick,
 So as a painted tirant *Pirrhbus* stood
 Like a newtrall to his will and matter,
 504 Did nothing :
 But as we often see against some storme,
 A silence in the heauens, the racke stand still,
 The bold winds speechlesse, and the orbe belowe
 508 As hush as death, anon the dreadfull thunder
 Doth rend the region, so after *Pirrhbus* pause,
 510 A rowfed vengeance sets him new a worke,
 And neuer did the Cyclops hammers fall,
 On *Moses* Armor forg'd for prooffe eterne,
 With lesse remorse then *Pirrhbus* bleeding sword
 514 Now falls on *Priam*.

this Line, let me see, let me see : The rugged *Pyrrhus* like
th'*Hyrcanian* Beast. It is not so : it begins with *Pyrrhus*
The rugged *Pyrrhus*, he whose Sable Armes
Blacke as his purpose, did the night resemble
When he lay couched in the Ominous Horse,
Hath now this dread and blacke Complexion smear'd
With Heraldry more dismall : Head to foote
Now is he to take Gentles, horribly Trick'd
With blood of Fathers, Mothers, Daughters, Sonnes,
Bak'd and impasted with the parching streets,
That lend a tyrannous, and damned light
To their vilde Murthers, roasted in wrath and fire,
And thus o're-sized with coagulate gore,
VVith eyes like Carbuncles, the hellish *Pyrrhus*
Old Grandfire *Priam* seekes.

Pol. Fore God, my Lord, well spoken, with good ac-
cent, and good discretion.

1. *Player.* Anon he findes him,
Striking too short at Greekes. His anticke Sword,
Rebellious to his Arme, lyes where it falles
Repugnant to command : vnequall match,
Pyrrhus at *Priam* driues, in Rage strikes wide :
But with the whiffe and winde of his fell Sword,
Th'vnnerv'd Father falls. Then senselesse *Ilium*,
Seeming to feele his blow, with flaming top
Stoopest to his Base, and with a hideous crash
Takes Prisoner *Pyrrhus* eare. For loe, his Sword
Which was declining on the Milkie head
Of Reuerend *Priam*, seem'd i'th Ayre to sticke :

So as a painted Tyrant *Pyrrhus* stood,
And like a Newtrall to his will and matter, did nothing.
But as we often see against some storme,
A silence in the Heauens, the Racke stand still,
The bold windes speechlesse, and the Orbe below
As hush as death : Anon the dreadfull Thunder
Doth rend the Region. So after *Pyrrhus* pause,
A rowld Vengeance sets him new a- worke,
And neuer did the Cyclops hammers fall
On Mars his Armours, forg'd for prooffe Eterne,
With lesse remorse then *Pyrrhus* bleeding sword
Now falles on *Priam*.

Prince of Denmarke.

Out, out, thou strumpet Fortune, all you gods,
In generall sinod take away her power,
Breake all the spokes, and follies from her wheele,
And boule the round naue downe the hill of heauen
As lowe as to the fiends.

Pol. This is too long.

Ham. It shall to the barbers with your beard ; prethee say on, he's
for a ligge, or a tale of bawdry, or he sleepest, say on, come to *Hecuba*,

Play. But who, a woe, had seene the mobled Queene,

Ham. The mobled Queene

Pol. That's good.

Play Runne barefoote vp and downe, threatning the flames
With *Bison* rehome, a clout vppon that head
Where late the Diadem stood, and for a robe,
About her lank and all ore teamed loynes,
A blanker in the alarme of feare caught vp,
Who this had seene, with tongue in venom sleept,
Gainst fortunes state would treason haue pronounst ;
But if the gods themselues did see her then,
When she saw *Pirrus* make malicious sport
In mincing with his sword her husband limmes,
The instant burst of clamor that she made,
Vnlesse things mortall mooue them not at all,
Would haue made milch the burning eyes of heauen
And pafsion in the gods.

Pol. Looke where he has not turnd his cullour, and has teares in's
eyes, prethee no more.

Ham. Tis well, Ile haue thee speake out the rest of this soone,
Good my Lord will you see the players well bestowed ; doe you
heare, let them be well vsed, for they are the abstract and breese
Chronicles of the time ; after your death you were better haue a
bad Epitaph then their ill report while you liue.

Pol. My Lord, I will vse them according to their desert.

Ham. Gods bodkin man, much better, vse euery man after his de-
sert, & who shall scape whipping, vse them after your owne honor
and dignity, the lesse they deserue the more meritt is in your boun-
ty. Take them in.

Pol. Come sirs,

Ham. Follow him friends, weele heare a play to morrowe; dost thou
heare

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Out, out, thou Strumpet-Fortune, all you Gods,
In generall Synod take away her power:
Breake all the Spokes and Fallies from her wheele,
And boule the round Naue downe the hill of Heauen,
As low as to the Fiends.

Pol. This is too long.

Ham. It shall to'th Barbar, with your beard. Pry-
thee say on: He's for a Iigge, or a tale of Baudry, or hee
sleepes. Say on; come to *Hecuba*.

1. Play. But who, O who, had seen the inobled Queen.

Ham. The inobled Queene?

Pol. That's good: Inobled Queene is good.

1. Play. Run bare-foot vp and downe,
Threatning the flame
With Biffon Rheume: A clout about that head,
Where late the Diadem stood, and for a Robe
About her lanke and all ore-teamed Loines,
A blanket in th' Alarum of feare caught vp.
Who this had seene, with tongue in Venome sleep'd,
'Gainst Fortunes State, would Treason haue pronounc'd?
But if the Gods themselues did see her then,
When the law *Pyrrius* make malicious sport
In mincing with his Sword her Husbands limbes,
The instant Burst of Clamour that she made
(Vlesse things mortall moue them not at all)
Would haue made milche the Burning eyes of Heauen,
And passion in the Gods.

Pol. Looke where he ha's not turn'd his colour, and
ha's teares in's eyes. Pray you no more.

Ham. 'Tis well, Ile haue thee speake out the rest,
soone. Good my Lord, will you see the Players wel be-
stow'd. Doye heare, let them be well vs'd: for they are
the Abstracts and breefe Chronicles of the time. After
your death, you were better haue a bad Epitaph, then
their ill report while you liued.

Pol. My Lord, I will vse them according to their de-
sart.

Ham. Gods bodykins man, better. Vse euerie man
after his desert, and who should scape whipping: vse
them after your own Honor and Dignity. The lesse they
deserue, the more merit is in your bountie. Take them
in.

Pol. Come firs.

Exit Polon.

Ham. Follow him Friends: wee'l heare a play to mor-
row. Dost thou heare me old Friend, can you play the
murder of *Gonzago*?

The Tragedie of Hamlet

heare me old friend, can you play the murder of *Gonzago*?

Play. I my Lord.

Ham. Weele hate to morrowe night, you could for neede study a speech of some dosen lines, or sixteene lines, which I would set downe and insert in't, could you not?

Play. I my Lord.

Ham. Very well, followe that Lord, & looke you mock him not. My good friends, Ile leaue you tell night, you are welcome to *Elson-*
oare. *Exeunt Pol. and Players.*

Ref. Good my Lord. *Exeunt.*

Ham. I so God buy to you, now I am alone,
O what a rogue and pefant slaue am I.

Is it not monstrous that this player heere

But in a fixion, in a dreame of pafsion

Could force his soule so to his owne conceit

That from her working all the visage wand,

Teares in his eyes, distraction in his aspect,

A broken voyce, an his whole function futing

With formes to his conceit; and all for nothing,

For *Hecuba*.

What's *Hecuba* to him, or he to her,

That he should weepe for her? what would he doe

Had he the motiue, and that for pafsion

That I haue? he would drowne the stage with teares,

And cleaue the generall eare with horrid speech,

Make mad the guilty, and appale the free,

Confound the ignorant, and amaze indeede

The very faculties of eyes and eares; yet I,

A dull and muddy metteld raskall peake,

Like Iohn a dreames, vnpregnant of my cause,

And can say nothing; no not for a King,

Vpon whose property and most deare life,

A damn'd defeate was made: am I a coward,

Who cals me villaine, breakes my pate a crosse,

Pluckes off my beard, and blowes it in my face,

Twekes me by the nose, giues me the lie i'th throat

As deepe as to the lunges, who does me this,

Hah, s'wounds I should take it: for it cannot be

Bur I am pidgion liuerd, and lack gall

row. Dost thou heare me old Friend, can you play the
murder of *Gonzago*?

Play. I my Lord.

Ham. Wee'll ha't to morrow night. You could for a
need study a speech of some dosen or sixteene lines, which
I would set downe, and insert in't? Could ye not?

Play. I my Lord.

Ham. Very well. Follow that Lord, and looke you
mock him not. My good Friends, Ile leaue you til night
you are welcome to *Elfenower*?

Rosin. Good my Lord.

Exeunt.

Manet Hamlet.

Ham. I so, God buy'ye : Now I am alone.
Oh what a Rogue and Pesant slave am I?
Is it not monstrous that this Player heere,
But in a Fixion, in a dreame of Passion,
Could force his soule so to his whole conceit,
That from her working, all his visage wain'd;
Teares in his eyes, distraction in's Aspect,
A broken voyce, and his whole Function suiting
With Formes, to his Conceit? And all for nothing?
For *Hecuba*?

What's *Hecuba* to him, or he to *Hecuba*,
That he should weepe for her? What would he doe,
Had he the Motiue and the Cue for passion
That I haue? He would drowne the Stage with teares,
And cleaue the generall eare with horrid speech:
Make mad the guilty, and apale the free,
Confound the ignorant, and amaze indeed,
The very faculty of Eyes and Eares Yet I,
A dull and muddy-metled Rascall, peake
Like Iohn a-dreames, vnpregnant of my cause,
And can say nothing : No, not for a King,
Vpon whose property, and most deere life,
A damn'd deateate was made. Am I a Coward?
Who calles me Villaine? breakes my pate a-crosse?
Pluckes off my Beard, and blowes it in my face?
Tweakes me by'th' Nose? giues me the Lye i'th' Throate,
As deepe as to the Lungs? Who does me this?
Ha? Why I should take it : for it cannot be,
But I am Pigeon-Liuer'd, and lacke Gall

Prince of Denmarke.

To make oppression bitter, or ere this
 I should a fatted all the region kytes
 With this slaues offall, bloody, bawdy villaine,
 Remorselesse, trecherous, lecherous, kindlesse villaine.
 Why what an Asse am I, this is most braue,
 That I the sonne of a deere murdered,
 Prompted to my reuenge by heauen and hell,
 Must like a whore vnpacke my hart with words,
 And fall a cursing like a very drabbe; a stallyon, sic vppont, foh.
 About my braines; hum, I haue heard,
 That guilty creatures sining at a play,
 Haue by the very cunning of the scene,
 Beene strooke so to the soule, that presently
 They haue proclaim'd their malefactions:
 For murther, though it haue no tongue will speake
 With most miraculous organ: Ile haue these Players
 Play something like the murther of my father
 Before mine Vncle, Ile obserue his lookes,
 Ile tent him to the quicke, if a doe blench
 I know my course. The spirit that I haue scene
 May be a deale, and the deale hath power
 T'assume a pleasing shape, yea, and perhaps,
 Out of my weakenes, and my melancholy,
 As he is very potent with such spirits,
 Abuses me to damne me; Ile haue grounds
 More relatiue then this, the play's the thing
 Wherein Ile catch the conscience of the King. *Exit.*

*Enter King, Queene, Polonius, Ophelia, Resencraw, Gyl-
 densterne, Lords.*

King. An can you by no drift of conference
 Get from him why he puts on this confusion,
 Grating so harshly all his dayes of quiet
 With turbulent and dangerous lunacie?

Res. He dooes confesse he feesles himselfe distracted,
 But from what cause, a will by no meanes speake.

Gyl. Nor doe we find him forward to be founded,
 But with a craftie madnes keepes aloofe
 When we would bring him on to some confession

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To make Oppression bitter, or ere this,
I should haue fatted all the Region Kites
With this Slaues Offall, bloody : a Bawdy villaine,
Rennorselesse, Treacherous, Letcherous, kindles villaine!
Oh Vengeance!

Who? What an Assc am I? I sure, this is most braue,
That I, the Sonne of the Deere murdered,
Prompted to my Reuenge by Heauen, and Hell,
Must (like a Whore) ynpacke my heart with words,
And sail a Curfing like a very Drab,
A Scullion? Eye vpon't : Foh. About my Braine.
I haue heard, that guilty Creatures sitting at a Play,
Haue by the very cunning of the Scene,
Bene strooke so to the soule, that presently
They haue proclaim'd their Malefactions.
For Murther, though't haue no tongue, will speake
With most myraculous Organ. He haue these Players,
Play something like the murder of my Father,
Before mine Eue. He obserue his lookes,
He rent him to the quicke : If he but blench
I know my coule. The Spirit that I haue seene
May be the Duell, and the Diuel hath power
T'assume a pleasing shape, yea and perhaps
Out of my Weaknesse, and my Melancholly,
As he is very potent with such Spirits,
Abuses me to damne me. He haue grounds
More Relative then this : The Play's the thing,
Wherein He catch the Conscience of the King.

Exit

*Enter King, Queene, Polonius, Ophelia, Rosin-
sincerance, Guildenstern, and Lords.*

King. And can you by no drift of circumstance
Get from him why he puts on this Confusion :
Grating so harshly all his dayes of quiet

With

With turbulent and dangerous Lunacy.

Rosin. He does confesse he feesles himselfe distracted,
But from what cause he will by no meanes speake.

Guil. Nor do we finde him forward to be sounded,
But with a crafty Madnesse keepes aloose :
When we would bring him on to some Confession

The Tragedie of Hamlet

Of his true state.

10 *Quee.* Did he receiue you well?

Ros. Most like a gentleman.

12 *Guy.* But with much forcing of his disposition,

Ros. Niggard of question, but of our demaunds
Most free in his reply.

Quee. Did you assay him to any pastime?

16 *Ros.* Maddam, it so fell out that certaine Players

We ore-raught on the way, of these we told him,

And there did seeme in him a kind of ioy

† To heare of it : they are heere about the Court,

20 And as I thinke, they haue already order

This night to play before him.

Pol. Tis most true,

22 And he beseecht me to intreat your Maieslies

To heare and see the matter.

King. With all my hart,

24 And it doth much content me

To heare him so inclin'd.

Good gentlemen giue him a further edge,

And driue his purpose into these delights.

Ros. We shall my Lord. *Exeunt Ros. & Guy.*

28 *King.* Sweet *Gertrard*, leaue vs two,

For we haue closely sent for *Hamlet* hether,

That he as t'were by accedent, may heere

† 30 Affront *Ophelia*; her father and my selfe,

† Wee'le so bestow our selues, that seeing vnsene,

34 We may of their encounter frankly iudge,

And gather by him as he is behau'd,

If be th'affliction of his loue or no

That thus he suffers for.

Quee. I shall obey you.

38 And for your part *Ophelia*, I doe wish

That your good beauties be the happy cause

40 Of *Hamlets* wildnes, so shall I hope your vertues,

Will bring him to his wonted way againe,

To both your honours.

Oph. Maddam, I wish it may.

43 *Pol.* *Ophelia* walke you heere, gracious so please you,

Of his true state.

Qu. Did he receiue you well?

Rosin. Most like a Gentleman.

Guild. But with much forcing of his disposition.

Rosin. Niggard of question, but of our demands
Most free in his reply.

Qu. Did you assay him to any pastime?

Rosin. Madam, it so fell out, that certaine Players
We ore-wrought on the way: of these we told him,
And there did seeme in him a kinde of ioy
To heare of it: They are about the Court,
And (as I thinke) they haue already order
This night to play before him.

Pol. 'Tis most true:

And he beseech'd me to intreate your Maiesties
To heare, and see the matter.

King. With all my heart, and it doth much content me
To heare him so inclin'd. Good Gentlemen,
Give him a further edge, and driue his purpose on
To these delights.

Rosin. We shall my Lord.

Exeunt.

King. Sweet *Gertrude* leaue vs too,
For we haue closely sent for *Hamlet* hither,
That he, as 'twere by accident, may there
Affront *Ophelia*. Her Father, and my selfe (lawful espials)
Will so bestow our selues, that seeing vnseene
We may of their encounter frankly iudge,
And gather by him, as he is behaued,
If't be th'affliction of his loue, or no,
That thus he suffers for.

Qu. I shall obey you,
And for your part *Ophelia*, I do wish
That your good Beauties be the happy cause
Of *Hamlets* wildenesse: so shall I hope your Vertues
Will bring him to his wonted way againe,
To both your Honors.

Ophe. Madam, I wish it may.

Pol. *Ophelia*, walke you heere. Gracious so please ye
We will bestow our selues: Reade on this booke,

Prince of Denmarke.

We will bestow our selues; reade on this booke,
 That show of such an exercise may cullour
 Your lowlines; we are oft too blame in this,
 Tis too much proou'd, that with deuotions visage
 And pious action, we doe sugar ore
 The deuill himselfe.

King. O tis too true,
 How smart a lash that speech doth giue my conscience.
 The harlots cheeke beautied with plastring art,
 Is not more ougly to the thing that helps it,
 Then is my deede to my most painted word :
 O heauy burthen.

Enter Hamlet.

Pol. I heare him comming, with-draw my Lord.

Ham. To be, or not to be, that is the question,
 Whether tis nobler in the minde to suffer
 The slings and arrowes of outrageous fortune,
 Or to take Armes against a sea of troubles,
 And by opposing, end them, to die to sleepe
 No more, and by a sleepe, to say we end
 The hart-ake, and the thousand naturall shocks
 That flesh is heire to; tis a consumation
 Deuoutly to be wisht to die to sleepe,
 To sleepe, perchance to dreame, I there's the rub,
 For in that sleepe of death what dreames may come
 When we haue shuffled off this mortall coyle
 Must giue vs pause, there's the respect
 That makes calamitie of so long life:
 For who would beare the whips and scornes of time,
 Th'oppressors wrong, the proude mans contumely,
 The pangs of despiz'd loue, the lawes delay,
 The insolence of office, and the spurnes
 That patient merrit of th'vnworthy takes,
 When he himselfe might his quietas make
 With a bare bodkin; who would fardels beare,
 To grunt and sweat vnder a wearie life,
 But that the dread of something after death,
 The vndiscouer'd country, from whose borne

We will bestow our selues: Reade on this booke,
That shew of such an exercise may colour
Your lonelinessse. We are oft too blame in this,
'Tis too much prou'd, that with Deuotions visage,
And pious Action, we do surge o're
The diuell himselfe.

King. Oh 'tis true:
How smart a lash that speech doth giue my Conscience?
The Hailors Cheeke beautied with plaist'ring Art
Is not more vgly to the thing that helpest it,
Then is my deede, to my most painted word.
Oh heauie burthen!

Pol. I heare him conning, let's withdraw my Lord.

Exeunt.

Enter Hamlet.

Ham. To be, or not to be, that is the Question:
Whether 'tis Nobler in the minde to suffer
The Slings and Arrowes of outragious Fortune,
Or to take Armes against a Sea of troubles,
And by opposing end them: to dye, to sleepe
No more; and by a sleepe, to say we end
The Heart-ake, and the thousand Naturall shockes

That Flesh is heyre too? 'Tis a consummation
Deuoutly to be wish'd. To dye to sleepe,
To sleepe, perchance to Dreame; I, there's the rub;
For in that sleepe of death, what dreames may come,
When we haue shuffel'd off this mortall coile,
Must giue vs pause. There's the respect
That makes Calamity of so long life:
For who would beare the Whips and Scornes of time,
The Oppressors wrong, the poore mans Contumely,
The pangs of dispriz'd Loue, the Lawes delay,
The insolence of Office, and the Spurnes
That patient merit of the vnworthy takes,
When he himselfe might his *Quintessence* make
With a bare Bodkin? Who would these Fardles beare
To grunt and sweat vnder a weary life,
But that the dread of something after death,
The vndiscover'd Countrey, from whose Borne

The Tragedie of Hamlet

80 No trauiler returnes, puzzels the will,
 And makes vs rather beare those ills we haue,
 Then flie to others that we know not of,
 Thus conscience dooes make cowards,
 84 And thus the natiue hiew of resolution
 Is sickled ore with the pale cast of thought,
 † And enterprises of great pitch and moment,
 With this regard theyr currents turne awry,
 88 And loose the name of action. Soft you now,
 The faire *Ophelia*, Nimph in thy orizons
 Be all my sinnes remembred.

90 *Oph.* Good my Lord,
 How dooes your honour for this many a day?

† *Ham.* I humbly thanke you well.

Oph. My Lord, I haue remembrances of yours
 94 That I haue longed long to redeliuer,
 I pray you now receiue them.

† *Ham.* No, not I, I neuer gaue you ought.

† *Oph.* My honor'd Lord, you know right well you did,
 98 And with them words of so sweet breath composd
 † As made these things more rich, their perfume lost,
 100 Take these againe, for to the noble mind
 Rich gifts wax poore when giuers prooue vnkind,
 There my Lord.

Ham. Ha, ha, are you honest.

104 *Oph.* My Lord.

Ham. Are you faire?

Oph. What meanes your Lordship?

† *Ham.* That if you be honest & faire, you should admit
 108 no discourse to your beautie.

Oph. Could beauty my Lord haue better comers
 110 Then with honestie?

Ham. I truly, for the power of beautie will sooner transforme honestie from what it is to a bawde, then the force of honestie can translate beautie into his likenes, this was sometime a paradox, but now the time giues it prooffe, I did loue you once.

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 117 *Oph.* Indeed my Lord you made me belieue so.

Ham. You should not haue beleu'd me, for vertue cannot so enoculat our old stock, but we shall relish of it, I loued you not.

No Traueller returnes, Puzels the will,
And makes vs rather beare those illes we haue,
Then flye to others that we know not of.
Thus Conscience does make Cowards of vs all,
And thus the Native hew of Resolution
Is sicklied o're, with the pale cast of Thought,
And enterprizes of great pith and moment,
With this regard their Currants turne away,
And loose the name of Action. Soft you now,
The faire *Ophelia*? Nymph, in thy Orizons
Be all my sinnes remembered.

Ophe. Good my Lord,
How does your Honor for this many a day?

Ham. I humbly thanke you: well, well, well.

Ophe. My Lord, I haue Remembrances of yours,
That I haue longed long to re-delauer.
I pray you now, receiue them.

Ham. No, no, I neuer gaue you ought.

Ophe. My honor'd Lord, I know right well you did,
And with them words of so sweet breath compos'd,
As made the things more rich, then perfume left:
Take these againe, for to the Noble minde
Rich gifts wax poore, when giuers proue vnkinde.
There my Lord.

Ham. Ha, ha: Are you honest?

Ophe. My Lord.

Ham. Are you faire?

Ophe. What meanes your Lordship?

Ham. That if you be honest and faire, your Honesty
should admit no discourse to your Beautie.

Ophe. Could Beautie my Lord, haue better Commerce
then your Honestie?

Ham. I trulie: for the power of Beautie, will sooner
transforme Honestie from what it is, to a Bawd, then the
force of Honestie can translate Beautie into his likenesse.
This was sometime a Paradox, but now the time giues it
prooffe. I did loue you once.

Ophe. Indeed my Lord, you made me beleue so.

Ham. You should not haue beleued me. For verue
cannot so innoculate our old stocke, but we shall sellish
of it. I loued you not.

Prince of Denmarke.

Oph. I was the more deceiued.

Ham. Get thee a Nunry, why would'st thou be a breeder of sinners, I am my selfe indifferent honest, but yet I could accuse mee of such things, that it were better my Mother had not borne mee: I am very proude, reuengefull, ambitious, with more offences at my beck, then I haue thoughts to put them in, imagination to giue them shape, or time to act them in: what should such fellowes as I do crawling betweene earth and heauen, wee are arrant knaues, belecue none of vs, goe thy waies to a Nunry. Where's your father?

Oph. At home my Lord.

Ham. Let the doores be shut vpon him,
That he may play the foole no where but in's owne house,
Farewell.

Oph. O helpe him you sweet heauens.

Ham. If thou doost marry, Ile giue thee this plague for thy dowrie, be thou as chaste as yce, as pure as snow, thou shalt not escape calumny; get thee to a Nunry, farewell. Or if thou wilt needes marry, marry a foole, for wise men knowe well enough what monsters you make of them: to a Nunry goe, and quickly to, farewell.

Oph. Heauenly powers restore him.

Ham. I haue heard of your painings well enough, God hath giuen you one face, and you make your selves another, you gig & amble, and you list you nickname Gods creatures, and make your wantonnes ignorance; goe to, Ile no more on't, it hath made me madde, I say we will haue no mo marriage, those that are married alreadie, all but one shall liue, the rest shall keepe as they are: to a Nunry go. *Exit.*

Oph. O what a noble mind is heere orethrowne!

The Courtiers, souldiers, schollers, eye, tongue, sword,
Th'expection, and Rose of the faire state,
The glasse of fashion, and the mould of forme,
Th'obseru'd of all obseruers, quite quite downe,
And I of Ladies most deiect and wretched,
That suckt the honny of his musickt vowes;
Now see what noble and most soueraigne reason
Like sweet bells iangled out of time, and harsh,
That vnmatcht forme, and stature of blowne youth
Blasted with extacie, ô woe is mee
Th'haue seene what I haue seene, see what I see.

Exit,

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Ophe. I was the more deceived.

Ham. Get thee to a Nunnery. Why would'st thou be a breeder of Sinners? I am my selfe indifferent honest, but yet I could accuse me of such things, that it were better my Mother had not borne me. I am very prowd, reuengefull, Ambitious, with more offences at my becke, then I haue thoughts to put them in imagination, to giue them shape, or time to acte them in. What should such
Fel-

Fellowes as I do, crawling betweene Heauen and Earth. We are arrant Knaues all, beleue none of vs.: Goe thy wayes to a Nunnery. Where's your Father?

Ophe. At home, my Lord.

Ham. Let the doores be shut vpon him, that he may play the Foole no way, but in's owne house. Farewell.

Ophe. O helpe him, you sweet Heauens.

Ham. If thou dost Marry, Ile giue thee this Plague for thy Dowrie. Be thou as chaste as Ice, as pure as Snow, thou shalt not escape Calumny. Get thee to a Nunnery. Go, Farewell. Or if thou wilt needs Marry, marry a fool: for Wise men know well enough, what monsters you make of them. To a Nunnery go, and quickly too. Farewell.

Ophe. O heavenly Powers, restore him.

Ham. I haue heard of your pratings too wel enough. God has giuen you one pace, and you make your selfe another: you gidge, you amble, and you lispe, and nickname Gods creatures, and make your Wantonnesse, your Ignorance. Go too, Ile no more on't, it hath made me mad. I say, we will haue no more Marriages. Those that are married already, all but one shall liue, the rest shall keep as they are. To a Nunnery, go. *Exit Hamlet.*

Ophe. O what a Noble minde is heere o're-throwne?
Th' Courtiers, Soldiers, Schollers: Eye, tongue, sword,
Th' expediansie and Rose of the faire State,
The glasse of Fashion, and the mould of Forme,
Th' obseru'd of all Obseruers, quite, quite downe.
Haue I of Ladies most delect and wretched,
That suck'd the Honie of his Musicke Vowes:
Now see that Noble, and most Soueraigne Reason,
Like sweet Bels tangled out of tune, and harsh,
That vnmatch'd Forme and Feature of blowne youth,
Blasted with extasie. Oh woe is me,
T'haue scene what I haue scene: see what I see.

The Tragedie of Hamlet

Enter King and Polonius.

- 170 *King.* Loue, his affections doe not that way tend,
Not what he spake. though it lackt forme a little,
Was not like madnes, there's something in his soule
Ore which his melancholy sits on brood,
174 And I doe doubt, the hatch and the disclose
† VVill be some danger; which for to preuent,
I haue in quick determination
Thus set it downe : he shall with speede to *England*,
178 For the demaund of our neglected tribute,
Haply the seas, and countries different,
180 With variable obiects, shall expell
This something setled matter in his hart,
Whereon his braines still beating
Puts him thus from fashon of himselfe.
183 What thinke you on't ?
Pol. It shall doe well.
† But yet doe I belieue the origin and comencement of his greefe,
186 Sprung from neglected loue : How now *Ophelia* ?
You neede not tell vs what Lord *Hamlet* said,
We heard it all : my Lord, doe as you please,
But if you hold it fit, after the play,
190 Let his Queene-mother all alone intreate him
† To show his griefe, let her be round with him,
And Ile be plac'd (so please you) in the care
Of all their conference, if she find him not,
194 To *England* send him : or confine him where
Your wisdome best shall thinke.
King. It shall be so,
196 Madnes in great ones must not vnmatcht goe. *Exeunt.*

Enter Hamlet, and three of the Players.

- † *Ham.* Speake the speech I pray you as I pronound'd it to you, trip-
4 pingly on the tongue, but if you mouth it as many of our Players do,
I had as liue the towne cryer spoke my lines, nor doe not saw the ayre
too much with your hand thus, but vse all gently, for in the very tor-
† rent tempest, and as I may say, whirlwind of your passion, you must
8 acquire and beget a temperance, that may giue it smoothnesse, ô it
10 offends mee to the soule, to heare a robustious perwig-pated fellowe
tere

Enter King, and Polonius.

King. Loue? His affections do not that way tend,
Nor what he spake, though it lack'd Forme a little,
Was not like Madnesse. There's something in his soule?
O're which his Melancholly sits on brood,
And I do doubt the hatch, and the disclose
Will be some danger, which to preuent
I haue in quicke determination
Thus set it downe. He shall with speed to England
For the demand of our neglected Tribute:
Haply the Seas and Countries different
With variable Obiects, shall expell
This something settled matter in his heart:
Whereon his Braines still beating, puts him thus
From fashion of himselfe. What thinke you on't?

Pol. It shall do well. But yet do I belecue
The Origin and Commencement of this greefe
Sprung from neglected loue. How now *Ophelia*?
You neede not tell vs, what Lord *Hamlet* saide,
We heard it all. My Lord, do as you please,
But if you hold it fit after the Play,
Let his Queene Mother all alone intreat him
To shew his Greefes: let her be round with him,
And Ile be plac'd so, please you in the care
Of all their Conference. If she finde him not,
To England send him: Or confine him where
Your wisdom best shall thinke.

King. It shall be so:
Madnesse in great Ones, must not vnwatch'd go.

Exeunt.

Enter Hamlet, and two or three of the Players.

Ham. Speake the Speech I pray you, as I pronounc'd
it to you trippingly on the Tongue: But if you mouth it,
as many of your Players do, I had as liue the Town-Cryer
had spoke my Lines: Nor do not saw the Ayre too much
your hand thus, but vse all gently; for in the verie Tor-
rent, Tempest, and (as I may say) the Whirle-winde of
Passion, you must acquire and beget a Temperance that
may giue it Smoothnesse. O it offends mee to the Soule,
to see a robustious Pery-wig-pated Fellow, teare a Passi-

Prince of Denmarke.

tere a passion to totters, to very rags, to spleet the eares of the groundlings, vvho for the most part are capable of nothing but inexplicable dumbe shewes, and noyse : I would haue such a fellow whipt for ore-dooing Termagant, it out Herods Herod, pray you auoyde it.

Player. I warrant your honour.

Hamlet. Be not too tame neither, but let your owne discretion be your tutor, sure the action to the word, the word to the action, with this speciall obseruance, that you ore-steppes not the modestie of nature : For any thing so ore-doone, is from the purpose of playing, whose end both at the first, and now, was and is, to holde as twere the Mirrour vp to nature, to shew vertue her feature; scorne her own Image, and the very age and body of the time his forme and pressure: Now this ouer-done, or come tardie off, though it makes the vnskilfull laugh, cannot but make the iudicious grieue, the censure of which one, must in your allowance ore-weigh a whole Theater of others. O there be Players that I haue seene play, and heard others prayd, and that highly, not to speake it prophanely, that neither hauing th'accent of Christians, nor the gate of Christian, Pagan, nor man, haue so strutted & bellowed, that I haue thought some of Natures Iornimen had made men, and not made them well, they imitated humanitie so abhominably.

Player. I hope we haue reform'd that indifferently with vs.

Ham. O reforme it altogether, and let those that play your clownes speake no more then is set downe for them, for there be of them that wil themselues laugh, to set on some quantitie of barraine spectators to laugh to, though in the meane time, some necessary question of the play be then to be considered, that's villanous, and shewes a most pittifull ambition in the foole that vses it : goe make you readie. How now my Lord, will the King heare this peece of worke ?

Enter Polonius, Gylldensterne, & Rosencraus.

Pol. And the Queene to, and that presently.

Ham. Bid the Players make hast. Will you two help to hasten the.

Ros. I my Lord. *Exeunt they two.*

Ham. What howe, *Horatio.* *Enter Horatio.*

Hora. Heere sweet Lord, at your seruice.

Ham. *Horatio,* thou art een as iust a man.

As ere my conuersation copt withall.

Hor. O my deere Lord.

Ham. Nay

to see a robustious Pery-wig-pated Fellow, teare a Passion to tatters, to verie ragges, to split the eares of the Groundlings: who (for the most part) are capeable of nothing, but inexplicable dumbe shewes, & noise: I could haue such a Fellow whipt for o're-doing Termagant: it out-*Herod's Herod*. Pray you auoid it.

Player. I warrant your Honor.

Ham. Be not too tame neyther: but let your owne Discretion be your Tutor. Sute the Action to the Word, the Word to the Action, with this speciall obseruance: That you ore-stop not the modestie of Nature; for any thing so ouer-done, is frō the purpose of Playing, whose end both at the first and now, was and is, to hold as 'twere the Mirrour vp to Nature; to shew Vertue her owne Feature, Scorne her owne Image, and the verie Age and Bodie of the Time, his forme and pressure. Now, this ouer-done, or come tardie off, though it make the vnskillfull laugh, cannot but make the Iudicious greeue; The censure of the which One, must in your allowance o're-way a whole Theater of Others. Oh, there bee Players that I haue seene Play, and heard others praise, and that highly (not to speake it prophanely) that neyther hauing the accent of Christians, nor the gate of Christian, Pagan, or Norman, haue so strutted and bellowed, that I haue thought some of Natures Iouerney-men had made men, and not made them well, they imitated Humanity so abominably.

Play. I hope we haue reform'd that indifferently with vs, Sir.

Ham. O reforme it altogether. And let those that play your Clownes, speake no more then is set downe for them. For there be of them, that will themselues laugh, to set on some quantitie of barren Spectators to laugh too, though in the meane time, some necessary Question of the Play be then to be considered: that's Villanous, & shewes a most pittifull Ambition in the Foole that vses it. Go make you readie.

Exit Players.

Enter Polonius, Rosinrance, and Guildensterne.

How now my Lord,
Will the King heare this peece of Worke?

Pol. And the Queene too, and that presently.

Ham. Bid the Players make hast. *Exit Polonius.*

Will you two helpe to hasten them?

Both. We will my Lord. *Exeunt.*

Enter Horatio.

Ham. What hoa, *Horatio*?

Hora. Heere sweet Lord, at your Seruice.

Ham. *Horatio*, thou art eene as iust a man

As ere my Conuersation coap'd withall.

Hora. O my deere Lord.

III.ii.

The Tragedie of Hamlet

61 Nay, doe not thinke I flatter,
 For what aduancement may I hope from thee
 That no reuenew hast but thy good spirits
 64 To feede and clothe thee, why should the poore be flattered?
 No, let the candied tongue licke absurd pompe,
 And crooke the pregnant hindges of the knee
 * Where thrift may follow fauning; doost thou heare,
 68 Since my deare soule was mistris of her choice,
 And could of men distinguish her election,
 †70 S'hath seald thee for herselfe, for thou hast been
 As one in suffering all that suffers nothing,
 A man that Fortunes buffets and rewards
 Hast tane with equall thanks; and blest are those
 74 Whose blood and iudgement are so well comedled,
 That they are not a pype for Fortunes finger
 To sound what stop she please: giue me that man
 That is not passions slaue, and I will weare him
 78 In my harts core, I in my hart of hart
 As I doe thee. Something too much of this,
 80 There is a play to night before the King,
 One scene of it comes neere the circumstance
 Which I haue told thee of my fathers death,
 I prethee when thou seest that act a foote,
 †84 Euen with the very comment of thy soule
 Obserue my Vncle, if his occulted guilt
 Doe not it selfe vnkennell in one speech,
 It is a damned ghost that we haue scene,
 88 And my imaginations are as foule
 * As *Vulcans* stinby; giue him heedfull note,
 90 For I mine eyes will riuet to his face,
 And after we will both our iudgements ioine
 In censure of his seeming.
 92 *Hor.* Well my lord,
 If a steale ought the whilst this play is playing
 And scape detected, I will pay the theft.

* *Enter Trumpets and Kettle Drummes, King, Queene,
 Polonius, Ophelia.*

95 *Ham.* They are comming to the play. I must be idle,

Ham. Nay, do not thinke I flatter :
For what aduancement may I hope from thee,
That no Reuennew hast, but thy good spirits

To

To feed & cloath thee. Why shold the poor be flatter'd ?
No, let the Candied tongue, like absurd pompe,
And crooke the pregnant Hindges of the knee,
Where thrift may follow faining ? Dost thou heare,
Since my deere Soule was Maistris of my choyse,
And could of men distinguish, her election
Hath seal'd thee for her selfe. For thou hast bene
As one in suffering all, that offers nothing.
A man that Fortunes buffers, and Rewards
Hath tunc with equall Thanks. And blest are those,
Whose Blood and Iudgement are so well commingled,
That they are not a Pipe for Fortunes finger,
To sound what stop she please. Giue me that man,
That is not Passions Slave, and I will weare him
In my hearts Core. I, in my Heart of heart,
As I do thee. Something too much of this.
There is a Play to night before the King,
One Scene of it comes neere the Circumstance
Which I haue told thee, of my Fathers death.
I pry thee, when thou see'st that Act a-foot,
Euen with the very Commence of my Soule
Obserue mine Vnkle : If his occul'd guilt,
Do not it selfe vnkennell in one speech,
It is a damned Ghost that we haue scene :
And my Imaginations are as soule
As Vulcans Scythe. Giue him needfull note,
For I mine eyes will riuert to his Face :
And after we will both our Iudgements ioyne,
To censure of his seeming.

Hor. Well my Lord.
If he steale ought the while this Play is Playing,
And scape detecting, I will pay the Theft.

*Enter King, Queene, Polonius, Opheila, Rosinrance,
Guildenstern and other Lords attended with
their owne attending Tormentors. A March
March. Sound a Floure.*

Ham. They are comming to the Play : I must be idle.

Prince of Denmarke.

Get you a place.

King. How fares our cosin *Hamlet*?

Ham. Excellent yfaith,
Of the Camelions dish, I eate the ayre,
Promiscram'd, you cannot feede Capons so.

King. I haue nothing with this aunswer *Hamlet*,
These words are not mine.

Ham. No, nor mine now my Lord.
You playd once i'th Vniuersitie you say,

Pol. That did I my Lord, and was accounted a good Actor,

Ham. What did you enact?

Pol. I did enact *Iulius Caesar*, I was kild i'th Capitall,
Brutus kild mee.

Ham. It was a brute part of him to kill so capitall a calfe there,
Be the Players readie?

Res. I my Lord, they stay vpon your patience.

Ger. Come hether my deere *Hamlet*, sit by me.

Ham. No good mother, heere's mettle more attractive.

Pol. O ho, doe you marke that.

Ham. Lady shall I lie in your lap?

Oph. No my Lord.

Ham. Doe you thinke I meant country matters?

Oph. I thinke nothing my Lord.

Ham. That's a fayre thought to lye betweene maydes legs.

Oph. What is my Lord?

Ham. Nothing.

Oph. You are merry my Lord.

Ham. Who I?

Oph. I my Lord.

Ham. O God your onely Tigge-maker, what should a man do but
be merry, for looke you how cheerefully my mother lookes, and my
father died within's two howres.

Oph. Nay, tis twice two months my Lord.

Ham. So long, nay then let the deule weare blacke, for I haue a
fute of fables; ô heauens, die two months agoe, and not forgotten yet,
then there's hope a great mans memorie may out-live his life halfe a
yeere, but ber Lady a must build Churches then, or els shall a suffer
not thinking on, with the Hobby-horse, whose Epiraph is, for ô, for
ô, the hobby-horse is forgot.

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Get you a place.

King. How fares our Cousin *Hamlet*?

Ham. Excellent! I faith, of the Camelopardal dish: I eate the Ayre promise-cramm'd: you cannot feed Capons so.

King. I haue nothing with this answer *Hamlet*, these words are not mine.

Ham. No, nor mine. Now my Lord, you plaid once i'th' Vniuersity, you say?

Pol. That I did my Lord, and was accounted a good Actor.

Ham. And what did you enact?

Pol. I did enact *Iulius Caesar*, I was kill'd i'th' Capitol: *Brutus* kill'd me.

Ham. It was a brute part of him, to kill so Capitall a Calfe there. Be the Players ready?

Rosin. I my Lord, they stay vpon your patience.

Qu. Come hither my good *Hamlet*, sit by me.

Ha. No good Mother, here's Mettle more attractive.

Pol. Oh ho, do you marke that?

Ham. Ladie, shall I lye in your Lap?

Ophe. No my Lord.

Ham. I meane, my Head vpon your Lap?

Ophe. I my Lord.

Ham. Do you thinke I meant Country matters?

Ophe. I thinke nothing, my Lord.

Ham. That's a faire thought to ly between Maids legs

Ophe. What is my Lord?

Ham. Nothing.

Ophe. You are merrie, my Lord?

Ham. Who I?

Ophe. I my Lord.

Ham. Oh God, your onely Jigge-maker: what should a man do, but be merrie. For looke you how cheerefully my Mother lookes, and my Father dyed within's two Hoares.

Ophe. Nay, 'tis twice two moneths, my Lord.

Ham. So long? Nay then let the Diuel weare blacke, for He haue a suite of Sables. Oh Heauens! dye two moneths ago, and not forgotten yet? Then there's hope, a great mans Memorie, may out-live his life halfe a yeare: But byrlady he must build Churches then: or else shall he suffer not thinking on, with the Hoby-horsie, whose Epitaph is, For o, For o, the Hoby-horsie is forgot.

The Tragedie of Hamlet

The Trumpets sounds. Dumbes show followes:

*Enter a King and a Queene, the Queene embracing him, and he her, he takes her vp, and declines his head vpon her necke, he lyes him downe vpon a bancke of flowers, she seeing him asleepe, leaues him: anon come in an other man, takes off his crowne, kisses it, pours poyson in the sleepers eares, and leaues him: the Queene returnes, finds the King dead, makes passionate action, the poyser with some three or foure come in againe, seeme to con-
dole with her, the dead body is carried away, the poyser wooes the Queene with gifts, shee seemes harsh ambile, but in the end accepts loue.*

Oph. VVhat meanes this my Lord?

Ham. Marry this munching *Mallico*, it meanes mischief.

Oph. Belike this show imports the argument of the play.

Ham. We shall know by this fellow, *Enter Prologue.*

The Players cannot keepe, they'le tell all.

Oph. Will a tell vs what this show meant?

Ham. I, or any show that you will show him, be not you asham'd to show, heele not shame to tell you what it meanes.

Oph. You are naught, you are naught, Ile mark the play.

Prologue. For vs and for our Tragedie,

Heere slooping to your clemencie,

We begge your hearing patiently.

Ham. Is this a Prologue, or the posie of a ring?

Oph. Tis breefe my Lord.

Ham. As womans loue.

Enter King and Queene.

King. Full thirtie times hath *Phebus* cart gone round

Neptunes salt wath, and *Tellus* orb'd the ground,

And thirtie dosen Moones with borrowed sheene

About the world haue times twelue thirties beene

Since loue our harts, and *Hymen* did our hands

Vnite comutuall in most sacred bands.

Quee: So many ioutneyes may the Sunne and Moone

Make vs agame count ore ere loue be doone,

But woe is me, you are, so sicke of late,

So farre from cheere, and from our former state,

That I distrust you, yet though I distrust,

Discomfort you my Lord it nothing must.

Hoboyes play. The dumbe shew enters.

Enter a King and Lucene, very louingly; the Lucene embracing him. She kneeles and makes shew of Protestation vnto him. He takes her vp, and declines his head vpon her neck. Layes him downe vpon a Banke of Flowers. She seeing him a-sleepe, leaues him. Anon comes in a Fellow, takes off his Crowne, kisses it, and powres payson in the Kings eares, and Exits. The Queene returnes, findes the King dead. and makes passionate Action. The Poysoner, with some two or three Mutes comes in againe, seeming to lament with her. The dead body is carried away: The Poysoner Wooes the Queene with Gifts, she seemes loath and unwilling awhile, but in the end, accepts his loue. *Exeunt*

Ophe. What meanes this, my Lord?

Ham. Marry this is Miching Malicho, that meanes Mischeefe.

Ophe. Belike this shew imports the Argument of the Play?

Ham. We shall know by these Fellowes: the Players cannot keepe counsell, they'l tell all.

Ophe. Will they tell vs what this shew meant?

Ham. I, or any shew that you'l shew him. Bee not you asham'd to shew, hee'l not shame to tell you what it meanes.

Ophe. You are naught, you are naught, Ile marke the Play.

Enter Prologue.

*For vs, and for our Tragedie,
Heere stooping to your Clemencie:
We begge your hearing Patientlie.*

Ham. Is this a Prologue, or the Poësie of a Ring?

Ophe. 'Tis briefe my Lord.

Ham. As Womans loue.

Enter King and his Queene.

King. Full thirtie times hath Phoebus Cart gon round,
Neptunes salt Wash, and Tellus Orbed ground:
And thirtie dozen Moones with borrowed sheene,
About the World haue times twelue thirties beene,
Since loue our hearts, and Hymen did our hands
Vnite comutuall, in most sacred Bands.

Bap. So many iournies may the Sunne and Moone
Make vs againe count o're, ere loue be done.
But woe is me, you are so sicke of late,
So farre from cheere, and from your forme state,
That I distrust you: yet though I distrust,
Discomfort you (my Lord) it nothing must:

Prince of Denmarke.

For women feare too much, euen as they loue,
 And womens feare and loue hold quantitie,
 Eyther none, in neither ought, or in extremitie,
 Now what my Lord is prooffe hath made you know,
 And as my loue is ciz'd, my feare is so,
 Where loue is great, the littlest doubts are feare,
 Where little feares grow great, great loue growes there.

King. Faith I must leaue thee loue, and shortly to,
 My operant powers their functions leaue to do,
 And thou shalt liue in this faire world behind,
 Honord, belou'd, and haply one as kind,
 For husband shalt thou.

Quee. O confound the rest,
 Such loue must needes be treason in my brest,
 In second husband let me be accurst,
 None wed the second, but who kild the first.
 The instances that second marriage moue
 Are base respects of thrift, but none of loue,
 A second time I kill my husband dead,
 When second husband kisses me in bed.

Ham. That's
 wormwood

King. I doe belieue you thinke what now you speake,
 But what we doe determine, oft we breake,
 Purpose is but the slaue to memorie,
 Of violent birth, but poore validitie,
 Which now the fruite vnripe sticks on the tree,
 But fall vnshaken when they mellow bee.
 Most necessary tis that we forget
 To pay our selues what to our selues is debt,
 What to our selues in passion we propose,
 The passion ending, doth the purpose lose,
 The violence of eyther, griefe, or ioy,
 Their owne ennaatures with themselues destroy,
 Where ioy most reuels, griefe doth most lament,
 Greefe ioy, ioy grieves, on slender accedent,
 This world is not for aye, nor tis not strange,
 That euen our loues should with our fortunes change:
 For tis a question left vs yet to proue,
 Whether loue lead fortune, or els fortune loue.
 The great man downe, you marke his fauourite flies,

For womens Feare and Loue, holds quantitie,

In neither ought, or in extremity :
Now what my loue is, prooffe hath made you know,
And as my Loue is siz'd, my Feare is so.

King. Faith i must leaue thee Loue, and shortly too :
My operant Powers my Functions leaue to do :
And thou shalt liue in this faire world behinde,
Honour'd, belau'd, and haply, one as kinde.
For Husband shalt thou——

Bap. Oh confound the rest :
Such Loue, must needs be Treason in my brest :
In second Husband, let me be accurst,
None wed the second, but who kill'd the first.

Ham. Wormwood, Wormwood.

Bapt. The instances that second Marriage moue,
Are base respects of Thrift, but none of Loue.
A second time, I kill my Husband dead,
When second Husband kisses me in Bed.

King. I do beleene you. Think what now you speak :
But what we do determine, oft we breake :
Purpose is but the slave to Memorie,
Of violent Birth, but poore validitie:
Which now like Fruite varripe sticke on the Tree,
But fall vnshaken, when they mellow bee.
Most necessary 'tis, that we forget
To pay our selues, what to our selues is debt :
What to our selues in passion we propose,
The passion ending, doth the purpose lose.
The violence of either Greefe or Ioy,
Their owne enactors with themselves destroy :
Where Ioy most Reuels, Greefe doth most lament ;
Greefe Ioyes, Ioy grieues on slender accident.
This world is not for aye, nor 'tis not strange
That even our Loves should with our Fortunes change.
For 'tis a queſſion left vs yet to proue,
Whether Loue lead Fortune, or elie Fortune Loue.
The great man downe, you marke his fauourites flies,

III.ii.

I be I ragedie of Hamlet

215 The poore aduaunc'd, makes friends of enemies,
 And hetherto doth loue on fortune tend,
 For who not needes, shall neuer lacke a friend,
 218 And who in want a hollow friend doth try,
 Directly seasons him his enemy.
 220 But orderly to end where I begunne,
 Our wills and fates doe so contrary runne,
 That our deuises still are ouerthrowne,
 Our thoughts are ours, their ends none of our owne,
 224 So thinke thou wilt no second husband wed,
 But die thy thoughts when thy first Lord is dead.

Quee. Nor earth to me giue foode, nor heauen light,
 Sport and repose lock from me day and night,
 * 228 To desperation turne my trust and hope,
 * And Anchors cheere in prison be my scope,
 230 Each opposite that blacks the face of ioy,
 Meete what I would haue well, and it destroy,
 Both heere and hence pursue me lasting strife, *Ham.* If she should
 † 233 If once I be a widdow, euer I be a wife. breake it now.

235 *King.* Tis deeply sworne, sweet leaue me heere a while,
 My spirits grow dull, and faine I would beguile
 The tedious day with sleepe.

Quee. Sleepe rock thy braine,
 238 And neuer come mischance betweene vs twaine. *Exeunt.*

Ham. Madam, how like you this play?

† 240 *Quee.* The Lady doth protest too much mee thinks.

Ham. O but shee'le keepe her word.

King. Haue you heard the argument? is there no offence in't?

244-5 *Ham.* No, no, they do but iest, poyson in iest, no offence i'th world.

King. What doe you call the play?

247 *Ham.* The Mousetrap, mary how tropically, this play is the Image
 of a murder doone in *Vienna*, *Gonzago* is the Dukes name, his wife
 250 *Baptista*, you shall see anon, tis a knauish peece of worke, but what of
 that? your Maiestie, and wee that haue free soules, it touches vs not,
 let the gauled Iade winch, our withers are vnwrong. This is one *Lu-*
 254 *ciannus*, Nephew to the King.

Enter Lucianus.

† *Oph.* You are as good as a Chorus my Lord.

256 *Ham.* I could interpret betweene you and your loue

The poore aduanc'd, makes Friends of Enemies :
And hitherto doth Loue on Fortune tend,
For who not needs, shall neuer lacke a Friend :
And who in want a hollow Friend doth try,
Directly seasons him his Enemy.
But orderly to end, where I beguā,
Our Willes and Fates do so contrary run,
That our Desires still are overthrowne,
Our thoughts are ours, their ends none of our owne.
So thinke thou wilt no second Husband wed.
But die thy thoughts, when thy first Lord is dead.

Bap. Nor Earth to giue me food, nor Heauen light,
Sport: and repose looke from me day and night :
Each opposite that blankes the face of ioy,
Meet what I would haue well, and it destroy :
Both heere, and hence, pursue me lasting strife,
If once a Widdow, euer I be Wife.

Ham. If she should breake it now.

King. 'Tis deeply sworne :

Sweet, leaue me heere a while,
My spirits grow dull, and feine I would beguile
The tedious day with sleepe.

Que. Sleepe, Locke thy Braine, *Sleeper*
And neuer come nitchance betweene vs twaine. *Exit*

Ham. Madam, how I ke you this Play?

Que. The Lady protests to much me thinks.

Bap. Oh but shee I keepe her word.

King. Haue you heard the Argument, is there no Of-
fence i't?

Ham. No, no, they do but iest, poyson in iest, no Of-

fence i'th' world.

King. What do you call the Play?

Ham. The Mouse-trap : Marry how? Tropically :
This Play is the Image of a murder done in *Vienna*: *Gon-
zago* is the Dukes name, his wife *Baptista* : you shall see
anon : 'tis a knauish peece of worke : But what o'that?
Your Maiestie, and wee that haue free soules, it touches
vs not : let the gail diade winch: our withers are vntrung.

Enter Lucianus.

This is one *Lucianus* nephew to the King.

Ophe. You are a good Chorus, my Lord.

Ham. I could interpret betweene you and your loue :

Prince of Denmarke.

If I could see the puppets dallying.

Oph. You are keene my lord, you are keene.

Ham. It would cost you a groning to take off mine edge.

Oph. Still better and worse.

Ham. So you mistake your husbands. Beginne murtherer, leaue thy damnable faces and begin, come, the croking Rauens doth bellow for reuenge.

Luc. Thoughts black, hands apt, drugges fit, and time agreeing,
Considerat season els no creature seeing,
Thou mixture ranck, of midnight weedes collected,
VVith *Hecats* ban thrice blasted, thrice inuected,
Thy naturall magicke, and dire property,
On wholsome life vsurps immediatly.

Ham. A poysons him i'th Garden for his estate, his names *Gonzago*, the story is extant, and written in very choice Italian, you shall see anon how the murtherer gets the loue of *Gonzagoes* wife.

Oph. The King rises.

Quee. How fares my Lord?

Pol. Giue ore the play.

King. Giue me some light, away.

Pol. Lights, lights, lights. *Exeunt all but Ham. & Horatio.*

Ham. Why let the strooken Deere goe weepe,

The Hart vngauled play,

For some must watch while some must sleepe,

Thus runnes the world away. Would not this sir & a Forrest of feathers, if the rest of my fortunes turne Turk with me, with prouinciall Roses on my raz'd shooes, get me a fellowship in a cry. of players?

Hora. Halfe a share.

Ham. A whole one I.

For thou doost know oh *Damon* deere

This Realme dismantled was

Of *Ioue* himselfe, and now raignes heere

A very very paiock.

Hora. You might haue rym'd.

Ham. O good *Horatio*, Ile take the Ghosts word for a thousand pound. Didst perceiue?

Hora. Very well my Lord.

Ham. Vpon the talke of the poyfning.

Hor. I did very well note him.

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if I could see the Puppets dallying.

Ophe. You are keene my Lord, you are keene.

Ham. It would cost you a groining, to take off my edge.

Ophe. Still better and worse.

Ham. So you mistake Husbands.

Begin Murderer. Pox, leaue thy damnable Faces, and begin. Come, the crooking Reuen doth bellow for Re-nenge.

Lucian. Thoughts blacke, hands apt,
Drugges fit, and Time agreeing :
Confederate season, else, no Creature seeing :
Thou mixture ranke, of Midnight Weeds collected,
With Hecats Ban, thrice blasted, thrice infected,
Thy naturall Magicke, and dire propertie,
On wholsome life, vsurpe immediately.

Powres the poyson in his eares.

Ham. He poysons him i'th' Garden for's estate: His name's *Gonzago*: the Story is extant and writ in choyce Italian. You shall see anon how the Murthrer gets the loue of *Gonzago's* wife.

Ophe. The King rises.

Ham. What, frighted with false fire.

Qu. How fares my Lord?

Pol. Giue o're the Play.

King. Giue me some Light. Away.

All. Lights, Lights, Lights.

Exeunt

Manet Hamlet & Horatio.

Ham. Why let the strucken Deere go weepe,
The Hart vngalled play :
For some must watch, while some must sleepe ;
So runnes the world away.

Would not this Sir, and a Forrest of Feathers, if the rest of my Fortunes turne Turke with me; with two Proninciall Roses on my rac'd Shooes, get me a Fellowship in a crie of Players fir.

Hor. Halfe a share.

Ham. A whole one I,
For thou dost know: Oh *Damon* deere,
This Realme dismanild was of Ioue himselfe,
And now reignes heere.
A verie verie Paiocke.

Hora. You might haue Rim'd.

Ham. Oh good *Horatio*, Ile take the Ghosts word for a thousand pound. Did'st perceiue?

Hora. Verie well my Lord.

Ham. Vpon the talke of the poysoning?

Hora. I did verie well note him.

The Tragedie of Hamlet

302-3 *Ham.* Ah ha, come some musique, come the Recorders,
For if the King like not the Comedie,
Why then belike he likes it not perdy.
Come, some musique,

Enter Rosencraus and Gyldesterne.

307-8 *Gyl.* Good my Lord, voutsafe me a word with you.

Ham. Sir a whole historie.

310 *Gyl.* The King sir.

Ham. I sir, what of him?

Gyl. Is in his retirement meruilous distempred.

314 *Ham.* With drinke sir?

† *Gyl.* No my Lord, with choller,

Ham. Your wisdom should shewe it selfe more richer to signifie
318 this to the Doctor, for, for mee to put him to his purgation, would
† perhaps plunge him into more choller.

320 *Gyl.* Good my Lord put your discourse into some frame,
† And stare not so wildly from my affaire.

Ham. I am tame sir, pronounce.

Gyl. The Queene your mother in most gteat affliction of spirit,
324 hath sent me to you.

Ham. You are welcome.

Gyl. Nay good my Lord, this curtesie is not of the right breede, if
328 it shall please you to make me a wholsome aunswere, I will doe your
mothers commaundement, if not, your pardon and my returne, shall
330† be the end of busines.

Ham. Sir I cannot.

332 *Ros.* What my Lord,

Ham. Make you a wholsome answer, my wits diseasd, but sir, such
† answere as I can make, you shall commaund, or rather as you say, my
336-7† mother, therefore no more, but to the matter, my mother you say.

Ros. Then thus she sayes, your behauiour hath strooke her into a-
mazement and admiration.

340 *Ham.* O wonderful sonne that can so stonish a mother, but is there
† no sequell at the heeles of this mothers admiration, impart.

343-4 *Ros.* She desires to speak with you in her closet ere you go to bed.

Ham. We shall obey, were she ten times our mother, haue you any
further trade with vs?

Ros. My Lord, you once did loue me.

346-9† *Ham.* And doe still by these pickers and stealers.

Ros.

Enter Rosinocrance and Guildenstjerne.

Ham. Oh, ha? Come some Musick. Come \S Recorders!
For if the King like not the Comedie,
Why then belike he likes it not perdie.
Come some Musicke.

Guild. Good my Lord, vouchsafe me a word with you.

Ham.

Ham. Sir, a whole History.

Guild. The King, sir.

Ham. I sir, what of him?

Guild. Is in his retyrement, maruellous displemper'd.

Ham. With drinke Sir?

Guild. No my Lord, rather with choller.

Ham. Your wisdom should shew it selfe more richer, to signifie this to his Doctor: for for me to put him to his Purgation, would perhaps plunge him into farre more Choller.

Guild. Good my Lord put your discourse into some frame, and start not so wildely from my assayre.

Ham. I am tame Sir, pronounce.

Guild. The Queene your Mother, in most great affliction of spirit, hath sent me to you.

Ham. You are welcome.

Guild. Nay, good my Lord, this courtesie is not of the right breed. If it shall please you to make me a wholesome answer, I will doe your Mothers commandment: if not, your pardon, and my returne shall bee the end of my Businesse.

Ham. Sir, I cannot.

Guild. What, my Lord?

Ham. Make you a wholesome answer: my wits diseas'd. But sir, such answers as I can make, you shal command: or rather you say, my Mother: therefore no more but to the matter. My Mother you say.

Rosin. Then thus she sayes: your behavior hath stroke her into amazement, and admiration.

Ham. Oh wonderfull Sonne, that can so astonish a Mother. But is there no sequell at the heeles of this Mothers admiration?

Rosin. She desires to speake with you in her Closset, ere you go to bed.

Ham. We shall obey, were she ten times our Mother. Haue you any further Trade with vs?

Rosin. My Lord, you once did loue me.

Ham. So I do still, by these pickers and stealers.

Prince of Denmarke.

Ref. Good my Lord, what is your cause of dislemper, you do surely barre the doore vpon your owne liberty if you deny your griefes to your friend.

Ham. Sir I lacke aduancement.

Ref. How can that be, when you haue the voyce of the King himselfe for your succession in Denmarke.

Enter the Players with Recorders.

Ham. I sir, but while the grasse growes, the prouerbe is something musty, ô the Recorders, let mee see one, to withdraw with you, why doe you goe about to recouer the wind of mee, as if you would driue me into a toyle?

Guy. O my lord, if my duty be too bold, my loue is too vnmanerly.

Ham. I do not wel vnderstand that, wil you play vpon this pipe?

Guy. My lord I cannot.

Ham. I pray you.

Guy. Beleeue me I cannot.

Ham. I doe beseech you.

Guy. I know no touch of it my Lord.

Ham. It is as easie as lying; gouerne these ventages with your fingers, & the vंबर, giue it breath with your mouth, & it wil discourse most eloquent musique, looke you, these are the stops.

Guy. But these cannot I commaund to any vttrance of harmonie, I haue not the skill.

Ham. Why looke you now how vnwoorthy a thing you make of me, you would play vpon mee, you would seeme to know my stops, you would plucke out the hart of my mistery, you would sound mee from my lowest note to my compasse, and there is much musique excellent voyce in this little organ, yet cannot you make it speak, s^t bloud do you think I am easier to be plaid on then a pipe, call mee what instrument you wil, though you fret me not, you cannot play vpon me. God bleffe you sir.

Enter Polonius.

Pol. My Lord, the Queene would speake with you, & presently.

Ham. Do you see yonder clowd that's almost in shape of a Camcl?

Pol. By'th masse and tis, like a Camell indeed.

Ham. Mee thinks it is like a Wezell.

Pol. It is backt like a Wezell.

Ham. Or like a Whale.

Pol. Very like a Whale.

Ham. Then.

Rosin. Good my Lord, what is your cause of dis-
temper? You do freely barre the doore of your owne Liber-
tie, if you deny your griefes to your Friend.

Ham. Sir I lacke Aduancement.

Rosin. How can that be, when you haue the voyce of
the King himselfe, for your Succellion in Denmarke?

Ham. I, but while the grasse growes, the Prouerbe is
something musty.

Enter one with a Recorder.

O the Recorder. Let me see, to withdraw with you, why
do you go about to recover the winde of mee, as if you
would driue me into a toyle?

Guild. O my Lord, if my Dutie be too bold, my loue
is too vnmannery.

Ham. I do not well vnderstand that. Will you play
vpon this Pipe?

Guild. My Lord, I cannot.

Ham. I pray you.

Guild. Beleeue me, I cannot.

Ham. I do beseech you.

Guild. I know no touch of it, my Lord.

Ham. 'Tis as easie as lying: gouerne these Ventiges
with your finger and thumbe, giue it breath with your
mouth, and it will discourse most excellent Musicke.
Looke you, these are the stoppes.

Guild. But thele cannot I command to any vtterance
of hermony, I haue not the skill.

Ham. Why looke you now, how vnworthy a thing
you make of me: you would play vpon mee; you would
seeme to know my stops: you would pluck out the heart
of my Mysterie; you would sound mee from my lowest
Note, to the top of my Compass: and there is much Mu-
sicke, excellent Voice, in this little Organe, yet cannot
you make it. Why do you thinke, that I am easier to bee
plaid on, then a Pipe? Call me what Instrument you will,
though you can fret me, you cannot play vpon me. God
blesse you Sir.

Enter Polonius.

Polon. My Lord; the Queene would speak with you,
and presently.

Ham. Do you see that Clowd? that's almost in shape
like a Camell.

Polon. By'th' Misse, and it's like a Camell indeed.

Ham. Me thinkes it is like a Weazell.

Polon. It is back'd like a Weazell.

Ham. Or like a Whale?

Polon. Verie like a Whale.

III. ii.

The Tragedie of Hamlet

400 Then I will come to my mother by and by,
They foole me to the top of my bent, I will come by & by,
Leaue me friends.

403-4 I will, say so. By and by is easily said,
Tis now the very witching time of night,
When Churchyardsyawne, and hell it selfe breakes out
408 Contagion to this world: now could I drinke hote blood,
+ And doe such busines as the bitter day
410 Would quake to looke on: soft, now to my mother,
O hart loose not thy nature, let not euer
The soule of *Nero* enter this firme bosome,
Let me be cruell, not vnnaturall,
414+ I will speake dagger to her, but vse none,
My tongue and soule in this be hypocrites,
How in my words someuer she be shent,
417 To giue them scales neuer my soule consent. *Exit.*

III. iii.

Enter King, Rosencraus, and Guyldestierne.

King. I like him not, nor stands it safe with vs
To let his madnes range, therefore prepare you,
I your commission will forth-with dispatch,
4 And he to *England* shall along with you,
The termes of our estate may not endure
6+ Hazerd so neer's as doth hourelly grow
+ Out of his browes.

Guyl. We will our selues prouide,
8 Most holy and religious feare it is
To keepe those many many bodies safe
10 That liue and feede vpon your Maiestie.

Ros. The single and peculier life is bound
With all the strength and armour of the mind
To keepe it selfe from noyance, but much more
14+ That spirit, vpon whose weale depends and rests
The liues of many, the cesse of Maiestie
Dies not alone; but like a gulse doth draw
+ What's neere it, with it, or it is a malsie wheele
18 Fixt on the somnet of the highest mount,
To whose hough spokes, tenne thousand lesser things
20 Are morteist and adioynd, which when it falls,

Each

Ham. Then will I come to my Mother, by and by :
They foole me to the top of my bent.
I will come by and by.

Polon. I will say so.

Exit.

Ham. By and by, is easily said. Leau me Friends :
'Tis now the verie witching time of night,
When Churchyards yawne, and Hell it selfe breaths out
Contagion to this world. Now could I drink hot blood,
And do such bitter businesse as the day
Would quake to looke on. Soft now, to my Mother :
Oh Heart, loose not thy Nature ; let not euer
The Soule of *Nero*, enter this firme bosome :
Let me be cruell, not vnnaturall,
I will speake Daggers to her, but vse none :
My Tongue and Soule in this be Hypocrites.
How in my words someuer she be shent,
To giue them Scales, neuer my Soule consent.

Enter King, Rosinocrance, and Guildenstern.

King. I like him not, nor itands it safe with vs,
To let his madnesse range. Therefore prepare you,
I your Commission will forthwith dispatch,
And he to England shall along with you :
The termes of our estate, may not endure
Hazard so dangerous as doth hourelly grow
Out of his Lunacies.

Guild. We will our selues prouide :
Most holie and Religious feare it is
To keepe those many many bodies safe
That liue and feede vpon your Maiestie.

Rosin. The single
And peculiar life is bound
With all the strength and Armour of the minde,
To keepe it selfe from noyance : but much more,
That Spirit, vpon whose spirit depends and rests
The liues of many, the cease of Maiestie
Dies not alone; but like a Gulfe doth draw
What's neere it, with it. It is a massie wheele
Fixt on the Sommet of the highest Mount,
To whose huge Spoakes, ten thousand lesser things
Are mortiz'd and adioyn'd : which when it falles,

Prince of Denmarke.

Each small annexment petty consequence
Attends the boystrous raine, neuer alone
Did the King sigh, but a generall grone.

King. Arme you I pray you to this speedy viage,
For we will fetters put about this feare
Which now goes too free-footed.

Ref. We will hast vs. *Exeunt Gent.*

Enter Polonius.

Pol. My Lord, hee's going to his mothers closter,
Behind the Arras I'll conuay my selfe.
To heare the proceffe, I'll warrant shee' letax him home,
And as you sayd, and wisely was it sayd,
Tis meete that some more audience then a mother,
Since nature makes them parcial, should ore-heare
The speech of vantage; farre you well my Leige,
I'll call vpon you ere you goe to bed.
And tell you what I knowe. *Exit.*

King. Thankes deere my Lord.
O my offence is ranck, it smels to heauen,
It hath the primall eldest curse vppont,
A brothers murther, pray can I not,
Though inclination be as sharp as will,
My stronger guilt defeats my strong entent,
And like a man to double bussines bound,
I stand in pause where I shall first beginne,
And both neglect, what if this curst hand
Were thicker then it selfe with brothers blood,
Is there not raine enough in the sweete Heauens
To wash it white as snowe, whereto serues mercy
But to confront the visage of offence?
And what's in prayer but this two fold force,
To be forestalled ere we come to fall,
Or pardon being downe, then I'll looke vp.
My fault is past, but oh what forme of prayer
Can serue my turne, forgieue me my foule murther,
That cannot be since I am still possesst
Of those effects for which I did the murther;
My Crowne, mine owne ambition, and my Queene;

I.

Mav

Each small annexment, pettie consequence
Attends the boystrous Ruine. Neuer alone
Did the King sighe, but with a generall grone.

King. Arme you, I pray you to this speedie Voyage;
For we will Fetters put vpon this feare,

PP

Which

Which now goes too free-footed.

Both. We will haste vs.

Exeunt Gent.

Enter Polonius.

Pol. My Lord, he's going to his Mothers Closset:
Behinde the Arras Ile conuey my selfe
To heare the Proesse. Ile warrant shee'l tax him home,
And as you said, and wisely was it said,
'Tis meete that some more audience then a Mother,
Since Nature makes them partiall, should o're-heare
The speech of vantage. Fare you well my Liege,
Ile call vpon you ere you go to bed,
And tell you what I know.

King. Thankes deere my Lord.
Oh my offence is ranke, it smels to heauen,
It hath the primall eldest curse vpon't,
A Brothers murther. Pray can I not,
Though inclination be as sharpe as will:
My stronger guilt, defeats my strong intent,
And like a man to double businesse bound,
I stand in pause where I shall first begin,
And both neglect; what if this cursed hand
Were thicker then it selfe with Brothers blood,
Is there not Raine enough in the sweet Heauens
To wash it white as Snow? Whereto serues mercy,
But to confront the visage of Offence?
And what's in Prayer, but this two-fold force,
To be fore-stalled ere we come to fall,
Or pardon'd being downe? Then Ile looke vp,
My fault is past. But oh, what forme of Prayer
Can serue my turne? Forgiue me my foule Murther:
That cannot be, since I am still possesse
Of those effects for which I did the Murther.
My Crowne, mine owne Ambition, and my Queene:

The Tragedie of Hamlet

56 May one be pardond and retaine th'offence?
 In the corrupted currents of this world,
 Offences guilded hand may shoue by iustice,
 And oft tis seene the wicked prize it selfe
 60 Buyes out the lawe, but tis not so aboue,
 There is no shuffling, there the action lies
 In his true nature, and we our selues compeld
 Euen to the teeth and forehead of our faults
 64 To giue in euidence, what then, what rests,
 Try what repentance can, what can it not,
 Yet what can it, when one cannot repent?
 O wretched state, ô bosome blacke as death,
 68 O limed soule, that struggling to be free,
 Art more ingaged; helpe Angels make assay,
 70 Bowe stubborne knees, and hart with strings of steale,
 Be soft as sinnewes of the new borne babe,
 All may be well.

Enter Hamlet.

† *Ham.* Now might I doe it, but now a is a praying,
 74 And now Ile doo't, and so a goes to heauen,
 And so am I reuendge, that would be scand
 A villaine kills my father, and for that,
 I his sole sonne, doe this same villaine send
 78 To heauen.
 † Why, this is base and filly, not reuendge,
 80 A tooke my father grossly full of bread,
 † Withall his crimes braod blowne, as flush as May,
 And how his audit stands who knowes saue heauen,
 But in our circumstance and course of thought,
 84 Tis heauy with him : and am I then reuendged
 To take him in the purging of his soule,
 When he is fit and seasond for his passage?
 No.
 88 Vp sword, and knowe thou a more horrid hent,
 When he is drunke, a sleepe, or in his rage,
 90 Or in th'incestious pleasure of his bed,
 † At game a swearing, or about some act
 92 That has no relish of saluation in't,

Then

May one be pardon'd, and retaine th' offence?
In the corrupted currants of this world,
Offences gilded hand may shoue by Iustice,
And oft 'tis seene, the wicked prize it selfe
Buyes out the Law; but 'tis not so aboue,
There is no shuffling, there the Action lyes
In his true Nature, and we our selues compell'd
Euen to the teeth and forehead of our faults,
To giue in euidence. What then? What rests?
Try what Repentance can. What can it not?
Yet what can it, when one cannot repent?
Oh wretched state! Oh bosome, blacke as death!
Oh limed soule, that struggling to be free,
Art more ingag'd: Helpe Angels, make assay:
Bow stubborn knees, and heart with strings of Steele,
Be soft as sinewes of the new-borne Babe,
All may be well.

Enter Hamlet.

Ham. Now might I do it pat, now he is praying,
And now Ile doo't, and so he goes to Heauen,
And so am I reueng'd: that would be scann'd,
A Villaine kil'es my Father, and for that
His foule Sonne, do this same Villaine send
To heauen. Oh this is hyre and Sallery, not Reuenge.
He tooke my Father grossely, full of bread,
With all his Crimes broad blowne, as flesh as May,
And now his Audit stands, who knowes, saue Heauen:
But in our circumstance and course of thought
'Tis heauie with him: and am I then reueng'd,
To take him in the purging of his Soule,
When he is fit and season'd for his passage? No.
Vp Sword, and know thou a more horrid hent
When he is drunke asleepe: or in his Rage,
Or in th' incestuous pleasure of his bed,
At gaming, swearing, or about some acte
That ha's no relish of Saluation in't,

Prince of Denmarke.

Then trip him that his heels may kick at heaven,

And that his soule may be as damnd and black

As hell whereto it goes; my mother staies,

This phisick but prolongs thy sickly daies. *Exit.*

King. My words fly vp, my thoughts remaine belowe
Words without thoughts neuer to heauen goe. *Exit.*

Enter Gertrard and Polonius.

Pol. A will come strait, looke you lay home to him,
Tell him his prancks haue beene too braod to beare with,
And that your grace hath screend and stood betweene
Much heate and him, Ile silence me euen heere,
Pray you be round.

Enter Hamlet.

Ger. Ile wait you, feare me not,
With-drawe, I heare him comming.

Ham. Now mother, what's the matter?

Ger. Hamlet, thou hast thy father much offended.

Ham. Mother, you haue my father much offended.

Ger. Come, come, you answere with an idle tongue.

Ham. Goe, goe, you question with a wicked tongue.

Ger. Why how now Hamlet?

Ham. What's the matter now?

Ger. Haue you forgot me?

Ham. No by the rood not so,

You are the Queene, your husbands brothers wife,
And would it were not so, you are my mother.

Ger. Nay, then Ile set those to you that can speake.

Ham. Come, come, and sit you downe, you shall not boudge,
You goe not till I set you vp a glasse
Where you may see the most part of you.

Ger. What wilt thou doe, thou wilt not murther me,
Helpe how.

Pol. What how helpe.

Ham. How now, a Rat, dead for a Duckat, dead.

Pol. O I am slaine.

Ger. O me, what hast thou done?

Ham. Nay I knowe not, is it the King?

93

96

98

III.iv.

4

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26

Then trip him, that his heeles may kicke at Heauen,
And that his Soule may be as damn'd aud blacke
As Hell, whereto it goes. My Mother staves,
This Phyficke but prolongs thy sickly dayes. *Exit.*

King. My words flye vp, my thoughts remain below,
Words without thoughts, neuer to Heauen go. *Exit.*

Enter Queene and Polonius.

Pol. He will come straight :
Looke you lay home to him,
Tell him his pranks haue been too broad to beare with,
And that your Grace hath scree'nd, and stood betweene
Much heate, and him. Ile silence me e'ne heere :
Pray you be round with him.

Ham. within. Mother, mother, mother.

Qu. Ile warrant you, feare me not.
Withdraw, I heare him comming.

Enter Hamlet.

Ham. Now Mother, what's the matter?

Qu. Hamlet, thou hast thy Father much offended.

Ham. Mother, you haue my Father much offended.

Qu. Come, come, you answer with an idle tongue.

Ham. Go, go, you question with an idle tongue.

Qu. Why how now Hamlet?

Ham. Whats the matter now?

Qu. Haue you forgot me?

Ham. No by the Rood, not so :

You are the Queene, your Husbands Brothers wife,
But would you were not so. You are my Mother.

Qu. Nay, then Ile set those to you that can speake.

Ham. Come, come, and sit you downe, you shall not
bondge :

You go not till I set you vp a glasse,
Where you may see the inmost part of you?

Qu. What wilt thou do? thou wilt not murther me?
Helpe, helpe, ho.

Pol. What ho, helpe, helpe, helpe.

Ham. How now, a Rat? dead for a Ducate, dead.

Pol. Oh I am flaine. *Killes Polonius.*

Qu. Oh me, what hast thou done?

Ham. Nay I know not, is it the King?

The Tragedie of Hamlet

27 *Ger.* O what a rash and bloody deede is this.

Ham. A bloody deede, almost as bad, good mother
As kill a King, and marry with his brother.

Ger. As kill a King.

30 *Ham.* I Lady, it was my word.

Thou wretched, rash, intruding foole farwell,

† I tooke thee for thy better, take thy fortune,

Thou find'st to be too busie is some danger,

34 Leaue wringing of your hands, peace sit you downe,

And let me wring your hart, for so I shall

If it be made of penetrable stuffe,

If damned custome haue not braisd it so,

38 That it be prooffe and bulwark against sence.

Ger. What haue I done, that thou dar'st wagge thy tongue
In noife so rude against me?

40 *Ham.* Such an act

That blurres the grace and blush of modesty,

Cals vertue hippocrit, takes of the Rose

From the faire forehead of an innocent loue,

† 44 And sets a blister there, makes marriage vowes

As false as dicers oathes, ô such a deede,

As from the body of contraction plucks

The very soule, and sweet religion makes

48 A rapfedy of words; heauens face dooes glowe

† Ore this solidiry and compound masse

† 50 With heated visage, as against the doome

Is thought sick at the act

Quee. Ay me, what act?

† *Ham.* That roares so low'd, and thunders in the Index,

Looke heere vpon this Picture, and on this,

54 The counterfeit presentment of two brothers,

† See what a grace was seated on this browe,

Hiperions curls, the front of *Ioue* himselfe,

An eye like *Mars*, to threaten and command,

58 A station like the herald *Mercury*,

† New lighted on a heaue, a kissing hill,

60 A combination, and a forme indeede,

Where euery God did seeme to set his (eale

62 To giue the world assurance of a man,

This

Qu. Oh what a rash, and bloody deed is this?

Ham. A bloody deed, almost as bad good Mother,
As kill a King, and marrie with his Brother.

Qu. As kill a King?

Ham. I Lady, 'twas my word.

Thou wretched, rash, intruding foole farewell,

Iooke thee for thy Betters, take thy Fortune,

Thou find'st it to be too busie, is some danger.

Leaue wringing of your hands, peace, sit you downe,

And let me wring your heart, for so I shall

If it be made of penetrable stufte;

If damned Custome haue not braz'd it so,

That it is prooffe and bulwarke against Sense.

Qu. What haue I done, that thou dar'st wag thy tong,
In noise so rude against me?

Ham. Such an Act

That blurs the grace and blush of Modestie,

Calls Vertue Hypocrite, takes off the Rose

From the faire forehead of an innocent loue,

And makes a blister there. Makes marriage vowes

As false as Dicers Oathes. Oh such a deed,

As

As from the body of Contraction pluckes
The very soule, and sweete Religion makes
A rapfidie of words. Heauens face doth glow,
Yea this solidity and compound masse,
With tristfull visage as against the doome,
Is thought-sicke at the act.

Qu. Aye me; what act, that roares so lowd, & thunders
in the Index.

Ham. Looke heere vpon this Picture, and on this,
The counterfet presentment of two Brothers:

See what a grace was seated on his Brow,

Hyperions curls, the front of Ioue himselfe,

An eye like Mars, to threaten or command

A Station, like the Herald Mercurie

New lighted on a heauen-kissing hill:

A Combination, and a forme indeed,

Where euery God did seeme to set his Seale,

To giue the world assurance of a man.

Prince of Denmarke.

This was your husband, looke you now what followes,
 Heere is your husband like a mildewed eare,
 Blasting his wholsome brother, haue you eyes,
 Could you on this faire mountaine leaue to feede,

63

And batten on this Moore ; ha, haue you eyes ?

†

66

You cannot call it loue, for at your age

The heyday in the blood is tame, it's humble,

And waits vppon the iudgement, and what iudgement

70

Would step from this to this, sence sure youe haue

*($\frac{1}{2}$)

Els could you not haue motion, but sure that sence

*

Is appoplext, for madnesse would not erre

*

Nor sence to extacie was nere so thral'd

74 *

But it referu'd some quantity of choise

*

To serue in such a difference, what deuill wast

*($\frac{1}{2}$)

That thus hath cofund you at hodman blind ;

Eyes without feeling, feeling without sight,

78 *

Eares without hands, or eyes, smelling fance all,

*

Or but a sickly part of one true sence

80 *

Could not so mope : ô shame where is thy blush ?

*($\frac{1}{2}$)

Rebellious hell,

If thou canst mutine in a Matrons bones,

To flaming youth let vertue be as wax

84

And melt in her owne fire, proclaime no shame

When the compulsiue ardure giues the charge,

Since frost it selfe as actiue doth burne,

And reason pardons will.

Ger. O *Hamlet* speake no more,

88

Thou turnst my very eyes into my soule,

†

And there I see such blacke and greeced spots

90 †

As will leaue there their tin'ct.

†

Ham. Nay but to liue

In the ranck sweat of an inseemed bed

92

Stewed in corruption, honying, and making loue

Ouer the nasty stie.

Ger. O speake to me no more,

94

These words like daggers enter in my eares,

No more sweete *Hamlet*.

Ham. A murtherer and a villaine,

A slaue that is not twentieth part the kyth

97 †

This was your Husband. Looke you now what followes.
Heere is your Husband, like a Mildew'd eare
Blasting his wholsom breath. Haue you eyes?
Could you on this faire Mountaine leaue to feed,
And batten on this Moore? Ha? Haue you eyes?
You cannot call it Loue: For at your age,
The hey-day in the blood is tame, it's humble,
And waites vpon the Iudgement: and what Iudgement
Would step from this, to this? What diuell was't,
That thus hath coufend you at hoodman-blinde?
O Shame! where is thy Blush? Rebellious Hell,
If thou canst mutine in a Matrons bones,
To flaming youth, let Vertue be as waxe,
And melt in her owne fire. Proclaime no shame,
When the compulsiue Ardure giues the charge,
Since Frost it selfe, as actiuelly doth burne,
As Reason panders Will.

Qu. O *Hamlet*, speake no more.
Thou turn'st mine eyes into my very soule,
And there I see such blacke and grained spots,
As will not leaue their Tinct.

Ham. Nay, but to liue
In the ranke sweate of an enscamed bed,
Stew'd in Corruption; honying and making loue
Ouer the nasty Sty.

Qu. Oh speake to me, no more,
These words like Daggers enter in mine eares.
No more sweet *Hamlet*.

Ham. A Murderer, and a Villaine:
A Slaue, that is not twentieth part the tythe

The Tragedie of Hamlet

98 Of your precedent Lord, a vice of Kings,
A cur-purse of the Empire and the rule,
100 That from a shelve the precious Diadem stole
And put it in his pocket,

Ger. No more.

Enter Ghost.

102 *Ham.* A King of shreds and patches,
Saue me and houer ore me with your wings
104 You heauenly gards : what would your gracious figure?

Ger. Alas hee's mad.

Ham. Doe you not come your tardy sonne to chide,
That lap't in time and passion lets goe by
108-9 Th'important acting of your dread command, ô say.

110 *Ghost.* Doe not forget, this visitation
Is but to whet thy almost blunted purpose,
But looke, amazement on thy mother sits,
O step betweene her, and her fighting soule,
114 Conceit in weakest bodies strongest workes,
Speake to her *Hamlet*.

Ham. How is it with you Lady?

Ger. Alas how i't with you?
† That you doe bend your eye on vacancie,
† 118 And with th'incorporall ayre doe hold discourse,
Foordh at your eyes your spirits wildly peep,
120 And as the sleeping souldiers in th'alarme,
Your bedded haire like life in excrements
Start vp and stand an end, ô gentle sonne
Vpon the heat and flame of thy dislemper
124 Sprinkle coole patience, whereon doe you looke?

Ham. On him, on him, looke you how pale he glares,
His forme and cause conioynd, preaching to stones
Would make them capable, doe not looke vpon me,
128 Least with this pittious action you conuert
My stearne effects, then what I haue to doe
130 Will want true cullour, teares perchance for blood.

Ger. To whom doe you speake this?

Ham. Doe you see nothing there?

132 *Ger.* Nothing at all, yet all that is I see.

Ham. Nor did you nothing heare?

133 *Ger.* No nothing but our selues.

Of your precedent Lord. A vice of Kings,
A Cutpurse of the Empire and the Rule.
That from a shelve, the precious Diadem stole,
And put it in his Pocket.

Qu. No more.

Enter Ghost.

Ham. A King of shreds and patches.
Saue me; and hour o'te me with your wings
You heavenly Guards. What would you gracious figure?

Qu. Alas he's mad.

Ham. Do you not come your tardy Sonne to chide,
That laps't in Time and Passion, lets go by
Th'important acting of your dread command? Oh say.

Ghost. Do not forget; this Visitation
Is but to whet thy almost blunted purpose.
But looke, Amazement on thy Mother fits;
O step betweene her, and her fighting Soule,
Conceit in weakest bodie, strongest workes.

Speake to her *Hamlet*.

Ham. How is it with you Lady?

Qu. Alas, how is't with you?

That you bend your eye on vacancie,
And with their corporall ayre do hold discourse.
Forth at your eyes, your spirits wildely peepe,
And as the sleeping Soldiours in th'Alarme,
Your bedded haire, like life in excrements,
Start vp, and stand an end. Oh gentle Sonne;
Vpon the heate and flame of thy distemper
Sprinkle coole patience. Whereon do you looke?

Ham. On him, on him: look you how pale he glares,
His forme and cause conioynd, preaching to stones,
Would make them capeable. Do not looke vpon me,
Least with this pittieous action you conuert:
My sterne effects: then what I haue to do,
Will want true colour; teares perchance for blood.

Qu. To who do you speake this?

Ham. Do you see nothing there?

Qu. Nothing at all, yet all that is I see.

Ham. Nor did you nothing heare?

Qu. No, nothing but our selues.

Prince of Denmarke.

Ham. Why looke you there, looke how it steales away,
My father in his habit as he liued,

Looke where he goes, euen now out at the portall.

Exit Ghost.

Ger. This is the very coynage of your braine,
This bodilesse creation extracie is very cunning in.

Ham. My pulse as yours doth temperatly keepe time,
And makes as healthfull musicke, it is not madnesse

That I haue vttered, bring me to the test,
And the matter will reword, which madnesse

Would gambole from, mother for loue of grace,

Lay not that flattering vnction to your soule

That not your trespassse but my madnesse speakes,

It will but skin and filme the vlcereous place

Whiles ranck corruption mining all within

Infects vnseene, confesse your selfe to heauen,

Repent what's past, auoyd what is to come,

And doe not spread the compost on the weedes

To make them rancker, forgieue me this my vertue.

For in the fatnesse of these pursie times

Vertue it selfe of vice must pardon beg,

Yea curbe and wooe for leaue to doe him good.

Ger. O *Hamlet* thou hast cleft my hart in twaine.

Ham. O throwe away the worfer part of it,

And leaue the purer with the other halfe,

Good night, but goe not to my Vncles bed,

Aslune a vertue if you haue it not,

That monster custome, who all sence doth eate

Of habits deuill, is angell yet in this

That to the vse of actions faire and good,

He likewise giues a frock or Liuary

That aptly is put on to refraine night,

And that shall lend a kind of easines

To the next abstinence, the next more easie:

For vse almost can change the stamp of nature,

And either the deuill, or throwe him out

With wonderous poteneey : once more good night,

And when you are desirous to be blest,

Ile blessing beg of you, for this same Lord

I doe repent ; but heauen hath pleased it so

To

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Ham. Why look you there: looke how it steals away:
My Father in his habite, as he liued,
Looke where he goes euen now out at the Portall. *Exit.*

Qu. This is the very coynage of your Braine,
This bodiless Creation extasie is very cunning in.

Ham. Extasie?

My Pulse as yours doth temperately keepe time,
And makes as healthfull Musicke. It is not madnesse
That I haue vttered; bring me to the Test
And I the matter will re-word: which madnesse
Would gamboll from. Mother, for loue of Grace,
Lay not a flattering Vnction to your soule,
That not your trespassse, but my madnesse speakes:
It will but skin and filme the Vlcereous place;
Whil'st ranke Corruption mining all within,
Infects vnscene. Confesse your selfe to Heauen,
Repent what's past, auoyd what is to come,
And do not sprēd the Compost or the Weedes,
To make them ranke. Forgiue me this my Vertue;
For in the fatnesse of this purfie times;
Vertue it selfe, of Vice must pardon begge,
Yea cōurb, and woe, for leaue to do him good.

Qu. Oh Hamlet,
Thou hast cleft my heart in twaine.

Ham. O throw away the worser part of it,
And line the purer with the other halfe.
Good night, but go not to mine Vnkles bed,
Assume a Vertue, if you haue it not, restraîne to tight;
And that shall lend a kinde of easinesse
To the next abstinence. Once more goodnight,
And when you are desirous to be blest

The Tragedie of Hamlet

To punish me with this, and this with me,
That I must be their scourge and minister,
I will bestowe him and will answere well
The death I gaue him ; so againe good night
I must be cruell only to be kinde,
This bad beginnes, and worse remains behind.
One word more good Lady.

Ger. What shall I doe?

Ham. Not this by no meanes that I bid you doe,
Let the blowt King temp't you againe to bed,
Pinch wanton on your cheekke, call you his Mouse,
And let him for a paire of reechie kisses,
Or padling in your necke with his damn'd fingers.
Make you to rouell all this matter out
That I essentially am not in madnesse,
But mad in craft, t'were good you let him knowe,
For who that's but a Queene, faire, sober, wise,
Would from a paddack, from a bat, a gib,
Such deare concertings hide, who would doe so,
No, in dispiight of sence and secrecy,
Vnpeg the basket on the houses top,
Let the birds fly, and like the famous Ape,
To try conclusions in the basket creepe,
And breake your owne necke downe.

Ger. Be thou assur'd, if words be made of breath
And breath of life, I haue no life to breath
What thou hast sayd to me.

Ham. I must to *England*, you knowe that.

Ger. Alack I had forgot.
Tis so concluded on.

Ham. Ther's letters seald, and my two Schoolefellowes,
Whom I will trust as I will Adders fang'd,
They beare the mandat, they must sweep my way
And marshall me to knauery : let it worke,
For tis the sport to haue the enginer
Hoist with his owne petar, an't shall goe hard
But I will delue one yard belowe their mines,
And blowe them at the Moone : ô tis most sweete
When in one line two crafts directly meete,

To punish me with this, and this with me,
That I must be their Scourge and Minister.
I will bestow him, and will answer well
The death I gaue him : so againe, good night?
I must be cruell, onely to be kinde ;
Thus bad begins and worse remaines behinde.

Qu. What shall I do ?

Ham. Not this by no meanes that I bid you do :
Let the blunt King tempt you againe to bed,
Pinch Wanton on your cheek, call you his Mousie,
And let him for a paire of techie kisses;

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Or

Or padding in your necke with his damnd Fingers,
Make you to rauell all this matter out,
That I essentially am not in madnesse,
But made in craft. 'Twere good you let him know,
For who that's but a Queene, faire, sober, wise,
Would from a Paddocke, from a Bat, a Gibbe,
Such deere concernings hide, -Who would do so,
No in despite of Sense and Secrecie,
Vnpegge the Basket on the houses top :
Let the Birds flye, and like the famous Ape
To try Conclusions in the Basket, creepe
And breake your owne necke downe.

Qu. Be thou assur'd, if words be made of breath,
And breath of life : I haue no life to breath
What thou hast saide to me.

Ham. I must to England you know that ?

Qu. Alacke I had forgot : 'Tis so concluded on.

Prince of Denmarke.

This man shall set me packing,
 Ile lugge the guts into the neighbour roome;
 Mother good night indeed, this Counsayler
 Is now most still, most secret, and most graue,
 Who was in life a most foolish prating knaue.
 Come fir, to draw toward an end with you.
 Good night mother. *Exit.*

*Enter King, and Queene, with Rosencrans
 and Gyldesterne.*

King. There's matter in these sighes, these profound heaues,
 You must translate, tis fit we vnderstand them,
 Where is your sonne ?

Ger. Bestow this place on vs a little while.
 Ah mine owne Lord, what haue I scene to night ?

King. What *Gertrard*, how dooes *Hamlet* ?

Ger. Mad as the sea and wind when both contend
 Which is the mightier, in his lawlesse fit,
 Behind the Arras hearing something stirre,
 Whyps out his Rapier, cryes a Rat, a Rat,
 And in this brainish apprehension kills
 The vnseene good old man.

King. O heauy deede !
 It had beene so with vs had wee been there,
 His libertie is full of threates to all,
 To you your selfe, to vs, to euery one,
 Alas, how shall this bloody deede be answer'd ?
 It will be layd to vs, whose prouidence
 Should haue kept short, restraind, and out of haunt
 This mad young man; but so much was our loue,
 We would not vnderstand what was most fit,
 But like the owner of a foule discase
 To keepe it from diuulging, let it feede
 Euen on the pith of life : where is he gone ?

Ger. To draw apart the body he hath kild,
 Ore whom, his very madnes like some ore
 Among a minerall of mettals base,
 Showes it selfe pure, a weepes for what is done.

King. O *Gertrard*, come away,

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Ham. This man shall set me packing:
He lugges the Guts into the Neighbor roome,
Mother goodnight. Indeepe this Counsellor
Is now most still, most secret, and most graue,
Who was in life, a foolish prating Knaue.
Come sir, to draw toward an end with you.
Good night Mother.

Exit Hamlet tugging in Polonius.

Enter King.

King. There's matters in these sighes.
These profound heaues
You must translate; 'Tis fit we vnderstand them.
Where is your Sonne?

Qu. Ah my good Lord, what haue I scene to night?

King. What *Gertrude*? How do's *Hamlet*?

Qu. Mad as the Seas, and winde, when both contend
Which is the Mightier, in his lawlesse fit
Behinde the Arras, hearing something stirre,
He whips his Rapier out, and cries a Rat, a Rat,
And in his brainish apprehension kills
The vnscene good old man.

King. On heauy deed:
It had bin so with vs had we beene there:
His Liberty is full of threats to all,
To you your selfe, to vs, to euery one.
Alas, how shall this bloody deepe be answered?
It will be laide to vs, whose prouidence
Should haue kept short, restrain'd, and out of haunt,
This mad yong man. But so much was our loue,
We would not vnderstand what was most fit,
But like the Owner of a foule disease,
To keepe it from diuulging, let's it feede
Euen on the pith of life. Where is he gone?

Qu. To draw apart the body he hath kild,
Ore whom his very madnesse like some Oare
Among a Minerall of Mettels base
Shewes it selfe pure. He weepes for what is done.

King. Oh *Gertrude*, come away:

The Tragedie of Hamlet

The sunne no sooner shall the mountaines touch,
But we will ship him hence, and this vile deede

We must with all our Maiestie and skill *Enter Ros. & Guild.*

Both countenance and excuse. Ho *Guyldensterne*,
Friends both, goe ioyne you with some further ayde,
Hamlet in madnes hath *Polonius* slaine,

And from his mothers closet hath he dreg'd him,
Goe seeke him out, speake fayre, and bring the body
Into the Chappell; I pray you hast in this,

Come *Gertrard*, wee'le call vp our wisest friends,
And let them know both what we meane to doe

And whats vntimely doone,
Whose whisper ore the worlds dyameter,

As leuell as the Cannon to his blanck,
Transports his poysoned shot, may misse our Name,

And hit the woundlesse ayre, ô come away,

My soule is full of discord and dismay. *Exeunt.*

Enter Hamlet, Rosencrans, and others.

Ham. Safely stowd, but soft, what noyse, who calls on *Hamlet*?
O heere they come.

Ros. What haue you doone my Lord with the dead body?

Ham. Compound it with dust whereto tis kin.

Ros. Tell vs where tis that we may take it thence,

And beare it to the Chappell.

Ham. Doe not beleecue it,

Ros. Beleecue what.

Ham. That I can keepe your counsaile & not mine owne, besides
to be demaunded of a sponge, what replycation should be made by
the sonne of a King.

Ros. Take you me for a sponge my Lord?

Ham. I sir, that sokes vp the Kings countenance, his rewards, his
authorities, but such Officers doe the King best seruice in the end, he
keepe them like an apple in the corner of his iaw, first mouth'd to be
last swallowed, when hee needs what you haue gleand, it is but squee-
sing you, and sponge you shall be dry againe.

Ros. I vnderstand you not my Lord.

Ham. I am glad of it, a knauish speech sleepes in a foolish eare.

Ros. My Lord, you must tell vs where the body is, and goe with vs
to the King.

Hamlet.

King. Oh *Gertrude*, come away :

The Sun no sooner shall the Mountaines touch,
But we will ship him hence, and this vilde deed,
We must with all our Maiesty and Skill

Both countenance, and excuse.

Enter Ros. & Guild.

Ho *Guildenstern* :

Friends both go ioyne you with some further ayde :

Hamlet in madnesse hath *Polonius* slaine,

And from his Mother Chosiers hath he drag'd him.

Go seeke him out, speake faire, and bring the body

Into the Chappell. I pray you hast in this. *Exit Gent.*

Come *Gertrude*, wee'll call vp our wisest friends,

To let them know both what we meane to do,

And what's vntimely done. Oh come away,

My soule is full of discord and dismay.

Exeunt.

Enter Hamlet.

Ham. Safely stowed.

Gentlemen within. *Hamlet*, Lord *Hamlet*.

Ham. What noise? Who calls on *Hamlet*?

Oh heere they come.

Enter Ros and Guildensternes.

Ros. What haue you done my Lord with the dead body?

Ham. Compounded it with dust, whereto 'tis Kinne.

Rosin. Tell vs where 'tis. that we may take it thence,

And beare it to the Chappell.

Ham. Do not belecue it.

Rosin. Belecue what?

Ham. That I can keepe your counsell, and not mine owne. Besides, to be demanded of a Spundge, what replication should be made by the Sonne of a King.

Rosin. Take you me for a Spundge, my Lord?

Ham. I sir, that sokes vp the Kings Countenance, his Rewards, his Authorities (but such Officers do the King best seruice in the end. He keepe them like an Ape in the corner of his iaw, first moun'd to be last swallowed, when he needes what you haue glean'd, it is but squeezing you, and Spundge you shall be dry againe.

Rosin. I vnderstand you not my Lord.

Ham. I am glad of it : a knauish speech sleepes in a foolish care.

Rosin. My Lord, you must tell vs where the body is, and go with vs to the King.

Prince of Denmarke.

Ham. The body is with the King, but the King is not with the body. The King is a thing.

Guy. A thing my Lord.

Ham. Of nothing, bring me to him. *Exeunt.*

Enter King, and two or three.

King. I haue sent to seeke him, and to find the body,
How dangerous is it that this man goes loose,
Yet must not we put the strong Law on him,
Hee's lou'd of the distracted multitude,
V Who like not in their iudgement, but they eyes,
And where tis so, th'offenders scourge is wayed
But neuer the offence: to beare all smooth and euē,
This suddaine sending him away must seeme
Deliberate pause, diseases desperat growne,
By desperat applyance are relieu'd
Or not at all.

Enter Rosencraus and all the rest.

King. How now, what hath befallne?

Ros. Where the dead body is bestowd my Lord
V Ve cannot get from him.

King. But where is hee?

Ros. Without my lord, guarded to know your pleasur.

King. Bring him before vs.

Ros. How, bring in the Lord. *They enter.*

King. Now *Hamlet*, where's *Polonius*?

Ham. At supper.

King. At supper, where.

Ham. Not where he eates, but where a is eaten, a certaine conuacation of politike wormes are een at him: your worme is your onely Emperour for dyet, we fat all creatures els to fat vs, and wee fat our selues for maggots, your fat King and your leane begger is but variable seruice, two dishes but to one table, that's the end.

King. Alas, alas.

Ham. A man may fish with the worme that hath eate of a King, & eate of the fish that hath fedde of that worme.

King. *King.* V What doost thou meane by this?

Ham. Nothing but to shew you how a King may goe a progresse

Ham. The body is with the King, but the King is not with the body. The King, is a thing —

Guild. A thing my Lord?

Ham. Of nothing: bring me to him, hide Fox, and all after.

Exeunt

Enter King.

King. I haue sent to seeke him, and to find the bodie:
How dangerous is it that this man goes loose:
Yet must not we put the strong Law on him:
Hee's loued of the distracted multitude,
Who like not in their iudgement, but their eyes:
And where 'tis so, th'Offenders scourge is weigh'd
But neerer the offence: to beare all smooth, and euen,
This sodaine sending him away, must seeme
Deliberate pause, diseases desperate growne,
By desperate appliance are releued,
Or not at all.

Enter Rosincrance.

How now? What hath befallne?

Rosin. Where the dead body is bestow'd my Lord,
We cannot get from him.

King. But where is he?

Rosin. Without my Lord, guarded to know your
pleasure.

King. Bring him before vs.

Rosin. Ho, *Guildenstern*? Bring in my Lord.

Enter Hamlet and Guildenstern.

King. Now *Hamlet*, where's *Polonius*?

Ham. At Supper.

King. At Supper? Where?

Ham. Not where he eats, but where he is eaten, a certaine conuocation of wormes are c'ne at him. Your worm is your onely Emperor for diet. We fat all creatures else to fat vs, and we fat our selfe for Magots. Your fat King, and your leane Begger is but variable seruice to dishes, but to one Table that's the end.

King. What dost thou meane by this?

Ham. Nothing but to shew you how a King may go
a Progresse through the guts of a Begger.

The Tragedie of Hamlet

through the guts of a begger.

King. Where is *Polonius*?

Ham. In heauen, send thether to see, if your messenger finde him
not thre, seeke him i'th other place your selfe, but if indeed you find
him not within this month, you shall nose him as you goe vp the
staires into the Lobby

King. Goe seeke him there.

Ham. A will stay till you come.

King. *Hamlet* this deede for thme especiall safetie
Which we do tender, as we deerely grieue
For that which thou hast done, must send thee hence.
Therefore prepare thy selfe,
The Barck is ready, and the wind at helpe,
Th'associats tend, and euery thing is bent
For *England*.

Ham. For *England*.

King. I *Hamlet*.

Ham. Good.

King. So is it if thou knew'st our purposes.

Ham. I see a Cherub that sees thē, but come for *England*,
Farewell deere Mother.

King. Thy louing Father *Hamlet*.

Ham. My mother, Father and Mother is man and wife,
Man and wife is one flesh, so my mother:
Come for *England*. *Exit.*

King. Follow him at foote,
Tempt him with speede aboard,
Delay it not, Ile haue him hence to night.
Away, for euery thing is seald and done
That els leanes on th'affayre, pray you make hast,
And *England*, if my loue thou hold'st at ought,
As my great power thereof may giue thee fence,
Since yet thy Cicatrice looks raw and red,
After the Danish sword; and thy free awe
Payes homage to vs, thou may'st not coldly set
Our soueraigne proceffe, which imports at full
By Letters congruing to that effect
The present death of *Hamlet*, doe it *England*,
For like the Hectique in my blood he rages.

And

Ham. Nothing but to shew you how a King may go
a Progresse through the guts of a Begger.

King. Where is *Polonius*.

Ham. In heauen, send thither to see. If your Messenger
finde him not there, seeke him i'th other place your
selfe: but indeed, if you finde him not this moneth, you
shall nose him as you go vp the staires into the Lobby.

King. Go seeke him there.

Ham. He will stay till ye come.

K. Hamlet, this deed of thine, for thine especial safety
Which we do tender, as we deerely greeue
For that which thou hast done, must send thee hence
With fierie Quicknesse. Therefore prepare thy selfe,
The Barke is readie, and the winde at helpe,
Th' Associates tend, and euery thing at bent
For England.

Ham. For England?

King. I *Hamlet*.

Ham. Good.

King. So is it, if thou knew'st our purposes.

Ham. I see a Cherube that see's him: but come, for
England. Farewell deere Mother.

King. Thy louing Father *Hamlet*.

Hamlet. My Mother: Father and Mother is man and
wife: man & wife is one flesh, and so my mother. Come,
for England. *Exit*

King. Follow him at foote,
Tempt him with speed aboard:
Delay it not, Ile haue him hence to night.
Away, for euery thing is Seal'd and done
That else leanes on th'Affaire, pray you make hast.
And England, if my loue thou holdst at ought,
As my great power thereof may giue thee sense,
Since yet thy Cicatrice looks raw and red
After the Danish Sword, and thy free awe
Payes homage to vs; thou mai'st not coldly set
Our Soueraigne Processe, which imports at full
By Letters coniuring to that effect
The present death of *Hamlet*. Do it England;
For like the Hecticke in my blood he rages,

Prince of Denmarke.

And thou must cure me; till I know tis done,
How ere my haps, my ioyes will nere begin. *Exit.*

Enter Fortinbrasse with his Army ouer the Stage.

Fortin. Goe Captaine, from me greet the Danish King,
Tell him, that by his lycence *Fortinbrasse*
Craues the conueyance of a promised march
Ouer his kingdome, you know the randeuous,
If that his Maiestie would ought with vs,
We shall expresse our dutie in his eye,
And let him know so.

Cap. I will doo't my Lord.

For. Goe softly on.

Enter Hamlet, Rosencraus, &c.

Ham. Good sir whose powers are these?

Cap. They are of *Norway* sir.

Ham. How purposed sir I pray you?

Cap. Against some part of *Poland*.

Ham. Who commaunds them sir?

Cap. The Nephew to old *Norway*, *Fortenbrasse*.

Ham. Goes it against the maine of *Poland* sir,

Or for some frontire?

Cap. Truly to speake, and with no addition,
We goe to gaine a little parch of ground
That hath in it no profit but the name
To pay five duckets, five I would not farme it;
Nor will it yeeld to *Norway* or the *Pole*
A rancker rate, should it be sold in fee.

Ham. Why then the *Pollacke* neuer will defend it.

Cap. Yes, it is already garisond.

Ham. Two thousand soules, & twenty thousand duckets
VVill not debate the question of this straw,
This is th'Impostume of much wealth and peace,
That inward breakes, and shoves no cause without
Why the man dies. I humbly thanke you sir.

Cap. God buy you sir.

Ros. Will't please you goe my Lord?

Ham. Ile be with you straight, goe a little before.
How all occasions doe informe against me,

And thou must cure me: Till I know 'tis done,
How ere my happes, my ioyes were ne're begun. *Exit*

Enter Fortinbras with an Armie.

For. Go Captaine, from me greet the Danish King,
Tell him that by his license, *Fortinbras*
Claimes the conueyance of a promis'd March
Ouer his Kingdome. You know the Rendeuous:
If that his Maiesty would ought with vs,
We shall expresse our dutie in his eye,
And let him know so.

Cap. I will doo't, my Lord.

For. Go safely on.

Exit.

“Good sir whose powers are these” to “My thoughts be bloody or not be nothing worth” omitted.

IV.iv.

The Tragedie of Hamlet

33* And spur my dull reuenge. What is a man
 * If his chiefe good and market of his time
 * Be but to sleepe and feede, a beast, no more :
 36* Sure he that made vs with such large discourse
 * Looking before and after, gaue vs not
 * That capabilitie and god-like reason
 * To fust in vs vnsd, now whether it be
 40* Bestiall obliuion, or some crauen scruple
 * Of thinking too precisely on th'euent,
 * A thought which quarterd hath but one part wisdom,
 * And euer three parts coward, I doe not know
 44* Why yet I liue to say this thing's to doe,
 * Sith I haue cause, and will, and strength, and meanes
 * To doo't; examples grosse as earth exhort me,
 * Witnes this Army of such masse and charge,
 48* Led by a delicate and tender Prince,
 * Whose spirit with diuine ambition puffed,
 50* Makes mouthes at the invisible euent,
 * Exposing what is mortall, and vnure,
 * To all that fortune, death, and danger dare,
 * Euen for an Egge-shell. Rightly to be great,
 54* Is not to stirre without great argument,
 * But greatly to find quarrell in a straw
 * When honour's at the stake, how stand I then
 * That haue a father kild, a mother staine,
 58* Excytements of my reason, and my blood;
 * And let all sleepe, while to my shame I see
 60* The imminent death of twenty thousand men,
 * That for a fantasie and trick of fame
 * Goe to their graues like beds, fight for a plot
 * Whereon the numbers cannot try the cause,
 64* Which is not tombe enogh and continent
 * To hide the slaine, ô from this time forth,
 66* My thoughts be bloody, or be nothing worth. *Exit.*

IV.v.

Enter Horatio, Gertrard, and a Gentleman.

Quee. I will not speake with her.

Gent. Shee is importunat,

Indeede distract, her moode will needes be pittied.

“And spur my dull revenge” to “My thoughts be bloody or be nothing at all” omitted.

Lk. I will not speake with her.

Her. She is importunate, indeed distract, her moode
will needs be pittied.

Prince of Denmarke.

Quee. What would she haue?

Gent. She speakes much of her father, sayes she heares
There's tricks i'th world, and hems, and beates her hart,
Spurnes enuiously at strawes, speakes things in doubt
That carry but halfe sence, her speech is nothing,
Yet the vnshaped vse of it doth moue

The hearers to collection, they yawne at it,
And botch the words vp fit to theyr owne thoughts,
Which as her wincks, and nods, and gestures yeeld them,
Indeede would make one thinke there might be thought
Though nothing sure, yet much unhappily.

Hora. Twere good she were spoken with, for shee may strew
Dangerous coniectures in ill breeding mindes,
Let her come in.

Enter Ophelia.

Quee. 'To my sicke soule, as sinnes true nature is,
'Each toy seemes prologue to some great amisse,
'So full of artlesse ieaiousie is guilt,
'It spills it selfe, in fearing to be spylt.

Oph. Where is the beaution Maiestie of Denmarke?

Quee. How now *Ophelia*?

shee sings.

Oph. How should I your true loue know from another one,
By his cockle hat and staffe, and his Sendall shoone.

Quee. Alas sweet Lady, what imports this song?

Oph. Say you, nay pray you marke,
He is dead & gone Lady, he is dead and gone,
At his head a grasgreene turph, at his heeles a stone.
O ho.

Quee. Nay but *Ophelia*.

Oph. Pray you marke. White his shrowd as the mountaine snow.

Enter King.

Quee. Alas looke heere my Lord.

Oph. Larded all with sweet flowers,
Which beweept to the ground did not go
With true loue showers.

Song.

King. How doe you pretty Lady?

Oph. Well good dild you, they say the Owle was a Bakers daughter,
Lord we know what we are, but know not what we may be.
God beat your table.

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Qu. What would she haue?

Hor. She speakes much of her Father; saies she heares
There's trickes i'th' world, and hems, and beats her heart,
Spurnes enuiously at Strawes, speakes things in doubt,
That carry but halfe sense: Her speech is nothing,
Yet the vnshaped vse of it doth moue
The hearers to Collection; they ayme at it,
And botch the words vp fit to their owne thoughts,
Which as her winkes, and nods, and gestures yeeld them,

Indeed would make one thinke there would be thought,
Though nothing sure, yet much unhappily.

Qu. 'Twere good she were spoken with,
For she may strew dangerous coniectures
In ill breeding minds. Let her come in.
To my sicke soule (as sinnes true Nature is)
Each toy seemes Prologue, to some great amissie,
So full of Artlesse ieaiousie is guilt,
It spill's it ielse, in fearing to be spilt,

Enter Ophelia distracted.

Ophe. Where is the beauteous Maiesty of Denmark.

Qu. How now Ophelia?

Ophe. How should I your true loue know from another one?
By his Cockle hat and staffe, and his Sandal shoone.

Qu. Alas sweet Lady: what imports this Song?

Ophe. Say you? Nay pray you marke.
He is dead and gone Lady, he is dead and gone,
At his head a grasse-greene Turfe, at his heeles a stone.

Enter King.

Qu. Nay but Ophelia.

Ophe. Pray you marke.

White his Shrow'd as the Mountaine Snow.

Qu. Alas, looke heere my Lord.

Ophe. Larded with sweet flowers:
Which bewept to the grane did not go,
With true-love showres.

King. How do ye, pretty Lady?

Ophe. Well, God dil'd you. They say the Owle was
a Bakers daughter. Lord, wee know what we are, but
know not what we may be. God be at your Table.

The Tragedie of Hamlet

45 *King.* Conceit vpon her Father.

Oph. Pray lets haue no words of this, but when they aske you what it meanes, say you thus.

48 To morrow is S. Valentines day, *Song.*

All in the morning betime,

50 And I a mayde at your window

To be your Valentine.

Then vp he rose, and dond his clofe, and dupt the chamber doore,

54-5 Let in the maide, that out a maide, neuer departed more.

King. Pretty *Ophelia*.

Oph. Indcede without an oath Ile make an end on't,

58 By gis and by Saint Charitie,

alack and fie for shame,

60 Young men will doo't if they come too't,

by Cock they are too blame.

Quorh she, Before you tumbled me, you promised me to wed,

64 (He answers.) So would I a done by yonder funne

And thou hadst not come to my bed.

† *King.* How long hath she beene thus?

68 *Oph.* I hope all will be well, we must be patient, but I cannot chuse

but weep to thinke they would lay him i'th cold ground my brother

70 shall know of it, and so I thanke you for your good counsaile. Come

my Coach, God night Ladies, god night.

Sweet Ladyes god night, god night.

74-5 *King.* Follow her clofe, giue her good watch I pray you.

O this is the poyson of deepe griefe, it springs all from her Fathers

† death, and now behold, ô *Gertrard*, *Gertrard*.

78 When sorrowes come, they come not single spies,

But in battalians : first her Father slaine,

80 Next, your sonne gone, and he most violent Author

Of his owne iust remoue, the people muddied

Thick and vnwholsome in thoughts, and whispers

For good *Polonius* death : and we haue done but greenly

84 In hugger mugger to inter him : poore *Ophelia*

Deuided from herselfe, and her faire iudgement,

V Without the which we are pictures, or meere beasts,

Last, and as much contayning as all these,

88 Her brother is in secreet come from Fraunce,

† Feeds on this wonder, keeps himselfe in clowdes,

King. Conceit vpon her Father.

Ophe. Pray you let's haue no words of this: but when they aske you what it meanes, say you this:

*To morrow is S. Valentines day, all in the morning betime,
And I a Maid at your Window, to be your Valentine.
Then up he rose, & don'd his clothes, & dapt the chamber dore,
Let in the Maid, that on a Maid, neuer departed more.*

King. Pretty Opbelia.

Ophe. Indeed la? without an oath Ile make an end ont.

*By gis, and by S. Charity,
Alacke, and sie for shame:
Young men wil doo't, if they come too't,
By Cocke they are too blame.
Quoth she before you stumbled me,
You promis'd me to Wed:
So would I ha done by yonder Sonne,
And thou hadst not come to my bed.*

King. How long hath she bin this?

Ophe. I hope all will be well. We must bee patient, but I cannot choose but weepe, to thinke they should lay him i'th' cold ground: My brother shall knowe of it, and so I thanke you for your good counsell. Come, my Coach: Goodnight Ladies: Goodnight sweet Ladies: Goodnight, goodnight.

Exit.

King. Follow her close,

Giue her good watch I pray you:

Oh this is the poyson of deepe greefe, it springs
All from her Fathers death. Oh *Gertrude, Gertrude*,
When sorrowes comes, they come not single spies,
But in Battalies. First, her Father slaine,
Next your Sonne gone, and he most violent Author
Of his owne iust remoue: the people muddied,
Thicke and vnwholsome in their thoughts, and whispers
For good *Polonius* death; and we haue done but greenly
In hugger mugger to interre him. Poore *Opbelia*
Diuided from her selfe, and her faire Iudgement,

Without the which we are Pictures, or meere Beasts.

Last, and as much containing as all these,

Her Brother is in secret come from France,

Keepes on his wonder, keepes himselfe in clouds,

Prince of Denmarke.

And wants not buzzers to infect his care
 With pestilent speeches of his fathers death,
 Wherein necessity of matter beggerd,
 Will nothing stick our person to arraigne
 In eare and care : ô my deare *Gertrard*, this
 Like to a murdring peece in many places
 Giues me superfluous death. *A noise within.*

Enter a Messenger.

King. Attend, where is my Swiflers, let them guard the doore,
 What is the matter ?

Messen. Saue your selfe my Lord.
 The Ocean ouer-peering of his list
 Eares not the flats with more impitious haist
 Then young *Laertes* in a riotous head
 Ore-bears your Officers : the rabble call him Lord,
 And as the world were now but to beginne,
 Antiquity forgot, custome not knowne,
 The ratifiers and props of euery word,
 The cry choose we, *Laertes* shall be King,
 Caps, hands, and tongues applau'd it to the clouds,
Laertes shall be King, *Laertes* King.

Quee. How cheerefully on the false traile they cry. *A noise within.*
 O this is counter you false Danish dogges,

Enter Laertes with others.

King. The doores are broke,

Laer. Where is this King ? sits stand you all without.

All. No lets come in.

Laer. I pray you giue me leaue.

All. VVe will, we will.

Laer. I thanke you, keepe the doore, ô thou vile King,
 Giue me my father.

Quee. Calmely good *Laertes*.

Laer. That drop of blood thats calme proclames me Bastard,
 Cries cuckold to my father, brands the Harlot
 Euen heere betweene the chaff vnsmirched browe
 Of my true mother.

King. VVhat is the cause *Laertes*
 That thy rebellion lookes so gyant like ?

And wants not Buzzers to infect his eare
With pestilent Speeches of his Fathers death,
Where in necessitie of matter Beggard,
Will nothing sticke our persons to Arraigne
In eare and eare. O my deere *Gertrude*, this,
Like to a murdering Peece in many places,
Giues me superfluous death. *A Noyse within.*

Enter a Messenger.

Qu. Alacke, what noyse is this?

King. Where are my *Switzers*?

Let them guard the doore. What is the matter?

Mes. Saue your selfe, my Lord.

The Ocean (ouer-peering of his List)

Eates not the Flats with more impittious haste

Then young *Laertes*, in a Riotous head,

Ore-bearcs your Officers, the rabble call him Lord,

And as the world were now but to begin,

Antiquity forgot, Custome not knowne,

The Ratifiers and props of euery word,

They cry choose we? *Laertes* shall be King,

Caps, hands, and tongues, applaud it to the clouds,

Laertes shall be King, *Laertes* King.

Qu. How cheerefully on the false Trsile they cry,
Oh this is Counter you false Danish Dogges.

Noyse within. Enter Laertes.

King. The doores are broke.

Laer. Where is the King, sirs? Stand you all without.

All. No, let's come in.

Laer. I pray you giue me leaue.

Al. We will, we will.

Laer. I thanke you: Keepe the doore.

Oh thou vilde King, giue me my Father.

Qu. Calmely good *Laertes*.

Laer. That drop of blood, that calmes
Proclaimes me Bastard:

Cries Cuckold to my Father, brands the Harlot

Euen heere betweene the chaste vnsmirched brow
Of my true Mother.

King. What is the cause *Laertes*,
That thy Rebellion looks so Gyant-like?

IV. v.

The Tragedie of Hamlet

Let him goe *Gertrard*, doe not feare our person,
 There's such diuinitie doth hedge a King,
 That treason can but peepe to what it would,
 Aſt's little of his will, tell me *Laertes*
 Why thou art thus incenſt, let him goe *Gertrard*.
 Speake man.

Laer. Where is my father ?

King. Dead.

Quee. But not by him.

King. Let him demaund his fill.

Laer. How came he dead, I'le not be iugled with,
 To hell allegiance, vowes to the blackeſt deuill,
 Conſcience and grace, to the profoundeſt pit
 I dare damnation, to this poynt I ſtand,
 That both the worlds I giue to negligence,
 Let come what comes, onely I'le be reueng'd
 Moſt thoroughly for my father.

King. Who ſhall ſtay you ?

Laer. My will, not all the worlds :
 And for my meanes I'le husband them ſo well,
 They ſhall goe farre with little.

King. Good *Laertes*, if you deſire to know the certainty
 Of your deere Father, i't ſt writ in your reuenge,
 That ſloopſtake, you will draw both friend and foe
 Winner and looſer.

Laer. None but his enemies,

King. Will you know them then ?

Laer. To his good friends thus wide I'le ope my armes,
 And like the kind life-rendring Pelican,
 Repaſt them with my blood.

King. Why now you ſpeake
 Like a good child, and a true Gentleman.
 That I am guiltleſſe of your fathers death,
 And am moſt ſencibly in griefe for it,
 It ſhall as leuell to your iudgement pearce
 As day dooes to your eye. *A noyſe within.*

Enter Ophelia.

Laer. Let her come in.
 How now, what noyſe is that ?

Let him go *Gertrude* : Do not feare our person :
There's such Diuinity doth hedge a King,
That Treason can but peepe to what it would,
Acts little of his will. Tell me *Laertes*,
Why thou art thus Incens'd? Let him go *Gertrude*.
Speake man.

Laer. Where's my Father?

King. Dead.

Qu. But not by him.

King. Let him demand his fill.

Laer. How came he dead? Ile not be Iuggel'd with.
To hell Allegiance : Vowes, to the blackest diuell.
Conscience and Grace, to the profoundest Pit.
I dare Damnation : to this point I stand,
That both the worlds I giue to negligence,
Let come what comes : onely Ile be reueng'd
Most throughly for my Father.

King. Who shall slay you?

Laer. My Will, not all the world,
And for my meanes, Ile husband them so well,
They shall go farre with little.

King. Good *Laertes* :

If you desire to know the certaintie
Of your deere Fathers death, if writ in your reuenge,
That Soop-stake you will draw both Friend and Foe,
Winner and Looser.

Laer. None but his Enemies.

King. Will you know them then.

La. To his good Friends, thus wide Ile open my Armes :
And like the kinde Life-rend'ring Politician,
Repast them with my blood.

King. Why now you speake
Like a good Childe, and a true Gentleman.
That I am guiltlesse of your Fathers death,
And am most sensible in greefe for it,
It shall as leuell to your Iudgement pierce
As day do's to your eye.

Noise within. Let her come in.
Enter Ophelia.

Laer. How now? what noise is that?

Prince of Denmarke.

O heate, dry vp my braines, teares seauen times salt
Burne out the sence and vertue of mine eye,
By heauen thy madnes shall be payd with weight
Tell our scale turne the beame, O Rose of May,
Deere mayd, kind sister, sweet *Ophelia*,
O heauens, ist possible a young maids wits
Should be as mortall as a poore mans life.

154

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† 160

164

Oph. They bore him bare-faste on the Beere,
And in his grauerain'd many a teare,
Fare you well my Doue.

Song.

Laer. Hadst thou thy wits, and did'st perswade reuenge
It could not moouue thus.

168

Oph. You must sing a downe a downe,
And you call him a downe a. O how the wheele becomes it,
It is the false Steward that stole his Maisters daughter.

170†

Laer. This nothing's more then matter.

174

Oph. There's Rosemary, thats for remembrance, pray you loue re-
member, and there is Pancies, thats for thoughts.

†

Laer. A document in madnes, thoughts and remembrance fitted.

178-9

Oph. There's Fennill for you, and Colembines, there's Rewe for
you, & heere's some for me, we may call it herbe of Grace a Sondaies,
you may weare your Rewe with a difference, there's a Daisie, I would
giue you some Violets, but they witherd all when my Father dyed,
they say a made a good end.

180

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184

For bonny sweet Robin is all my ioy.

Laer. Thought and afflictions, passion, hell it selfe
She turnes to fauour and to prettines.

188

Oph. And wil a not come againe,

Song.

190

And wil a not come againe,
No, no, he is dead, goe to thy death bed,
He neuer will come againe.

194

His beard was as white as snow,
Flaxen was his pole,

†

He is gone, he is gone, and we cast away mone,
God a mercy on his soule, and of all Christians soules,
God buy you.

197-8

†

Laer. Doe you this ô God.

201†

King. *Laertes*, I must commune with your grieve,
Or you deny me right, goe but apart,

204

Oh heate drie vp my Braines, teares seuen times salt,
Burne out the Sence and Vertue of mine eye.
By Heauen, thy madnesse shall be payed by waight,
Till our Scale turnes the beame. Oh Rose of May,
Deere Maid, kinde Sister, sweet *Ophelia* :
Oh Heauens, is't possible, a yong Maids wits,
Should be as mortall as an old mans life?
Nature is fine in Loue, and where 'tis fine,
It sends some precious instance of it selfe
After the thing it loues.

Oph. They bore him bare fac'd on the Beer,
Hey non nony, nony, hey nony :
And on his graue raines many a teare,
Fare you well my Dunc.

Laer. Had'st thou thy wits, and did'st perswade Re-
uenge, it could not moue thus.

Oph. You must sing downe a-downe, and you call
him a-downe-a. Oh, how the wheele becomes it? It is
the false Steward that stole his masters daughter.

Laer. This nothings more then matter.

Oph. There's Rosemary, that's for Remembraunce.
Pray loue remember : and there is Paeonies, that's for
Thoughts.

Laer. A document in madnesse, thoughts & remem-
brance fitted.

Oph. There's Fennell for you, and Columbines: ther's
Rew for you, and heere's some for me. Wee may call it
Herbe-Grace a Sundaies : Oh you must weare your Rew
with a difference. There's a Daylie, I would giue you
some Violets, but they wither'd all when my Father dy-
ed : They say, he made a good end ;

For bonny sweet Robin is all my ioy.

Laer. Thought, and Affliction, Passion, Hell it selfe :
She turnes to Favour, and to prettinesse.

Oph. And will he yet come againe,
And will he not come againe :

No, no, he is dead, go to thy Death-bed,

He neuer wil come againe.

His Beard as white as Snow,

All Flaxen was his Pole :

He is gone, he is gone, and we cast away more,

Cramercy on his Soule.

And of all Christian Soules, I pray God.

God buy ye.

Exeunt Oph.

Laer. Do you see this, you Gods?

King, Laertes. I must common with your griefe,
Or you deny me right: go but apart,

Make

IV.v

I be I ragease of Hamlet

205 Make choice of whom your wisest friends you will,
And they shall heare and iudge twixt you and me,
If by direct, or by colaturall hand
208 They find vs toucht, we will our kingdome giue,
Our crowne, our life, and all that we call ours
To you in satisfaction; but if not,
Be you content to lend your patience to vs,
212 And we shall ioyntly labour with your soule
To giue it due content.

Laer. Let this be so.

214 His meanes of death, his obscure funerall,
No trophe sword, nor hatchment ore his bones,
No noble right, nor formall ostentation,
Cry to be heard as twere from heauen to earth,
† That I must call't in question.

218 *King.* So you shall,
And where th'offence is, let the great axe fall.
220 I pray you goe with me. *Exeunt.*

Enter Horatio and others.

Hora. V What are they that would speake with me?

Gent. Sea-faring men sir, they say they haue Letters for you.

Hora. Let them come in.

4 I doe not know from what part of the world

† I should be greeted. If not from Lord *Hamlet*.

Enter Saylers.

Say. God blesse you sir.

Hora. Let him blesse thee to.

† 8 *Say.* A shall sir and please him, there's a Letter for you sir, it came
† frō th'Embassador that was bound for *England*, if your name be *Ho-*
ratio, as I am let to know it is.

12 *Hora.* *Horatio*, when thou shalt haue ouer lookt this, giue these fel-
14 lowes some meanes to the King, they haue Letters for him: Ere wee
were two daies old at Sea, a Pyrat of very warlike appointment gaue
vs chase, finding our selues too slow of saile, wee put on a compelled
† 18 valour, and in the grapple I boorded them, on the instant they got
20 cleere of our shyp, so I alone became theyr prisoner, they haue dealt
with me like thicues of mercie, but they knew what they did, I am to
† doe a turne for them, let the King haue the Letters I haue sent, and
24 repayre thou to me with as much speede as thou wouldest fie death,
† I haue wordes to speake in thine care will make thee dumbe, yet are
thev

IV.vi

Make choice of whom your wisest Friends you will,
And they shall heare and iudge 'twixt you and me;
If by direct or by Colaterall hand
They finde vs touch'd, we will our Kingdome giue,
Our Crowne, our Life, and all that we call Ours
To you in satisfaction. But if not,
Be you content to lend your patience to vs,
And we shall ioyntly labour with your soule
To giue it due content.

Laer. Let this be so:

His meanes of death, his obscure buriall;
No Trophee, Sword, nor Hatchment o're his bones,
No Noble rite, nor formall ostentation,
Cry to be heard, as 'twere from Heauen to Earth,
That I must call in question.

King. So you shall:

And where th'offence is, let the great Axe fall.
I pray you go with me.

Exeunt

Enter Horatio, with an Attendant.

Hora. What are they that would speake with me?

Ser. Saylor's sir, they say they haue Letters for you.

Hora. Let them come in,

I do not know from what part of the world
I should be greeted, if not from Lord Hamlet.

Enter Saylor.

Say. God blesse you Sir.

Hora. Let him blesse thee too.

Say. Hee shall Sir, and't please him. There's a Letter
for you Sir: It comes from th'Ambassadors that was
bound for England, if your name be *Horatio*, as I am let
to know it is.

Reads the Letter.

HOratio, When thou shalt haue overlook'd this, giue these
Fellowes some meanes to the King: They haue Letters
for him. Ere we were two dayes old at Sea, a Pyrate of very
Warlike appointment gaue vs Chace. Finding our selues too
slow of Saile, we put on a compelled Valour. In the Grapple, I
boorded them: On the instant they got cleare of our Shippe, so
I alone became their Prisoner. They haue dealt with me, like
Theeues of Mercy, but they knew what they did. I am to doe
a good turne for them. Let the King haue the Letters I haue
sent, and repaire thou to me with as much hast as thou wouldest
flee death. I haue words to speake in your eare, will make thee
dumbe, yet are they much too light for the bore of the Matter.

Prince of Denmarke.

they much too light for the bord of the matter, these good fellowes
will bring thee where I am, *Rosencraus* and *Gnyldensterne* hold theyr
coursfe for *England*, of them I haue much to tell thee, farewell.

So that thou knowest thine Hamlet.

Hor. Come I will you way for these your letters,
And doo't the speedier that you may direct me
To him from whom you brought them. *Exeunt.*

Enter King and Laertes.

King. Now must your conscience my acquittance scale,
And you must put me in your hart for friend,
Sith you haue heard and with a knowing eare,
That he which hath your noble father slaine
Pursued my life.

Laer. It well appeares: but tell mee
Why you proceede not against these seates
So criminall and so capitall in nature,
As by your safetie, greatnes, wisdom, all things els
You mainely were stirr'd vp.

King. O for two speciall reasons
Which may to you perhaps seeme much vnfinnow'd,
But yet to mee thar strong, the *Queene* his mother
Liues almost by his lookes, and for my selfe,
My vertue or my plague, be it cyther which,
She is so conclue to my life and soule,
That as the starre mooues not but in his sphere
I could not but by her, the other motiue,
Why to a publique count I might not goe,
Is the great love the generall gender bearch him,
Who dipping all his faults in theyr affection,
Worke like the spring that turneth wood to stone,
Conuert his Giues to graces, so that my arrowes
Too slightly tymberd for so loued Arm'd,
Would haue reuerted to my bowe againe,
But not where I haue ay'm'd them.

Laer. And so haue I a noble father lost,
A sister driuen into desprat termes,
Whose worth, if prayfes may goe backe againe

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IV.vii.

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flye death. I haue words to speake in your eare, will make thee dumbe, yet are they much too light for the bore of the Matter. These good Fellowes will bring thee where I am. Rosinrance and Guildensterne, hold their course for England. Of them I haue much to tell thee, Farewell.

He that thou knowest thine,
Hamlet.

Come, I will giue you way for these your Letters,
And do't the speedier, that you may direct me
To him from whom you brought them. *Exit.*

Enter King and Laertes.

King. Now must your conscience my acquittance seal,
And you must put me in your heart for Friend,
Sith you haue heard, and with a knowing eare,
That he which hath your Noble Father slaine,
Pursued my life.

Laer. It well appeares. But tell me,
Why you proceeded not against these feates;
So crimefull, and so Capitall in Nature,
As by your Safety, Wisedome, all things else,

You mainly were stirr'd vp?

King. O for two speciall Reasons,
Which may to you (perhaps) seeme much vnfinnowed,
And yet to me they are strong. The Queen his Mother,
Lives almost by his lookes: and for my selfe,
My Vertue or my Plague, be it either which,
She's so coniunctiue to my life and soule;
That as the Starre moues not but in his Sphere,
I could not but by her. The other Motiue,
Why to a publike count I might not go;
Is the great loue the generall gender beare him,
Who dipping all his Faults in their affection,
Would like the Spring that turneth Wood to Stone,
Conuert his Gyues to Graces. So that my Arrowes
Too slightly timbred for so loud a Winde,
Would haue reuerted to my Bow againe,
And not where I had arm'd them.

Laer. And so haue I a Noble Father lost,
A Sister druen into desperate tearmes,
Who was (if praises may go backe againe)

The Tragedie of Hamlet

28 Stood challenger on mount of all the age
For her perfections, but my reuenge will come.

30 *King.* Breake not your sleepes for that, you must not thinke
That we are made of stuffe so flat and dull,
That we can let our beard be shooke with danger,
And thinke it pastime, you shortly shall heare more,
34 I loued your father, and weloue our selfe,
And that I hope will teach you to imagine.

†
†
Enter a Messenger with Letters.

Messen. These to your Maicstie, this to the Queene;

38 *King.* From *Hamlet*, who brought them?

Mess. Saylers my Lord they say, I saw them not,
40 They were giuen me by *Claudio*, he receiued them
Of him that brought them.
*

King. *Laertes* you shall heare them: leaue vs.
43 High and mighty, you shall know I am set naked on your kingdom.
to morrow shall I begge leaue to see your kingly eyes, when I shal first
asking you pardon, there-vnto recount the occasion of my suddaine
48 returne.

50 *King.* What should this meane, are all the rest come backe,
† Or is it some abuse, and no such thing?

Laer. Know you the hand?

King. 'Tis *Hamlets* caraster. Naked,
And in a postscript heere he sayes alone,
† 54 Can you deuise me?

Laer. I am lost in it my Lord but let him come,
It warms the very sicknes in my hart
That I liue and tell him to his teeth
Thus didst thou.

58 *King.* If it be so *Laertes*,
As how should it be so, how otherwise,
Will you be rul'd by me?

60-1 *Laer.* I my Lord, so you will not ore-rule me to a peace.

King. To thine owne peace, if he be now returned
As the King at his voyage, and that he meanes
64 No more to vndertake it, I will worke him
To an exployt, now ripe in my deuise,
66 Vnder the which he shall not choose but fall:

And

Who was (if praises may go backe againe)
Stood Challenger on mount of all the Age
For her perfections. But my reuenge will come.

King. Breake not your sleepes for that,
You must not thinke
That we are made of stiffe, so flat, and dull,
That we can let our Beard be shooke with danger,
And thinke it pastime. You shortly shall heare more,
I lou'd your Father, and we loue our Selie,
And that I hope will teach you to imagine——

Enter a Messenger.

How now? What Newes?

Mes. Letters my Lord from *Hamlet*. This to your
Majesty: this to the Queene.

King. From *Hamlet*? Who brought them?

Mes. Saylors my Lord they say, i saw them not:
They were giuen me by *Claudio*, he receiu'd them.

King. *Laertes* you shall heare them:

Leaue vs.

Exit Messenger

*High and Mighty, you shall know I am str' naked on your
Kingdome. Tomorrow shall I begge leave to see your Kingly
Eyes. When I shall (first asking your Pardon thereunto) re-
count th' Occasions of my sedaine and more strange returne.*

Hamlet.

What should this meane? Are all the rest come backe?
Or is it some abuse? Or no such thing?

Laer. Know you the hand?

King. 'Tis *Hamlets* Character, naked and in a Post-
script here he sayes alone: Can you aduise me?

Laer. I'm lost in it my Lord; but let him come,
It warms the very sicknesse in my heart;
That I shall liue and tell him to his teeth;
Thus diddest thou.

King. If it be so *Laertes*, as how should i be so:
How otherwise will you be rul'd by me?

Laer. If so you'll not o'errule me to a peace.

King. To thine owne peace: if he be now return'd,
As checking at his Voyage, and that he meanes
No more to vndertake it; I will worke him
To an exployt now ripe in my Deuice,
Vnder the which he shall not choose but fall;
And such an I shall work in him, that he shall

Prince of Denmarke.

And for his death no wind of blame shall breathe,
But even his Mother shall vnccharge the practise,
And call it accedent.

Laer. My Lord I will be rul'd,
The rather if you could deuise it so
That I might be the organ.

King. It falls right,
You haue beene talkt of since your trauaile much,
And that in *Hamlets* hearing, for a qualitie
Wherein they say you shine, your summe of parts
Did not together plucke such enuie from him
As did that one, and that in my regard
Of the vnworthiest sledge.

Laer. What part is that my Lord?

King. A very ribaud in the cap of youth,
Yet needfull to, for youth no lesse becomes
The light and carelesse liuery that it weares
Then settled age, his fables, and his weedes
Importing health and grauenes; two months since
Heere was a gentleman of *Normandy*.
I haue seene my selfe, and seru'd against the French,
And they can well on horsebacke, but this gallant
Had witch-craft in't, he grew vnto his seate,
And to such wondrous dooing brought his horse,
As had he beene incorp't, and demy natur'd
With the braue beast, so farre he topt me thought,
That I in forgerie of shapes and tricks
Come short of what he did.

Laer. A Norman wast?

King. A Norman.

Laer. Vppon my life *Lamord*.

King. The very same.

Laer. I know him well, he is the brooch indeed
And Iem of all the Nation.

King. He made confession of you,
And gaue you such a masterly report
For art and exercise in your defence,
And for your Rapier most especiall,
That he cride out it would be a sight indeed

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(72) *

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And for his death no winde of blame shall breath,
But euen his Mother shall vcharge the practice,
And call it accident: Some two Monthes hence
Here was a Gentleman of *Normandy*,
I'ue scene my selfe and seru'd against the French,
And they ran well on Horsebacke: but this Gallant

Had witchcraft in't; he grew into his Seat,
And to such wondrous doing brought his Horse,
As had he beene encorps't and deiny-Natur'd
With the braue Beast, so farre he past my thought,
That I in forgery of shapes and trickes,
Come short of what he did.

Lacr. A Norman was't?

Kim. A Norman.

Lacr. Vpon my life *Lamound*.

Kim. The very same.

Lacr. I know him well, he is the Brooch indeed,
And Iemme of all our Nation.

Kim. Hee mad confession of you,
And gaue you such a Masterly report,
For Art and exercise in your defence;
And for your Rapier most especially,
That he cryed out, t'would be a fight indeed,

From "My Lord I will be ruled" to "Importing health and grauenes"
omitted in the Folio.

IV.vii.

The Tragedie of Hamlet

* 107 If one could match you ; the Scrimures of their nation
 * He swore had neither motion, guard nor eye,
 * (½) If you opposd them ; fir this report of his
 104 Did *Hamlet* so enuenom with his enuy,
 That he could nothing doe but wish and beg
 Your fodaine comming ore to play with you
 Now out of this.

Laer. What out of this my Lord ?

108 *King.* *Laertes* was your father deare to you ?
 Or are you like the painting of a sorrowe,
 A face without a hart ?

110 *Laer.* Why aske you this ?

King. Not that I thinke you did not loue your father,
 But that I knowe, loue is begunne by time,
 And that I see in passages of prooffe,
 114 Time qualifies the sparke and fire of it,
 * There liues within the very flame of loue
 * A kind of weeke or snufe that will abate it,
 * And nothing is at a like goodnes still,
 118 * For goodnes growing to a plurisie,
 * Dies in his owne too much, that we would doe
 * We should doe when we would : for this would change ,
 * And hash abatements and delayes as many,
 * As there are tongues, are hands, are accedents,
 * And then this should is like a spend thrifts sigh,
 124 * That hurts by easing ; but to the quick of th' vicer,
Hamlet comes back, what would you vndertake
 To shoue your selfe indeede your fathers sonne
 More then in words ?

Laer. To cut his thraot i'th Church.

128 *King.* No place indeede should murther sanctuarife,
 Reuendge should haue no bounds : but good *Laertes*
 130 Will you doe this, keepe close within your chamber,
Hamlet return'd, shall knowe you are come home,
 Weele put on those shall praise your excellence,
 And set a double varnish on the fame
 134 The french man gaue you, bring you in fine together
 And wager ore your heads ; he being remisse,
 136 Most generous, and free from all contriuing,

If one could match you Sir. This report of his
Did *Hamlet* so envenom with his Enuy,
That he could nothing doe but wish and begge,
Your sodaine comming ore to play with him;
Now out of this.

Laer. Why out of this, my Lord?

Kin. *Laertes* was your Father deare to you?
Or are you like the painting of a sorrow,
A face without a heart?

Laer. Why aske you this?

Kin. Not that I thinke you did not loue your Father,
But that I know Loue is begun by Time:
And that I see in passages of prooffe,
Time qualifies the sparke and fire of it:
Hamlet comes backe: what would you vndertake,
To show your selfe your Fathers sonne indeed,
More then in words?

Laer. To cut his throat i'th' Church.

Kin. No place indeed should murder Sancturize;
Reuenge should haue no bounds: but good *Laertes*
Will you doe this, keepe close within your Chamber,
Hamlet return'd, shall know you are come home:
Wee'l put on those shall praise your excellence,
And set a double varnish on the fame
The Frenchman gaue you, bring you in fine together,
And wager on your heads, he being remisse,
Most generous, and free from all contriuing,

Prince of Denmarke.

Will not peruse the foyles, so that with ease,
Or with a little shuffling, you may choose
A sword vnated, and in a pace of practise
Requite him for your Father.

Laer. I will doo't,

And for purpose, Ile annoynt my sword.
I bought an vnction of a Mountibanck
So mortall, that but dippe a knife in it,
Where it drawes blood, no Cataplasme so rare,
Collected from all simples that haue vertue
Vnder the Moone, can saue the thing from death
That is but scratcht withall, Ile tutch my point
With this contagion, that if I gall him slightly, it may be death,

King. Lets further thinke of this.

Wey what conuenience both of time and meanes
May fit vs to our shape if this should sayle,
And that our drift looke through our bad performance,
Twere better not allayd, therefore this proiect,
Should haue a back or second that might hold
If this did blast in prooffe; soft let me see,
Wee'le make a solemne wager on your cunnings,
I hate, when in your motion you are hote and dry,
As make your bouts more violent to that end,
And that he calls for drinke, Ile haue prefard him
A Challice for the nonce, whereon but sipping,
If he by chaunce escape your venom'd stuck,
Our purpose may hold there; but stay, what noyse?

Enter Queene.

Quee. One woe doth tread vpon anothers heele,
So fast they follow; your Sisters drownd *Laertes.*

Laer. Drown'd, o where?

Quee. There is a Willow growes ascaunt the Brooke
That shoves his horry leaues in the glassy streame,
Therewith fantastique garlands did she make
Of Crowflowes, Nettles, Daises, and long Purples
That liberall Shepheards giue a grosser name,
But our cull-cold maydes doe dead mens fingers call them.
There on the pendant boughes her cronet weedes

M.

Clambring

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Will not peruse the Foiles? So that with ease,
Or with a little shuffling, you may choose
A Sword vnbaited, and in a passe of practice,
Requit him for your Father.

Laer. I will doo't,
And for that purpose Ile annoint my Sword:
I bought an Vnction of a Mountebanke
So mortall, I but dipt a knife in it,
Where it drawes blood, no Cataplasme so rare,
Collected from all Simples that haue Vertue
Vnder the Moone, can saue the thing from death,
That is but scratcht withall: Ile touch my point,
With this contagion, that if I gall him slightly,
It may be death.

King. Let's further thinke of this,
Weigh what conuenience both of time and meanes
May serue vs to our shape, if this should faile;
And that our drift looke through our bad performance,
'Twere better not assaid; therefore this Proiect
Should haue a backe or second, that might hold,
If this should blast in prooffe: Soft, let me see
Wee'l make a solemne wager on your commings,

I ha't: when in your motion you are hot and dry,
As make your bowts more violent to the end,
And that he calls for drinke; Ile haue prepar'd him
A Challice for the nonce; whereon but sipping,
If he by chance escape your venom'd stuck,
Our purpose may hold there; how sweet *Queene*.

Enter Lucene.

Queen. One woe doth tread vpon anothers heele,
So fast they'l follow: your Sister's drown'd *Laertes*.

Laer. Drown'd! O where?

Queen. There is a Willow growes aslant a Brooke,
That shewes his hore leaues in the glassie streame:
There with fantasticke Garlands did she come,
Of Crow-flowers, Nettles, Dayies, and long Purples,
That liberall Shepheards giue a grosser name;
But our cold Maids doe Dead Mens Fingers call them:
There on the pendant boughes, her Coronet weeds

IV.vii.

The Tragedie of Hamlet

174 Clambring to hang, an enuious siuer broke,
 † When downe her weedy trophies and her selfe
 Fell in the weeping Brooke, her clothes spred wide,
 178 And Marmaide like awhile they bore her vp,
 As one incapable of her owne distresse,
 180 Or like a creature native and indewed
 Vnto that elament, but long it could not be
 † Till that her garments heauy with theyr drinke,
 † Puld the poore wretch from her melodious lay
 To muddy death.

184 *Laer.* Alas, then she is drown'd.

Quee. Drown'd, drown'd.

Laer. Too much of water hast thou poore *Ophelia*,
 And therefore I forbid my teares; but yet
 188 It is our tricke, nature her custome holds,
 Let shame say what it will, when these are gone,
 190 The woman will be out. Adiew my Lord,
 I haue a speech a fire that faine would blase,
 † But that this folly drownes it. *Exit.*

King. Let's follow *Gertrard*,
 How much I had to doe to calme his rage,
 194 Now feare I this will giue it start againe,
 Therefore lets follow. *Exeunt.*

V.i.

Enter two Clownes.

Clowne. Is shee to be buried in Christian buriall, when she wilfully
 seekes her owne saluation?

4-5 *Other.* I tell thee she is, therefore make her graue straight, the crow-
 ner hath fate on her, and finds it Christian buriall.

Clowne. How can that be, vnlesse she drown'd herselfe in her owne
 defence.

8 *Other.* Why tis found so.

† *Clowne.* It must be so offended, it cannot be els, for heere lyes the
 † 12 poynt, if I drowne my selfe wittingly, it argues an act, & an act hath
 three branches, it is to act, to doe, to performe, or all; she drown'd her
 selfe wittingly.

Other. Nay, but heare you good man deluer.

16 *Clowne.* Giue mee leaue, here lyes the water, good, here stands the
 man,

Clambring to hang; an enuious flouer broke,
When downe the weedy Trophies, and her selfe,
Fell in the weeping Brooke, her cloathes spred wide,
And Mermaid-like, a while they bore her vp,
Which time she chaunted snatches of old tunes,
As one incapable of her owne distresse,
Or like a creature Native, and indued
Vnto that Element: but long it could not be,
Till that her garments, heauy with her drinke,
Pul'd the poore wretch from her melodious buy,
To muddy death.

Laer. Alas then, is she drown'd?

Queen. Drown'd, drown'd.

Laer. Too much of water hast thou poore *Ophelia*,
And therefore I forbid my teares: but yet
It is our trick, Nature her custome holds,
Let shame say what it will; when these are gone
The woman will be out: Aduce my Lord,
I haue a speech of fire, that faine would blaze,
But that this folly doubts it. *Exit.*

King. Let's follow, *Gertrude*:

How much I had to doe to calme his rage?
Now feare I this will giue it start againe;
Therefore let's follow. *Exeunt.*

Enter two Clownes.

Clown. Is she to bee buried in Christian buriall, that
wilfully seekes her owne saluation?

Other. I tell thee she is, and therefore make her Graue
straight, the Cowner hath fate on her, and finds it Chri-
stian buriall.

Clo. How can that be, vnlesse she drowned her selfe in
her owne defence?

Other. Why 'tis found so.

Clo. It must be *Se offendendo*, it cannot bee else: for
heere lies the point; If I drowne my selfe wittingly, it ar-
gues an Act: and an Act hath three branches. It is an
Act to doe and to performe; argall she drown'd her selfe
wittingly.

Other. Nay but heare you Goodman Deluer.

Clown. Giue me leaue; heere lies the water, good:
heere stands the man; good: If the man goe to this wa-
ter and drowne himselfe; it is will he nill he, he goes;
marke you that? But if the water come to him & drowne
him; hee drownes not himselfe. Argall, hee that is not
guilty of his owne death, shortens not his owne life.

Prince of Denmarke.

man, good, if the man goe to this water & drowne himselfe, it is will
he, nill he, he goes, marke you that, but if the water come to him, &
drowne him, he drownes not himselfe, argall, he that is not guilty of
his owne death, shortens not his owne life.

Other. But is this law?

Clowne. I marry i't. Crowners quest law.

Other. Will you ha the truth an't, if this had not beene a gentlewo-
man, she should haue been buried out a christian buriall.

Clowne. Why there thou sayst, and the more pittie that great folke
should haue countnaunce in this world to drowne or hang theselues,
more then they euen Christen: Come my spade, there is no auncient
gentlemen but Gardners, Ditchers, and Grauemakers, they hold
vp Adams profession.

Other. Was he a gentleman?

Clowne. A was the first that euer bore Armes.

He put another question to thee, if thou answerest me not to the pur-
pose, confesse thy selfe.

Other. Goe to.

Clowne. What is he that builds stronger then eyther the Mason, the
Shypwright, or the Carpenter.

Other. The gallowes maker, for that out-lives a thousand tenants.

Clowne. I like thy wit well in good fayth, the gallowes dooes well,
but howe dooes it well? It dooes well to those that do ill, nowe thou
dooest ill to say the gallowes is built stronger then the Church, argall,
the gallowes may doo well to thee. Too't againe, come.

Other. VVho buildes stronger then a Mason, a Shipwright, or a
Carpenter.

Clowne. I, tell me that and vnyoke.

Other. Marry now I can tell,

Clowne. Too't.

Other. Masse I cannot tell.

Clowne. Cudgell thy braines no more about it, for your dull asse wil
not mend his pace with beating, and when you are askt this question
next, say a graue-maker, the houses hee makes lasts till Doomesday.
Goe get thee in, and fetch mee a soope of liquer.

In youth when I did loue did loue, *Song.*

Me thought it was very sweet
To contract ô the time for a my behoue,

O me thought there a was nothing a meet.

M 2.

Enter

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72 †

Clo. Give me leave; heere lies the water good: heere stands the man; good: If the man goe to this water and drowne himselfe; it is will he nill he, he goes; marke you that? But if the water come to him & drowne him; hee drownes not himselfe. Argall, hee that is not guilty of his owne death, shortens not his owne life.

Other. But is this law?

Clo. I marry is't, Crowners Quest Law.

Other. Will you ha the truth on't: if this had not beene a Gentlewoman, shee should haue beene buried out of Christian Buriall.

Clo. Why there thou say'st. And the more pittie that great folke should haue countenance in this world to drowne or hang themselves, more then their euen Christian. Come, my Spade; there is no ancient Gentlemen, but Gardiners, Ditchers and Graue-makers; they hold vp *Adams* Profession.

Other. Was he a Gentleman?

Clo. He was the first that euer bore Armes.

Other. Why he had none.

Clo. What, ar't a Heathen? how dost thou vnderstand the Scripture? the Scripture sayes *Adam* dig'd; could hee digge without Armes? Ile put another question to thee; if thou answerest me not to the purpose, confesse thy selfe——

Other. Go too.

Clo. What is he that builds stronger then either the Mason, the Shipwright, or the Carpenter?

Other. The Gallowes maker; for that Frame outliues a thousand Tenants.

Clo. I like thy wit well in good faith, the Gallowes does well; but how does it well? it does well to those that doe ill: now, thou dost ill to say the Gallowes is built stronger then the Church: Argall, the Gallowes may doe well to thee. Too't againe, Come.

Other. Who builds stronger then a Mason, a Shipwright, or a Carpenter?

Clo. I, tell me that, and vnyoake.

Other. Marry, now I can tell.

Clo. Too't.

Other. Masse, I cannot tell.

Enter Hamlet and Horatio a farre off.

Clo. Cudgell thy braines no more about it; for your dull Ass will not mend his pace with beating; and when you are ask't this question next, say a Graue-maker: the Houses that he makes, lasts till Doomesday: go, get thee to *Yaughan*, fetch me a stoupe of Liquor.

Sings.

In youth when I did loue, did loue,

me though it was very sweet:

To contralt O the time for a my behaue,

O me thought there was nothing meete.

The Tragedie of Hamlet

Enter Hamlet and Horatio.

†
73 *Ham.* Has this fellowe no feeling of his busines? a sings in graue-making

Hora. Custome hath made it in him a propertie of easines.

77-8 *Ham.* Tis een so, the hand of little imploiment hath the dintier sence

†
80 *Clow.* But age with his stealing steppes *Song.*
hath clawed me in his clutch,

†
And hath shipped me into the land,
as if I had neuer been such.

84 *Ham.* That skull had a tongue in it, and could sing once, how the
knaue iowles it to the ground, as if twere Caines iawbone, that did the
first murder, this might be the pate of a politician, which this asse now
ore-reaches; one that would circumuent God, might it not?

† 88 *Hora.* It might my Lord.

90 *Ham.* Or of a Courtier, which could say good morrow sweet lord,
how doost thou sweet lord? This might be my Lord such a one, that
praised my lord such a ones horse when a went to beg it, might it not?

†
95 *Hora.* I my Lord.

† 98 *Ham.* Why een so, & now my Lady wormes Choples, & knockt
about the massene with a Sextens spade; heere's fine reuolution and
we had the tricke to see't, did these bones cost no more the breeding,
but to play at loggits with them: mine ake to thinke on't.

100-1 *Clow.* A pickax and a spade a spade, *Song.*
†
for and a shrowding sheet

104 O a pit of Clay for to be made
for such a guest is meet.

106 *Ham.* There's another, why may not that be the skull of a Lawyer,
where be his quiddities now, his quillites, his cases, his tenurs, and his
tricks? why dooes he suffer this madde knaue now to knocke him a-
†
† 109 bout the sponce with a durrie shouell, and will not tell him of his acri-
on of battery, hum, this fellowe might be in's time a great buyer of
112 Land, with his Statuts, his recognisances, his fines, his double vou-
chers, his recoueries, to haue his fine pate full of fine durt, will vou-
chers vouch him no more of his purchases & doubles then the length
† 117 and breadth of a payre of Indentures? The very conueyances of his
120 Lands will scarcely lye in this box, & must th'inheritor himselfe haue
no more, ha,

Hora. Not a iot more my Lord.

123 *Ham.* Is not Parchment made of sheepe-skinnes?

Hora.

Ham. Ha's this fellow no feeling of his businesse, that he sings at Graue-making?

Hor. Custome hath made it in him a property of easinesse.

Ham. 'Tis ee'n so; the hand of little Imployment hath the daintier sence.

Clowne sings.

*But Age with his stealing steps
hath caught me in his clutch :
And hath shipped me intill the Land,
as if I had neuer beene such.*

Ham. That Scull had a tongue in it, and could sing once: how the knaue iowles it to th' grownd, as if it were *Caines* Jaw-bone, that did the first murther: It might be the Pate of a Polititian which this Ass'e o're Offices: one that could circumuent God, might it not?

Hor. It might, my Lord.

Hor. I, my Lord.

Ham. Why ee'n so: and now my Lady Wormes, Chaplesse, and knockt about the Mazard with a Sextons Spade; heere's fine Revolution, if wee had the trick to see't. Did these bones cost no more the breeding, but to play at Loggets with 'em? mine ake to thinke on't.

Clowne sings.

*A Pickhaxe and a Spade, a Spade,
for and a shrowding-Sheete:
O a Pit of Clay for to be made,
for such a Guest is meete.*

Ham. There's another: why might not that bee the Scull of of a Lawyer? where be his Quiddits now? his Quillets? his Cases? his Tenures, and his Tricks? why doe's he suffer this rude knaue now to knocke him about the Sconce with a dirty Shouell, and will not tell him of his Action of Battery? hum. This fellow might be in's time a great buyer of Land, with his Statutes, his Recognizances, his Fines, his double Vouchers, his Recoveries: Is this the fine of his Fines, and the recovery of his Recoveries, to haue his fine Pate full of fine Dirt? will his Vouchers vouch him no more of his Purchases, and double ones too, then the length and breadth of a paire of Indentures? the very Conueyances of his Lands will hardly lye in this Boxe; and must the Inheritor himselfe haue no more? ha?

Hor. Not a iot more, my Lord.

Ham. Is not Parchment made of Sheep-skinnes?

Prince of Denmarke.

Hor. I my Lord, and of Calues-skinnes to

Ham. They are Sheepe and Calues which seeke out assurance in that, I wil speak to this fellow. Whose graue's this sirra?

Clow. Mine sir, or a pit of clay for to be made.

Ham. I thinke it be thine indeede, for thou lyest in't.

Clow. You lie out ont sir, and therefore tis not yours; for my part I doe not lie in't, yet it is mine.

Ham. Thou doost lie in't to be in't & say it is thine, tis for the dead, not for the quicke, therefore thou lyest.

Clow. Tis a quickelye sir, twill away againe from me to you.

Ham. What man doost thou digge it for?

Clow. For no man sir

Ham. What woman then?

Clow. For none neither

Ham. Who is to be buried in't?

Clow. One that was a woman sir, but rest her soule shee's dead.

Ham. How absolute the knaue is, we must speake by the card, or equiuocation will vndoo vs. By the Lord *Horatio*, this three yeeres I haue tooke note of it, the age is growne so picked, that the toe of the peasant coms so neere the heele of the Courtier he galls his kybe. How long hast thou been Graue-maker?

Clow. Of the dayes i'th yere I came too't that day that our last king *Hamlet* ouercame *Fortenbrasse*.

Ham. How long is that since?

Clow. Cannot you tell that? euery foole can tell that, it was that very day that young *Hamlet* was horne: hee that is mad and sent into *England*.

Ham. I marry why was he sent into *England*?

Clow. Why becaufe a was mad: a shall recouer his wits there, or if a doo not, tis no great matter there.

Ham. Why?

Clow. T will not be seene in him there, there the men are as mad

Ham. How came he mad? (as hee.

Clow. Very strangely they say.

Ham. How strangely?

Clow. Fayth eene with loosing his wits.

Ham. Vpon what ground?

Clow. Why heere in *Denmarke*: I haue been Sexten heere man and boy thirty yeeres.

M 3

Ham.

124

†128-9

131-2

135

140

144

148

150

†

154†

158

160

163-4

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170

174

177

Hor. I my Lord, and of Calue-skinnes too.

Ham. They are Sheepe and Calues that seek out assurance in that. I will speake to this fellow: whose Graue's this Sir?

Clo. Mine Sir:

*O a Pit of Clay for to be made,
for such a Guest is meete.*

Ham. I thinke it be thine indeed: for thou liest in't.

Clo. You lye out on't Sir, and therefore it is not yours: for my part, I doe not lye in't; and yet it is mine.

Ham. Thou dost lye in't, to be in't and say 'tis thine: 'tis for the dead, not for the quicke, therefore thou lyest.

Clo. 'Tis a quicke lye Sir, 'twill a way againe from me to you.

Ham. What man dost thou digge it for?

Clo. For no man Sir.

Ham. What woman then?

Clo. For none neither.

Ham. Who is to be buried in't?

Clo. One that was a woman Sir; but rest her Soule, shee's dead.

Ham. How absolute the knaue is? wee must speake by the Carde; or equiuocation will vndoe vs: by the Lord *Horatio*, these three yeares I haue taken note of it, the Age is growne so picked, that the toe of the Pesant comes so neere the heeles of our Courtier, hee galls his Kibe. How long hast thou been a Graue-maker?

Clo. Of all the dayes i'th' yeare, I came too't that day that our last King *Hamlet* o'recame *Fortinbras*.

Ham. How long is that since?

Clo. Cannot you tell that? euery foole can tell that: It was the very day, that young *Hamlet* was borne, hee that was mad, and sent into England.

Ham. I marry, why was he sent into England?

Clo. Why, because he was mad; hee shall recontrie his wits there; or if he do not, it's no great matter there.

Ham.

Ham. Why?

Clo. 'Twill not be seene in him, there the men are as mad as he.

Ham. How came he mad?

Clo. Very strangely they say.

Ham. How strangely?

Clo. Faith e'ene with loosing his wits.

Ham. Vpon what ground?

Clo. Why heere in Denmarke: I haue bin sixeteene heere, man and Boy thirty yeares.

The Tragedie of Hamlet

178-9 *Ham.* How long will a man lie i'th earth ere he rot ?
 † *Clow.* Fayth if a be not rotten before a die, as we haue many poc-
 kie corfes, that will scarce hold the laying in, a will last you som eyght
 yeere, or nine yeere. A Tanner will last you nine yeere,

185 *Ham.* Why he more then another ?

188 *Clow.* Why sir, his hide is so tand with his trade, that a will keepe
 out water a great while ; & your water is a sore decayer of your whor-
 son dead body, heer's a scull now hath lyen you i'th earth 23. yeeres.

192 *Ham.* Whose was it ?

Clow. A whorson mad fellowes it was, whose do you think it was ?

Ham. Nay I know not.

196 *Clow.* A pestilence on him for a madde rogue, a poured a flagon of
 Renish on my head once ; this same skull sir, was sir *Toricks* skull, the
 Kings Iester.

200 *Ham.* This ?

Clow. Een that.

† 203 *Ham.* Alas poore *Toricke*, I knew him *Horatio*, a fellow of infinite
 † iest, of most excellent fancie, hee hath bore me on his backe a thou-
 † sand times, and now how abhorred in my imagination it is: my gorge
 207 rises at it. Heere hung those lypes that I haue kist I know not howe
 oft, where be your gibes now ? your gamboles, your songs, your fla-
 shes of merriment, that were wont to set the table on a roare, not one
 210 now to mocke your owne grinning, quite chopfalne. Now get you
 † to my Ladies table, & tell her, let her paint an inch thicke, to this fa-
 † 213 uour she must come, make her laugh at that.

216 Prethee *Horatio* tell me one thing.

Hora. What's that my Lord ?

Ham. Dooft thou thinke *Alexander* lookt a this fashion i'th earth ?

220 *Hora.* Een so.

† *Ham.* And smelt so pah,

Hora. Een so my Lord.

223 *Ham.* To what base vses wee may returne *Horatio* ? Why may not
 imagination trace the noble dust of *Alexander*, till a find it stopping
 a bung-hole ?

227 *Hor.* Twere to consider too curiously to consider so.

230 *Ham.* No faith, not a iot, but to follow him thether with modesty
 enough, and likelyhood to leade it. *Alexander* dyed, *Alexander* was
 buried, *Alexander* returneth to dust, the dust is earth, of earth vvee
 234 make Lome, & why of that Lome whereto he was conuerted, might
 they

Ham. How long will a man lie 'ith' earth ere he rot?

Clo. Ifaith, if he be not rotten before he die (as we haue many pocky Coarſes now adajes, that will ſcarce hold the laying in) he will laſt you ſome eight yeare, or nine yeare. A Tanner will laſt you nine year e.

Ham. Why he, more then another?

Clo. Why ſir, his hide is ſo tan'd with his Trade, that he will keepe out water a great while. And your water, is a ſore Decayer of your horſon dead body. Heres a Scull now: this Scul, has laine in the earth three & twenty years.

Ham. Whoſe was it?

Clo. A whoreſon mad Fellowes it was; Whoſe doe you thinke it waſ?

Ham. Nay, I know not.

Clo. A peſtilence on him for a mad Rogue, a pou'd a Flaggon of Renuſh on my head once. This ſame Scull ſir, was *Torick's* Scull, the Kings leſter.

Ham. This?

Clo. E'ene that.

Ham. Let me ſee. Alas poore *Torick*, I knew him *Horatio*, a fellow of infinite Jeſt; of moſt excellent fancy, he hath borne me on his backe a thouſand times: And how abhorred my Imagination is, my gorge riſes at it. Heere hung thoſe lipps, that I haue kiſt! know not how oft. VVhere be your liſes now? Your Gambals? Your Songs? Your ſlaſhes of Merriment that were wont to ſet the Table on a Rore? No one now to mock your own Jeering? Quite chopſaine? Now get you to my Ladies Chamber, and tell her, let her paint an inch thicke, to this ſauour ſhe muſt come. Make her laugh at that: pry-thee *Horatio* tell me one thing.

Hor. What's that my Lord?

Ham. Doſt thou thinke *Alexander* lookt o'this faſhion i'th' earth?

Hor. E'ene ſo.

Ham. And ſmelt ſo? Puh.

Hor. E'ene ſo, my Lord.

Ham. To what baſe uſes we may returne *Horatio*. Why may not Imagination trace the Noble duſt of *Alexander*, till he find it ſtopping a bung-hole.

Hor. 'Twere to conſider: to curiouſly to conſider ſo.

Ham. No faith, not a jot. But to follow him thether with modeſtie enough, & likelihood to lead it; as thus. *Alexander* died: *Alexander* was buried: *Alexander* returneth into duſt; the duſt is earth; of earth we make Lome, and why of that Lome (whereto he was conuerted) might they not ſtopp a Beere-barrell? Imperiall *Cæſar*, dead and turn'd to clay,

Prince of Denmarke.

they not stoppe a Beare-barrell?

234

Imperious *Cesar* dead, and turn'd to Clay,

Might stoppe a hole, to keepe the wind away.

O that that earth which kept the world in awe,

238

Should patch a wall t'expell the waters flaw.

But soft, but soft awhile, here comes the King,

Enter K. Q.

† 240

The Queene, the Courtiers, who is this they follow?

Laertes and

†

And with such maimed rites? this doth betoken,

the corse.

†

The corse they follow, did with desprat hand

Foredoe it owne life, twas of some estate,

† 244

Couch we a while and marke.

Laer. What Ceremonie els?

Ham. That is *Laertes* a very noble youth, marke,

Laer. What Ceremonie els?

248

Doct. Her obsequies haue been as farre inlarg'd

† 250

As we haue warrantie, her death was doubtfull,

And but that great commaund ore-swayes the order,

She should in ground vnsanctified been lodg'd

†

Till the last trumpet: for charitable prayers,

Flints and peebles should be throwne on her:

† 254

Yet heere she is allow'd her virgin Crants,

†

Her mayden strewments, and the bringing home

Of bell and buriall.

Laer. Must there no more be doone?

Doct. No more be doone,

258

We should prophane the seruice of the dead,

To sing a Requiem and such rest to her

260

As to peace-parted soules.

Laer. Lay her i'th earth,

And from her faire and vnpolluted flesh

May Violets spring: I tell thee churlish Priest,

A ministring Angell shall my sister be

264

When thou lycst howling.

Ham. What, the faire *Ophelia*,

Quee. Sweets to the sweet, farewell,

I hop't thou should'st haue been my *Hamlets* wife,

I thought thy bride-bed to haue deckt sweet maide,

268

And not haue strew'd thy graue.

Laer. O treble woe

ted, might they not stopp a Beere-barrell?
Imperiall Cæsar, dead and turn'd to clay,
Might stop a hole to keepe the winde away.
Oh, that that earth, which kept the world in awe,
Should patch a Wall, & expell the winters flaw.
But soft, but soft, aside; heere comes the King.

*Enter King, Queene, Laertes, and a Coffin,
with Lords attendant.*

The Queene, the Courtiers. Who is that they follow,
And with such maimed rites? This doth betoken,
The Coarse they follow, did with desperate hand,
Fore do it owne life; 'twas some Estate.
Couch we a while, and mark.

Laer. What Cerimony else?

Ham. That is *Laertes*, a very Noble youth: Marke.

Laer. What Cerimony else?

Priest. Her Obsequies haue bin as farre enlarg'd.
As we haue warrantis, her death was doubtfull,
And but that great Command, v're-swaies the order,
She should in ground vnsanctified haue lodg'd,
Till the last Trumpet. For charitable praier,
Shardes, Flints, and Peebles, should be thro wne on her:
Yet heere she is allowed her Virgin Rites,
Her Maiden strewments, and the bringing home
Of Bell and Buriall.

Laer. Must there no more be done?

Priest. No more be done:

We should prophane the seruice of the dead,
To sing sage *Requiem*, and such rest to her
As to peace-parted Soules.

Laer. Lay her i'th' earth,
And from her faire and vnpolluted flesh,
May Violets spring. I tell thee (churlish Priest)
A Minist'ring Angell shall my Sister be,
When thou liest howling?

Ham. What, the faire *Ophelia*?

Queene. Sweets, to the sweet farewell.

I hop'd thou should'st haue bin my *Hamlets* wife:
I thought thy Bride-bed to haue deckt (sweet Maid)
And not t'haue strew'd thy Graue.

Laer. Oh terrible woer,

The Tragedie of Hamlet

† 270

Fall tenne times double on that cursed head,
 Whose wicked deede thy most ingenious sence
 Deprived thee of, hold off the earth a while,
 Till I haue caught her once more in mine armes;
 274 Now pile your dust vpon the quicke and dead,
 Till of this flat a mountaine you haue made
 To'retop old *Pelion*, or the skyesh head
 Of blew *Olympus*.

278

†

280

Ham. What is he whose griefe
 Beares such an emphesis, whose phrased of sorrow
 Coniures the wandring starres, and makes them stand
 Like wonder wounded hearers: this is I
Hamlet the Dane.

Laer. The deuill take thy soule,

† 284

†

286

Ham. Thou pray'st not well, I prethee take thy fingers
 For though I am not spleenatiue rash, (from my throat,
 Yet haue I in me something dangerous,
 Which let thy wisdome feare; hold off thy hand,
King. Pluck them a sunder.

Quee. *Hamlet, Hamlet.*

All. Gentlemen.

288

Hora. Good my Lord be quiet.

290

Ham. Why, I will fight with him vpon this theame
 Vntill my eye-lids will no longer wagge.

Quee. O my sonne, what theame?

294

Ham. I loued *Ophelia*, forty thousand brothers
 Could not with all their quantitie of loue
 Make vp my summe. What wilt thou doo for her.

King. O he is mad *Laertes*.

Quee. For loue of God forbear him.

†

298

Ham. S'wounds shew me what th'owt doe:
 Woo't weepe, woo't fight, woo't fast, woo't teare thy selfe,
 Woo't drinke vp *Esill*, eate a *Crocodile*?
 Ile doo't, doost come heere to whine?
 To out-face me with leaping in her graue,
 Be buried quicke with her, and so will I.
 And if thou prate of mountaines, let them throw
 Millions of Acres on vs, till our ground
 304 Sindging his pate against the burning Zone

Fall ten times trebble, on that curſed head
Whoſe wicked deed, thy moſt Ingenious ſence
Depriu'd thee of. Hold off the earth a while,
Till I haue caught her once more in mine armes :

Leaps in the grane.

Now pile your duſt, vpon the quicke, and dead,
Till of this flat a Mountaine you haue made,
To o're top old *Pelion*, or the ſkyiſh head
Of blew *Olympus*.

Ham. What is he, whoſe griefes
Beares ſuch an Emphaſis ? whoſe phraſe of Sorrow
Coniure the wandring Starres, and makes them ſtand
Like wonder-wounded hearers ? This is I,
Hamlet the Dane.

Laer. The deuill take thy ſoule.

Ham. Thou pra'iſt not well,
I prythee take thy fingers from my throat;
Sir though I am not Spleenatiue, and raſh,
Yet haue I ſomething in me dangerous,
Which let thy wiſeneſſe feare. Away thy hand.

King. Pluck them aſunder.

Qu. *Hamlet, Hamlet.*

Gen. Good my Lord be quiet.

Ham. Why I will fight with him vpon this Theme.
Vntill my eielids will no longer wag.

Qu. Oh my Sonne, what Theme ?

Ham. I lou'd *Ophelia*; fortie thouſand Brothers
Could not (with all there quantitie of Loue)
Make vp my ſumme. What wilt thou do for her ?

King. Oh he is mad *Laertes*,

Qu. For loue of God forbear him.

Ham. Come ſhow me what thou'lt doe.

Woo't weepe ? Woo't fight ? Woo't teare thy ſelfe ?
Woo't drinke vp *Eſſe*, eate a Crocodile ?

11c

Ile doo't. Doſt thou come heere to whine ;
To outface me with leaping in her Graue ?
Be buried quicke with her, and ſo will I.
And if thou praie of Mountaines; let them throw
Millions of Akers on vs; till our ground
Sindging his pate againſt the burning Zone,

V.i.

Prince of Denmarke.

Make Ossa like a wart, nay and thou'lt mouthe,
Ile rant as well as thou.

Quee. This is meere madnesse,
And this a while the fit will worke on him,
Anon as patient as the female Doue
When that her golden couplets are disclosed
His silence will sit drooping.

Ham. Heare you sir,
What is the reason that you vse me thus?
I lou'd you euer, but it is no matter,
Let *Hercules* himselve doe what he may
The Cat will mew, and Dogge will haue his day. *Exit Hamlet*

King. I pray thee good *Horatio* waite vpon him. *and Horatio.*
Strengthen your patience in our last nights speech,
Wwee put the matter to the present push:
Good *Gertrard* set some watch ouer your sonne,
This graue shall haue a liuing monument,
An houre of quiet thirtie shall we see
Tell then in patience our proceeding be. *Exeunt.*

Enter Hamlet and Horatio.

Ham. So much for this sir, now shall you see the other,
You doe remember all the circumstance,

Hora. Remember it my Lord.

Ham. Sir in my harte there was a kind of fighting
That would not let me sleepe, my thought I lay
Worse then the mutines in the bilbo, rashly,
And pray'd be rashnes for it: let vs knowe,
Our indiscretion sometime serues vs well
When our deepe plots doe pall, & that should learne vs
Ther's a diuinity that shapes our ends,
Rough hew them how we will.

Hora. That is most certaine.

Ham. Vpfrom my Cabin,
My sea-gowne scarft about me in the darke
Grop't I to find out them, had my desire,
Fingard their packet, and in fine with-drew
To mine owne roome againe, making so bold

N.

My

306

308 †

†

312

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316 †

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320

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322 †

V.ii.

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8

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12

12

26

Make *Offa* like a wart. Nay, and thoul'c mouth,
He rant as well as thou.

King. This is meere Madnesse:
And thus awhile the fit will worke on him:
Anon as patient as the female Doue,
When that her golden Cuplet are disclos'd;
His silence will sit drooping.

Ham. Heare you Sir:
What is the reason that you vse me thus?
I loud' you euer; but it is no matter:
Let *Heracles* himselfe doe what he may,
The Cat will Mew, and Dogge will haue his day. *Exit.*

King. I pray you good *Horatio* wait vpon him,
Strengthen you patience in our last nights speech,
Wee'l put the matter to the present push:
Good *Gertrude* set some watch ouer your Sonne,
This Graue shall haue a liuing Monument:
An houre of quiet shortly shall we see;
Till then, in patience our proceeding be. *Exeunt.*

Enter Hamlet and Horatio.

Ham. So much for this Sir; now let me see the other,
You doe remember all the Circumstance.

Hor. Remember it my Lord?

Ham. Sir, in my heart there was a kinde of fighting,
That would not let me sleepe; me thought I lay
Worse then the mutines in the Bilboes, rashly,
(And praise be rashnesse for it) let vs know,
Our indiscretion sometimes serues vs well,
When our deare plots do paule, and that should teach vs,
There's a Diuinity that shapes our ends,
Rough-hew them how we will.

Hor. That is most certaine.

Ham. Vp from my Cabin
My sea-gowne scarft about me in the darke,
Grop'd I to finde out them; had my desire,
Finger'd their Packer, and in fine, withdrew
To mine owne roome againe, making so bold,

The Tragedie of Hamlet

† 17 My feares forgetting manners to unfold
 Their graund commiffion ; where I found *Horatio*
 A royall knavery, an exact command
 20 Larded with many feuerall sorts of reasons,
 Importing Denmarkes health, and *Englands* to,
 With hoe fuch bugges and goblins in my life,
 That on the fupervife no leasure bated,
 24 No nor to stay the grinding of the Axe,
 My head should be ftrooke off.

Hora. I't poffible ?

Ham. Heeres the commiffion, read it at more leasure,
 But wilt thou heare now how I did proceed.

† 28 *Hora.* I befeech you.

Ham. Being thus benetted round with villaines,
 30 Or I could make a prologue to my braines,
 They had begunne the play, I fat me downe,
 Deuifd a new commiffion, wrote it faire,
 I once did hold it as our ftatifts doe,
 34 A bafenefle to write faire, and labourd much
 How to forget that learning, but fir now
 It did me yemans feruice, wilt thou know
 Th'effect of what I wrote ?

Hora. I good my Lord.

38 *Ham.* An earnest coniuration from the King,
 As *England* was his faithfull tributary,
 † 40 As loue betweene them like the palme might florifh,
 As peace should fill her wheaten garland weare
 And ftand a Comma twene their amities,
 † And many fuch like, as fir of great charge,
 † 44 That on the view, and knowing of thefe contents,
 Witthout debatement further more or leffe,
 † He should thofe bearers put to suddaine death,
 Not fhriuing time alow'd.

Hora. How was this feald ?

48 *Ham.* Why euen in that was heauen ordinant,
 I had my fathers fignet in my purfe
 50 Which was the modill of that *Danifh* feale,
 Folded the writ vp in the forme of th'other,
 † 52 Subcribe it, gau'th'impreflion, plac'd it fafely,

(My feares forgetting manners) to vnscale
Their grand Commission, where I found *Horatio*,
Oh royall knauery: An exact command,
Larded with many seuerall sorts of reason;
Importing Denmarks health, and Englands too,
With hoo, such Bugges and Goblins in my life,
That on the superuize no leasure bated,
No not to stay the grinding of the Axe,
My head shoud be struck off.

Hor. Ist possible?

Ham. Here's the Commission, read it at more leysure:
But wilt thou heare me how I did proceed?

Hor. I beseech you.

Ham. Being thus benetted round with Villaines,
Ere I could make a Prologue to my braines,
They had begun the Play. I fate me downe,
Deuis'd a new Commission, wrote it faire,
I once did hold it as our Statists doe,
A basenesse to write faire; and laboured much
How to forget that learning: but Sir now,
It did me Yeomans seruice: wilt thou know
The effects of what I wrote?

Hor. I, good my Lord.

Ham. An earnest Coniuration from the King,
As England was his faithfull Tributary,
As loue betweene them, as the Palme should flourish,
As Peace should still her wheaten Garland weare,
And stand a Comma 'twene their amities,
And many such like Affis of great charge,
That on the view and know of these Contents,
Without debatement further, more or lesse,
He should the bearers put to todaine death,
Not shuning time allowed.

Hor. How was this seal'd?

Ham. Why, even in that was Heauen ordinate;
I had my fathers Signet in my Purse,
Which was the Modell of that Danish Seale:
Folded the Writ vp in forme of the other,
Subscrib'd it, gau' th' impression, plac'd it safely,

Prince of Denmarke.

The changling neuer knowne : now the next day
Was our Sea fight, and what to this was sequent
Thou knowest already.

Hora. So *Guyldensteme* and *Rosencraus* goe too't.

Ham. They are not neere my conscience, their defeat
Dooes by their owne insinuation growe,
Tis dangerous when the baser nature comes
Betweene the passe and fell incenced points
Of mighty opposits.

Hora. Why what a King is this!

Ham. Dooes it not thinke thee stand me now vppon?
He that hath kild my King, and whor'd my mother,
Pop't in betweene th'election and my hopes,
Throwne out his Angle for my proper life,
And with such cunage, i't not perfect conscience?

Enter a Courtier.

Cour. Your Lordship is right welcome backe to Denmarke.

Ham. I humble thanke you sir.

Dooft know this water fly?

Hora. No my good Lord.

Ham. Thy state is the more gracious, for tis a vice to know him,
He hath much land and fertill : let a beast be Lord of beasts, and his
crib shall stand at the Kings messe, tis a chough, but as I say, spaci-
ous in the possession of durt.

Cour. Sweete Lord, if your Lordshippe were at leasure, I should
impart a thing to you from his Maiestie.

Ham. I will receaue it sir withall dilligence off spirit, your bonnet
to his right vse, tis for the head.

Cour. I thanke your Lordship, it is very hot.

Ham. No belieue me, tis very cold, the wind is Northerly.

Cour. It is indifferant cold my Lord indeed.

Ham. But yet me thinkes it is very fully and hot, or my complec-
tion.

Cour. Exceedingly my Lord, it is very soultery, as t'were I can-
not tell how : my Lord his Maiestie bad me signifie to you, that a
has layed a great wager on your head, sir this is the matter.

Ham. I beseech you remember.

Cour. Nay good my Lord for my ease in good faith, sir here is newly
com to Court *Laertes*, belieue me an absolute gentlemen, ful of most

The changeling neuer knowne : Now, the next day
Was our Sea Fight, and what to this was sement,
Thou know'st already.

Hor. So *Guildenstjerne* and *Rosincrance*, go too't.

Ham. Why man, they did make loue to this imployment
They are not neere my Conscience; their debate
Doth by their owne insinuation grow :
'Tis dangerous, when the baser nature comes
Betweene the passe, and fell incensed points
Of mighty opposites.

Hor. Why, what a King is this ?

Ham. Does it not, thinkst thee, stand me now vpon
He that hath kil'd my King, and whor'd my Mother,
Popt in betweene th' election and my hopes,
Throwne out his Angle for my proper life,
And with such coozenage; is't not perfect conscience,
To quit him with this arme ? And is't not to be damnd
To let this Canker of our nature come
In further euill.

Hor. It must be shortly knowne to him from England
What is the issue of the businesse there.

Ham. It will be short,
The *interim's* mine, and a mans life's no more
Then to say one: but I am very sorry good *Horatio*,
That to *Laertes* I forgot my selfe;
For by the image of my Cause, I see
The Portraiture of his; He count his fauours:
But sure the brauery of his griefe did put me
Into a Towing passion.

Hor. Peace, who comes heere?

Enter young Ofricke.

(marke.

Ofr. Your Lordship is right welcome back to Den-
Ham, I humbly thank you Sir, do'st know this waterflie?

Hor. No my good Lord.

Ham. Thy state is the more gracious; for 'tis a vice to
know him: he hath much Land, and fertile; let a Beast
be Lord of Beasts, and his Crib shall stand at the Kings
Messe; 'tis a Chowgh; but as I saw spacious in the pos-
session of dirt.

Ofr. Sweet Lord, if your friendship were at leysure,
I should impart a thing to you from his Maiesty.

Ham. I will receiue it with all diligence of spirit; put
your Bonet to his right vse, 'tis for the head.

Ofr. I thanke your Lordship, 'tis very hot.

Ham. No, beleeue mee 'tis very cold, the winde is
Northerly.

Ofr. It is indifferent cold my Lord indeed.

Ham. Mee thinkes it is very foultry, and hot for my
Complexion.

Ofricke.

Ofr. Exceedingly, my Lord, it is very foultry, as 'twere
I cannot tell how: but my Lord, his Maiesty bad me sig-
nifie to you, that he ha's laid a great wager on your head:
Sir, this is the matter.

Ham. I beleeuech you remember.

Ofr. Nay, in good faith, for mine ease in good faith:
Sir, you are not ignorant of what excellence *Laertes* is at
his weapon.

The Tragedie of Hamlet

112 * excellent differences, of very soft society, and great showing : in-
 * deede to speake sellingly of him, hee is the card or kalender of gen-
 * try : for you shall find in him the continent of what part a Gentle-
 * man would see.

117 * *Ham.* Sir, his definement suffers no perdition in you, though I
 * know to deuide him inuentorially, would dosie th'arithmaticke of
 * memory, and yet but yaw neither in respect of his quick faile, but
 121 * in the veritie of extolment, I take him to be a soule of great article,
 * & his infusion of such dearth and rarenesse, as to make true dixon
 * of him, his semblable is his mirrour, & who els would trace him, his
 * vmbrage, nothing more.

126-7 * *Cour.* Your Lordship speakes most infallibly of him.

Ham. The concernancy sir, why doe we wrap the gentleman in
 * our more rawer breath?

130 * *Cour.* Sir.

Hora. Ist not possible to vnderstand in another tongue, you will
 * too't sir really.

133-4 * *Ham.* What imports the nomination of this gentleman.

Cour. Of *Laertes*.

Hora. His purse is empty already, all's golden words are spent.

138 * *Ham.* Of him sir.

Cour. I know you are not ignorant.

140 * *Ham.* I would you did sir, yet in faith if you did, it would not
 * much approue me, well sir.

Cour. You are not ignorant of what excellence *Laertes* is.

Ham. I dare not confesse that, least I should compare with
 * him in excellence, but to know a man wel, were to knowe himselfe.

148 * *Cour.* I meane sir for this weapon, but in the imputation laide on
 * him, by them in his meed, hee's vnfellowed.

151 *Ham.* What's his weapon?

Cour. Rapier and Dagger.

Ham. That's two of his weapons, but well.

154 *Cour.* The King sir hath wagerd with him six Barbary horses,
 * against the which hee has impaund as I take it six French Rapiers
 * and Poynards, with their assigns, as girdle, hanger and so. Three
 * of the carriages in faith, are very deare to fancy, very reponsue to
 * the hilts, most delicate carriages, and of very liberall conceir.

161 *Ham.* What call you the carriages?

Hora. I knew you must be edified by the margent ere you had

Lines between "I do beseech you remember" to "What's his weapon?" omitted or rewritten for the folio.

Ham. I beseech you remember.

Ofr. Nay, in good faith, for mine ease in good faith :
Sir, you are not ignorant of what excellence *Laertes* is at
his weapon.

Ham. What's his weapon?

Ofr. Rapier and dagger.

Ham. That's two of his weapons; but well.

Ofr. The fir King ha's wag'd with him six Barbary Hor-
ses, against the which he impon'd as I take it, sixe French
Rapiers and Poniards, with their assignes, as Girdle,
Hangers or so: three of the Carriages in faith are very
deare to fancy, very responsive to the hilt, most delicate
carriages, and of very liberall conceit.

Ham. What call you the Carriages?

Ofr. The Carriages Sir, are the hangers.

Prince of Denmarke.

done

Contr. The carriage fir are the hangers.

Ham. The phrafe would bee more Ierman to the matter if wee could carry a cannon by our sides, I would it be hangers till then, but on, six Barbry horses against six French swords their assignes, and three liberall conceited carriages, that's the French bet against the Danish, why is this all you call it?

Contr. The King fir, hath layd fir, that in a dozen paffes betweene your selfe and him, hee shall not excede you three hits, hee hath layd on twelue for nine, and it would come to immediate triall, if your Lordshippe would vouchsafe the answer.

Ham. How if I answere no?

Contr. I meane my Lord the opposition of your person in triall.

Ham. Sir I will walke heere in the hall, if it please his Maiestie, it is the breathing time of day with me, let the foiles be brought, the Gentleman willing, and the King hold his purpose; I will winne for him and I can, if not, I will gaine nothing but my shame, and the odde hits.

Contr. Shall I deliuer you so?

Ham. To this effect fir, after what flourish your nature will.

Contr. I commend my duty to your Lordshippe.

Ham. Yours doo's well to commend it himselfe, there are no tongues els for's turne.

Howe. This Lapwing runnes away with the shell on his head.

Ham. A did fir with his dugg before a suckt it, thus has he and many more of the same breede that I know the drossy age dotes on, only got the tune of the time, and out of an habit of incounter, a kind of hifty collection, which carries them through and through the most prophane and trennowed opinions, and doe but blowe them to their triall, the bubbles are out.

Enter a Lord.

Lord. My Lord, his Maiestie commended him to you by young *Ostricke*, who brings backe to him that you attend him in the hall, he sends to know if your pleasure hold to play with *Laertes*, or that you will rake longer time?

Ham. I am constant to my purposes, they followe the Kings pleasure, if his fitnes speakes, mine is ready: now or whensoever, provided I be so able as now.

N 2

Lord.

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Ham. What call you the Carriages?

Ofr. The Carriages Sir, are the hangers.

Ham. The phrase would bee more Germaine to the matter: If we could carry Cannon by our sides; I would it might be Hangers till then; but on sixe Barbary Horses against sixe French Swords: their Assignes, and three liberall conceited Carriages, that's the French but against the Danish; why is this impon'd as you call it?

Ofr. The King Sir, hath laid that in a dozen passes betweene you and him, hee shall not exceed you three hits; He hath one twelue for mine, and that would come to immediate tryall, if your Lordship would vouchsafe the Answer.

Ham. How if I answer no?

Ofr. I meane my Lord, the opposition of your person in tryall.

Ham. Sir, I will walke heere in the Hall; if it please his Maiestie, 'tis the breathing time of day with me; let the Foyles bee brought, the Gentleman willing, and the King hold his purpose; I will win for him if I can: if not, Ile gaine nothing but my shame, and the odde hits.

Ofr. Shall I redeliuer you ee'n so?

Ham. To this effect Sir, after what flourish your nature will.

Ofr. I commend my duty to your Lordship.

Ham. Yours, yours; hee does well to commend it himselfe, there are no tongues else for's tongue.

Hor. This Lapwing runs away with the shell on his head.

Ham. He did Complie with his Dugge before hee suck't it: thus had he and mine more of the same Beauty that I know the droffie age dotes on; only got the tune of the time, and outward habite of encounter, a kinde of yesty collection, which carries them through & through the most fond and winnowed opinions; and doe but blow them to their tryalls: the Bubbles are out.

The Tragedie of Hamlet

212 * *Lord.* The King, and Queene, and all are comming downe.

* *Ham.* In happy time.

215 * *Lord.* The Queene desires you to vse some gentle entertainment
* *Laertes*, before you fall to play.

218 * *Ham.* Shee well instructs me.

* *Hora.* You will loose my Lord.

220 *Ham.* I doe not thinke so, since he went into France, I haue bene
in continuall practise, I shall winne at the ods; thou would'st not
thinke how ill all's heere about my hart, but it is no matter.

224 *Hora.* Nay good my Lord.

Ham. It is but foolery, but it is such a kinde of gamgiuing, as
would perhapes trouble a woman.

227 *Hora.* If your minde dislike any thing, obay it. I will forstal their
repaire hether, and say you are not fit.

230 *Ham.* Not a whit, we desie augury, there is speciall prouidence in
the fall of a Sparrowe, if it be, tis not to come, if it be not to come,
it will be now, if it be not now, yet it well come, the readines is all,
since no man of ought he leaues, knowes what ist to leaue betimes,
let be.

*A table prepar'd, Trumpets, Drums and officers with Cushion,
King, Queene, and all the state, Foiles, daggers,
and Laertes.*

236 *King.* Come *Hamlet*, come and take this hand from me.

Ham. Giue me your pardon sir, I haue done you wrong,
But pardon't as you are a gentleman, this presence knowes,
240 And you must needs haue heard, how I am punnisht
With a sore distraction, what I haue done

That might your nature, honor, and exception
Roughly awake, I heare proclame was madnesse,

244 Wast *Hamlet* wronged *Laertes*? neuer *Hamlet*.

If *Hamlet* from himselfe be fane away,

And when hee's not himselfe, dooes wrong *Laertes*,

Then *Hamlet* dooes it not, *Hamlet* denies it,

248 Who dooes it then? his madnesse. Ist beso,

Hamlet is of the faction that is wronged,

250 His madnesse is poore *Hamlets* enimie,

252 Let my disclaiming from a purpos'd euill,

Free me so farre in your most generous thoughts

254 That I haue shor my arrowe ore the house

Hor. You will lose this wager, my Lord.

Ham. I doe not thinke so, since he went into France, I haue beene in continuall practice; I shall winne at the oddes: but thou wouldest not thinke how all heere about my heart: but it is no matter.

Hor. Nay, good my Lord.

Ham. It is but foolery; but it is such a kinde of gain-giuing as would perhaps trouble a woman.

Hor. If your minde dislike any thing, obey. I will forestall their repaie hither, and say you are not fit.

Ham. Not a whit, we defie Augury; there's a speciall Prouidence in the fall of a sparrow. If it be now, 'tis not to come: if it be not to come, it will be now: if it be not now; yet it will come; the readinesse is all, since no man ha's ought of what he leaues. What is't to leaue be-times?

Enter King, Queene, Laertes and Lords, with other Attendants with Foyles, and Cannets, a Table and Flagons of Wine on it.

Kin. Come *Hamlet*, come, and take this hand from me.

Ham. Giue me your pardon Sir, I'ue done you wrong,
But pardon't as you are a Gentleman.

This presence knowes,
And you must needs haue heard how I am punisht
With sore distraction? What I haue done
That might your nature honour, and exception
Roughly awake, I heere proclaime was madnesse:
Was't *Hamlet* wrong'd *Laertes*? Neuer *Hamlet*.
If *Hamlet* from himselfe be tane away:
And when he's not himselfe, do's wrong *Laertes*,
Then *Hamlet* does it not, *Hamlet* denies it:
Who does it then? His Madnesse? If't be so,
Hamlet is of the Faction that is wrong'd,
His madnesse is poore *Hamlets* Enemy.

Sir, in this Audiance,
Let my disclaiming from a purpos'd euill,
Free me so farre in your most generous thoughts,
That I haue shot mine Arrow o're the house,
And hurt my Mother

Prince of Denmarke.

And hurt my brother.

Laer. I am satisfied in nature,
Whose motiue in this case should stirre me most
To my reuendge, but in my tearmes of honor
I stand a loofe, and will no reconcilment,
Till by some elder Maisters of knowne honor
I haue a voyce and president of peace
To my name vngord : but all that time
I doe receaue your offerd loue, like loue,
And will not wrong it.

Ham. I embrace it freely, and will this brothers wager
frankly play.

Giue vs the foiles.

Laer. Come, one for me.

Ham. Ile be your foile *Laertes*, in mine ignorance
Your skill shall like a starre i'th darkeſt night
Strick fiery of indeed.

Laer. You mocke me fir.

Ham. No by this hand.

King. Giue them the foiles young *Oſtricke*, coſin *Hamlet*,
You knowe the wager.

Ham. Very well my Lord.

Your grace has layed the ods a'th wecker ſide.

King. I doe not feare it, I haue ſeene you both,
But ſince he is better, we haue therefore ods.

Laer. This is to heauy : let me ſee another.

Ham. This likes me well, theſe foiles haue all a length.

Oſtr. I my good Lord.

King. Set me the ſtoopes of wine vpon that table,
If *Hamlet* giue the firſt or ſecond hit,

Or quit in anſwere of the third exchange,

Let all the battlements their ordnance fire.

The King ſhall drinke to *Hamlets* better breath,

And in the cup an Vnice ſhall he throwe,

Richer then that which foure ſucceſſiue Kings

In Denmarkeſ Crowne haue worne : giue me the cups,

And let the kettle to the trumpet ſpeake,

The trumpet to the Cannoneere without,

The Cannons to the heauens, the heauen to earth.

Now

And hurt my Mother.

Laer. I am satisfied in Nature,
Whose motive in this case should stirre me most
To my Reuenge. But in my termes of Honor
I stand aloofe, and will no reconciliation,
Till by some elder Masters of knowne Honor,
I haue a voyce, and president of peace
To keepe my name vngorg'd. But till that time,
I do receiue your offer'd loue like loue,
And will not wrong it.

Ham. I do embrace it freely,
And will this Brothers wager frankly play.
Giue vs the Foyles: Come on.

Laer. Come one for me.

Ham. Ile be your foile *Laertes*, in mine ignorance,
Your Skill shall like a Starre i'th' darkest night,
Sticke fiery off indeede.

Laer. You mocke me Sir.

Ham. No by this hand.

King. Giue them the Foyles yong *Osricke*,
Cousen *Hamlet*, you know the wager.

Ham. Verie well my Lord,
Your Grace hath laide the oddes a'th' weaker side.

King. I do not feare it,
I haue seene you both:
But since he is better'd, we haue therefore oddes.

Laer. This is too heauy,
Let me see another.

Ham. This likes me well,
These Foyles haue all a length. *Prepare to play.*

Osricke. I my good Lord.

King. Set me the Stopes of wine vpon that Table:
If *Hamlet* giue the first, or second hit,
Or quit in answer of the third exchange,
Let all the Battlements their Ordinance fire,
The King shal drinke to *Hamlets* better breath,
And in the Cup an vnion shal he throw
Richer then that, which foure successiue Kings
In Denmarke's Crowne haue worne.

Giue

Giue me the Cups,
And let the Kettie to the Trumpets speake,
The Trumpet to the Cannoneer without,
The Cannons to the Heauens, the Heauen to Earth,
Now the King drinke to *Hamlet*. Come, begin.

The Tragedie of Hamlet

- 289 Now the King drinke to *Hamlet*, come beginne. *Trumpets*
 + And you the Iudges beare a wary eye. *the while.*
- 291 *Ham.* Come on sir.
 + *Laer.* Come my Lord.
Ham. One.
Laer. No.
- 292 *Ham.* Iudgement.
 + *Ostrick.* A hit, a very palpable hit. *Drum, trumpets and shot.*
Laer. Well, againe. *Florisb, a peece goes off.*
- 293 *King.* Stay, giue me drinke, *Hamlet* this pearle is thine.
 Heeres to thy health : giue him the cup.
Ham. Ile play this bout first, set it by a while
 Come, another hit. What say you ?
- 297 *Laer.* I doe confest.
King. Our sonne shall winne.
Quee. Hee's fat and scant of breath.
 + Heere *Hamlet* take my napkin rub thy browes,
 300 The *Queene* carowfes to thy fortune *Hamlet*.
Ham. Good Madam.
King. *Gertrard* doe not drinke.
Quee. I will my Lord, I pray you pardon me.
King. It is the poysned cup, it is too late.
 304 *Ham.* I dare not drinke yet Madam, by and by.
Quee. Come, let me wipe thy face.
Laer. My Lord, Ile hit him now.
King. I doe not think't.
Laer. And yet it is almost against my conscience.
 308 *Ham.* Come for the third *Laertes*, you doe but dally.
 I pray you passe with your best violence
 310 I am sure you make a wanton of me.
Laer. Say you so, come on.
Ostr. Nothing neither way.
Laer. Haue at you now.
King. Part them, they are incens't.
 314 *Ham.* Nay come againe.
Ostr. Looke to the *Queene* there howe.
 315 *Hora.* They bleed on both sides, how is it my Lord ?
Ostr. How ist *Laertes* ?
 317 *Laer.* Why as a woodcock to mine owne sprindge *Ostrick*,

Now the King drinke to *Hamlet*. Come, begin,
And you the Iudges beare a wary eye.

Ham. Come on fir.

Laer. Come on fir.

They play.

Ham. One.

Laer. No.

Ham. Iudgement.

Ofr. A hit, a very paipable hit.

Laer. Well: againe.

King. Stay, giue me drinke.

Hamlet, this Pearle is thine,
Here's to thy health. Giue him the cup.

Trumpets sound, and shot goes off.

Ham. Ile play this bout first, set by a-while.

Come: Another hit; what say you?

Laer. A touch, a touch, I do confesse.

King. Our Sonne shall win.

Qu. He's fat, and scant of breath.

Heere's a Napkin, rub thy browes,
The Queene Carowses to thy fortune, *Hamlet*.

Ham. Good Madam.

King. *Gertrude*, do not drinke.

Qu. I will my Lord;

I pray you pardon me.

King. It is the poyson'd Cup, it is too late.

Ham. I dare not drinke yet Madam,

By and by.

Qu. Come, let me wipe thy face.

Laer. My Lord, Ile hit him now.

King. I do not thinke't.

Laer. And yet 'tis almost 'gainst my conscience.

Ham. Come for the third.

Laertes, you but dally,

I pray you passe with your best violence,

I am assear'd you make a wanton of me.

Laer. Say you so? Come on.

Play.

Ofr. Nothing neither way.

Laer. Haue at you now.

In scuffling they change Rapiers.

King. Peace them, they are incens'd.

Ham. Nay come, againe.

Ofr. Look to the Queene there hoa.

Hor. They bleed on both sides. How is't my Lord?

Ofr. How is't *Laertes*?

Laer. Why as a Woodcocke

To mine Souldier, Ofricks

Prince of Denmarke.

I am iustly kild with mine owne treachery.

Ham. How dooes the Queene?

King. Shee sounds to see them bleed.

Quee. No, no, the drinke, the drinke, ô my deare *Hamlet*,
The drinke the drinke, I am poyfined.

Ham. O villanie, how let the doore be lock't,
Treachery, seeke it out.

Laer. It is heere *Hamlet*, thou art flaine,
No medcin in the world can doe thee good,

In thee there is not halfe an houres life,
The treacherous instrument is in my hand

Vnbated and enuenom'd, the foule practise

Hath turn'd it selfe on me, loe heere I lie

Neuer to rise againe, thy mother's poyfined,

I can no more, the King, the Kings too blame.

Ham. The point inuenom'd to, then venome to thy worke.

All. Treason, treason.

King. O yet defend me friends, I am but hurt.

Ham. Heare thou incestious damned Dane,

Drinke of this potion, is the Onixe heere?

Follow my mother.

Laer. He is iustly ferued, it is a poyson temperd by himselfe,

Exchange forgiueneffe with me noble *Hamlet*,

Mine and my fathers death come not vppon thee,

Nor thine on me.

Ham. Heauen make thee free of it, I follow thee;

I am dead *Horatio*, wretched Queene adiew.

You that looke pale, and tremble at this chance,

That are but mutes, or audience to this act,

Had I but time, as this fell sergeant Death

Is strict in his arrest, ô I could tell you,

But let it be; *Horatio* I am dead,

Thou liuest, report me and my cause a right

To the vnsatisfied.

Hoya. Neuer belieue it;

I am more an anticke Romaine then a Dane,

Heere's yet some liquer left.

Ham. As th'art a man

Giue me the cup, let goe, by heauen Ile hate,

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I am iustly kill'd with mine owne Treacherie.

Ham. How does the Queene?

King. She sounds to see them bleede.

Qu. No, no, the drinke, the drinke.

Oh my deere *Hamlet*, the drinke, the drinke,
I am poyson'd.

Ham. Oh Villany! How? Let the doore be lock'd.
Treacherie, seeke it out.

Laer. It is heere *Hamlet*.

Hamlet, thou art slaine,

No Medicine in the world can do thee good.

In thee, there is not halfe an houre of life;

The Treacherous Instrument is in thy hand,

Vnbated and envenom'd: the soule practise

Hath turn'd it selfe on me. Loe, heere I lye,

Neuer to rise againe: Thy Mothers poyson'd:

I can no more, the King, the King's roo blame.

Ham. The point envenom'd too,

Then venome to thy worke.

Harts the King.

All. Treason, Treason.

King. O yet defend me Friends, I am but hurt.

Ham. Heere thou incestuous, murderous,

Damned Dane,

Drinke off this Potion: Is thy Vnion heere?

Follow my Mother.

King Dyes.

Laer. He is iustly seru'd.

It is a poyson temp'red by himselfe:

Exchange forgiveness with me, Noble *Hamlet*;

Mine and my Fathers death come not vpon thee,

Nor thine on me.

Dyes.

Ham. Heaven make thee free of it, I follow thee.

I am dead *Horatio*, wretched Queene adiew,

You that looke pale, and tremble at this chance,

That are but Mutes or audience to this acte:

Had I but time (as this fell Sergeant death

Is strick'd in his Arrest) oh I could tell you.

But let it be: *Horatio*, I am dead,

Thou liu'st, report me and my causes right

To the vnsatisfied.

Hor. Neuer beleeeue it.

I am more an Antike Roman then a Dane:

Heere's yet some Liquor left,

Ham. As th'art a man, giue me the Cup.

Let go, by Heaven Ile haue't.

The Tragedie of Hamlet

†355 O god *Horatio*, what a wounded name
 † Things standing thus vnknowne, shall I leaue behind me?
 If thou did'st euer hold me in thy hart,
 358 Absent thee from felicity a while,
 And in this harsh world drawe thy breath in paine
 360[†] To tell my story : what warlike noise is this?

*A maycha
farre off.*

Enter Osrick.

Osr. Young *Fortenbrasse* with conquest come from Poland,
 To th'embassadors of *England* giues this warlike volly.

364 *Ham.* O I die *Horatio*,
 The potent poyson quite ore-crowes my spirit,
 I cannot liue to heare the newes from *England*,
 But I doe prophetic th'ellection lights
 On *Eortinbrasse*, he has my dying voyce,
 368 So tell him, with th'occurrants more and lesse
 Which haue solicited, the restis silence.

>
 †370 *Hora.* Now cracks a noble hart, good night sweete Prince,
 And flights of Angels sing thee to thy rest.
 Why dooes the drum come hether?

+ *Enter Fortenbrasse, with the Embassadors.*

† *For.* Where is this sight?
Hora. What is it you would see?
 374 If fought of woe, or wonder, cease your search.
For. This quarry cries on hauock, ô prou'd death
 What feast is toward in thine eternall cell,
 That thou so many Princes at a shot
 So bloudily hast strook?

378 *Embas.* The sight is dismall
 And our affaires from *England* come too late,
 380 The eares are sencelesse that should giue vs hearing,
 To tell him his commandment is fulfild,
 That *Rosencraus* and *Guyldensterne* are dead,
 Where should we haue our thanks?

384 *Hora.* Not from his mouth
 Had it th'ability of life to thanke you;
 He neuer gaue commandement for their death;
 386 But since so iump vpon this bloody question

You

Oh good *Horatio*, what a wounded name,
(Things standing thus vnknowne) shall liue behind me.
If thou did'st euer hold me in thy heart,
Absent thee from felicitie awhile,
And in this harsh world draw thy breath in paine,
To tell my *Storie*.

March afarre off, and shout within.
What warlike noyse is this?

Enter Ofricke.

Ofr. Yong *Fortinbras*, with conquest come fro Poland
To th' *Ambassadors* of England giues this warlike velly.

Ham. O I dye *Horatio*:

The potent poyson quite ore-crowes my spirit,
I cannot liue to heare the *Newes* from England,
But I do prophesie th' election lights
On *Fortinbras*, he ha's my dying voyce,
So tell him with the occurrents more and lesse,
Which haue solicited. The rest is silence. O, o, o, o. *Dyes*

Hora. Now cracke a Noble heart:
Goodnight sweet Prince,
And flights of Angels sing thee to thy rest,
Why do's the *Drumme* come hither?

*Enter Fortinbras and English Ambassador, with Drumme,
Colours and Attendants.*

Fortin. Where is this sight?

Hor. What is it ye would see;

If ought of woe, or wonder, cease your search.

For. His quarry cries on hauocke. Oh proud death,
What feast is toward in thine eternall Cell,
That thou so many Princes, at a shoote,
So bloodily hast strooke.

Amb. The sight is dismall,
And our affaires from England come too late,
The eares are senselesse that should giue vs hearing,
To tell him his comma'ndment is fulfill'd,

That *Rosinrance* and *Guildenstern* are dead:
Where should we haue our thanks?

Hor. Not from his mouth,
Had it th'abilitie of life to thanke you:
He neuer gaue command'ment for their death.
But since so iumpe vpon this bloodie question,

Prince of Denmarke.

You from the *Pollack* warres, and you from *England*.
 Are heere arriued, giue order that these bodies
 High on a stage be placed to the view,
 And let me speake, to yet vnknowing world
 How these things came about ; so shall you heare
 Of carnall, bloody and vnnaturall acts,
 Of accidentall iudgements, casual slaughters,
 Of dearths put on by cunning, and for no cause
 And in this vpshot, purposes mistooke,
 Falne on th'inuenters heads : all this can I
 Truly deliuer.

387

390+

394

For. Let vs hast to heare it,
 And call the noblest to the audience,
 For me, with sorrowe I embrace my fortune,
 I haue some rights, of memory in this kingdome,
 Which now to clame my vantage doth inuite me.

398

400

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Hoyd. Of that I shall haue also cause to speake,
 And from his mouth, whose voyce will drawe no more,
 But let this same be presently perform'd
 Euen while mens mindes are wilde, least more mischance
 On plots and errores happen.

402+

+

For. Let foure Captaines
 Beare *Hamlet* like a souldier to the stage,
 For he was likely, had he beene put on,
 To haue prooued most royall ; and for his passage,
 The souldiers musicke and the right of warre
 Speake loudly for him :
 Take vp the bodies, such a sight as this,
 Becomes the field, but heere shewes much amisse.
 Goe bid the souldiers shoote.

406

+

410+

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414

Exeunt.

FINIS.

G 2

You from the Polake warres, and you from England
Are heere arriued. Giue order that these bodies
High on a stage be placed to the view,
And let me speake to th' yet vnknowing world,
How these things came about. So shall you heare
Of carnall, bloudie, and vnnaturall acts,
Of accidentall iudgements, casuall slaughters
Of death's put on by cunning, and forc'd cause,
And in this vpshot, purposes mistooke,
Faine on the Inuentors heads. All this can I
Truly deliuer.

For. Let vs hast to heare it,
And call the Noblest to the Audience.
For me, with sorrow, I embrace my Fortune,
I haue some Rites of memory in this Kingdome,
Which are to claime, my vantage doth
Inuite me,

Hor. Of that I shall haue alwayes cause to speake,
And from his mouth
Whose voyce will draw on more:
But let this same be presently perform'd,
Euen whiles mens mindes are wilde,
Lest more mischance
On plots, and errors happen.

For. Let foure Captaines
Beare *Hamlet* like a Soldier to the Stage,
For he was likely, had he beene put on
To haue prou'd most royally:
And for his passage,
The Souldiours Musicke, and the rites of Warre
Speake lowdly for him.
Take vp the body; Such a sight as this
Becomes the Field, but heere shewes much amis.
Go, bid the Souldiers shoote.

*Exeunt Marching: after the which, a Peale of
Ordenance are shot off.*

